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FRANCIS, 1ST BARON BACON, OF VERULAM, A.D. 1559-1626.  
 (SEE NOTE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)  
 (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK, 1617.)  
 (SEE NOTE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES

THIRD EDITION

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES  
OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED COUNTRY

NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY  
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1875

1875

THE  
AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY  
NATHANIEL HOLMES.

*Tò γὰρ αὐτὸ νοεῖν ἐστίν τε καὶ εἶναι. — Parmenides.*

THIRD EDITION.

WITH AN APPENDIX OF ADDITIONAL MATTERS, INCLUDING A NOTION  
OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED NORTHUMBERLAND MSS.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY  
THE HONORABLE THOMAS C. FLETCHER,  
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI,  
AS A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE  
OF THE CIVIL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS OF THE AGE,  
WHEREIN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,  
PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGIOUS CULTURE,  
ARE TO FIND FREE COURSE AND BE GLORIFIED,  
THIS HUMBLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE TIME  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

*THE AUTHOR.*

12454.9

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE author takes this occasion to acknowledge the friendly consideration with which the former editions have been received by the public, so far as he is aware that the work has attracted attention. Those editions having been exhausted, another still seems to be called for. On its first appearance, the book was noticed by many of the public journals in this country, and by some in England, and in a manner for the most part highly complimentary to the writer, though by no means all were prepared to accede to his conclusions. Nor have all been ready to admit that he had added much to the considerations and proofs that had already been presented by others before him. The subject, however, has continued to be discussed in various ways, and, more recently, the candid and able summaries of the argument, which have appeared in "*Fraser's Magazine*," "*Scribner's Monthly*," and other periodicals of high literary character, would seem to indicate that the general interest in the question had rather increased than diminished.

The author has not hitherto found reason to modify his views, or statements, in any material respects. Such additional matters as have been brought to his notice, and were deemed of sufficient importance, have been added in the Appendix; and he trusts they may furnish a further justification for this new

edition of the work. He does not suppose that the inquiry has been exhausted, nor that the truth of the theory has yet been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all, but he scarcely expects himself to find another occasion for touching the subject.

## PREFACE

---

IN these days, perhaps, there needs be no apology for writing a book. But a book without a preface, like a dinner without a grace, would seem to be uncivil. Let us have, at least, "so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter." This book must speak for itself: I did not see any good reason why it should not be printed. It may be, that the belles-letters critics will think little of it, or the trade still less, or the fixed orthodoxies, that it ought never to have been written at all, or the philosophers, that it is no great affair at best. But inasmuch as thought and knowledge among men lie stratified, as it were, like the densities of the ocean, or the air, in gradations infinite between the lower deeps and the higher realms, this book, like any other that is thrown into the flowing sea of things, may find its own level and so float somewhere; howsoever that level should come near to measuring the weight of book, writer, and reader. It does not presume to contain anything that is positively new, or that was unknown before: it claims only to state things in its own way. I have sometimes thought I had hit upon a new idea, or discovered a new fact, but I was pretty sure to find the same thing stated, or glanced at, in a week or so, in some newspaper, or in some book, new or old, and for that matter (it might be) as old as the

hieroglyphics. If some things in this book should be new to some readers, they will bear in mind the saying of Plato, that "what is strange is the result of ignorance in the case of all"; and if, to others, some things should appear to be either not new, or, if new, not true, they will, of course, exercise the common privilege and judge for themselves.

Doubtless there have been many who could never rest satisfied with the story of William Shakespeare, any more than a Coleridge, or a Schlegel; nor attain to any clear solution of the problem, that the spontaneous genius of a born poet, without the help of much learning, should come to see deeper into all the mysteries of God, Nature, and Man, and write better about the universal world, than the most accomplished scholars, critics, and philosophers, and be himself still unaware that he had done anything remarkable, wholly indifferent to fame (what might be no great wonder), and even (what may be more to the point) utterly heedless of the preservation of works which the author, howsoever he might deem them to be but trifles idly cast from him, could not but know to be "the wanton burthen of the prime" and the best (in that kind) of the age in which he lived, or of many ages: — as if he had been one,

"whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe"; —

an unparalleled mortal, indeed! — nor of that other problem, that a common under-actor should turn poet, and, rummaging over the hereditary lumber of the play-house, should gather up the best of the traditional material, and through the limbec of his

capacious brain distil the quintessence of British genius from time immemorial, — a truly representative man, forsooth ! Incredulous men that have been born as well as poets, and perhaps never believed so much as the tale about Santa Claus, not to speak of many other prodigious miracles, may have preferred to disbelieve all the biographers, critics, and teachers ; or, if still believing them, to deny, flatly, in the outset, without further question, or any particular search, that there could be, or was, anything so very great in this Shakespeare drama after all ; or they may even have tried to persuade themselves that this ingenious actor had, by frequent hearing, caught the manner of the stage, and learned like a parrot to imitate the tone, style, and diction of tragedy and comedy alike ; still believing that no deep learning, no superior wisdom, no high art, and no divine revelation, beyond the natural flow of good native wit and sense, was to be found in these plays, and that what little learning the author had, was all borrowed, or picked up about the streets and theatres, allowing only that he was gifted with some sharp powers of observation, “ a facetious grace in writing,” and a pretty large amount of faculty in general. And so, not imagining that the highest and best things could spontaneously well up in such a man as from an original fountain of inspiration, they may have laid him up on a shelf, and never afterwards looked for such things in his works ; and the jewels that lay scattered within sight may have been passed by unseen, as if they had been pearls cast before swine : —

“ 'T is very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,



Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
We tread upon, and never think of it."

*Meas. for Meas., Act II. Sc. 1.*

Bacon found it to be just so with the history of Winds; for, says he, "it is evident, that the dullness of men is such and so infelicitous, that when things are put before their feet, they do not see them, unless admonished, but pass right on." It would stand to reason, that the most precious things would not be strewn abroad thus by a mere swine-herd, if they had not come into his possession in an accidental or some other way, and without his having much knowledge of their real value; nor by a coney-catching, beer-drinking idler, or a common play-actor, or even a prosperous stage-manager. It must be admitted that learning does not come by instinct; nor can sensible men be made to believe that high philosophy can come by fantastic miracle. There never was any royal road to mathematics, though there have been very royal mathematicians.

An article appeared in Putnam's Magazine for January 1856 (afterwards known to have been written by Delia Bacon), in which some general considerations were set forth with much eloquence and ability, why William Shakespeare could not have written the plays which have been attributed to him; and the opinion was also pretty distinctly intimated, that Lord Bacon was the real author of them, or, at least, that he had had some hand in the work; but no proofs were then adduced. Being much struck with this idea, and for my own satisfaction, I began to look for the evidence on which such a proposition might rest, and finding it very considerable, and indeed quite amazing, I had thrown my

notes into some form, before the publication of Miss Bacon's work in 1857.<sup>1</sup> Her book not appearing to have satisfied the critical world of the truth of her theory, much more than the "Letter to Lord Ellesmere," by Mr. William Henry Smith, I have thought it worth while to give them the results of my studies also, which have been considerably extended, since that date; and if enough be not found herein to settle the question on impregnable grounds, it may at least tend to exculpate them from any supposition of mental aberration in so far as they have ascribed this authorship to Francis Bacon. But I do not at all agree with her opinion that any other person had a hand in the work: on the contrary, I will endeavor to show that the whole genuine canon of Shakespeare was written by this one and the same author.

It may be that some persons have been already convinced of this fact: but the critics appear to be agreed in rejecting the theory altogether. More direct and palpable proofs seem to be required; for this "our Shakespeare" was not to be stripped of the peerless mantle he had worn unquestioned for above two centuries and a half, on mere generalities, however conclusive to the mind of the philosophical thinker. Certainly, if he is to be put on trial for his name and reputation, he has a right to be confronted with the proofs in the high court of criticism; and his jury, which is the great republic of letters, will require the best and the most ample evidence to be produced, before they will agree to disrobe him of all his honors. On nothing less than proof, the most positive, direct, and complete, will those "foreign

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare Unfolded.* By Delia Bacon, with a Preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. London and Boston, 1857.

nations and next ages," to whom the final appeal was made, now consent (such is the tenacity of long adverse possession) to eject the ass from the lion's skin, and turn over the rich legacy they have so long accepted in his name to the credit of another, though that other be one who considered his name and memory worth bequeathing to them:—

"*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' shews upon an ass. —  
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack."

*K. John, Act II. Sc. 1.*

It should be understood, to what manner of man this authorship belongs; for it is not only

"a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd,"

but a positive injury done to learning and philosophy, and to every individual scholar and man, who shall be taught to believe the enormous impossibility that such works could be, and were, written by mere genius without learning, or by some more fantastically supernatural inspiration. Does not any honest man feel an unutterable indignation, when he discovers (after long years of thought and study, perhaps), that he has been all the while misled by false instruction, and that, consequently, the primest sources of truth have been left lumbering his shelves in neglect, because he could not, or even because he could (for it would be much the same thing with him, if he could) be made to believe that anything more could come from a very common (or indeed a very uncommon) person, than such a man could

know, and that he has thus been drawn aside by false shadows from those paths which alone can lead to a comprehensible philosophy of the universe, the real basis at last of his everlasting accountabilities, and been put off and befooled with paltry child's fables? By the help of the Eternal Power and such abilities as we possess, let the truth and the proof of it come forth as fast, and spread as wide, as it is possible to make it. There is no danger of its getting too far by any means whatever.

The chief object of this work is, to do something toward making the truth of this matter appear, still more clearly, and on other and (if possible) quite unanswerable grounds. It was written under the supposition that no one else would undertake to do the same thing better; and it is published because it is believed that the duty is not yet sufficiently done (and I know very well how inadequate is this attempt to do it), that sublime duty, which the great testator, by his last will, left to foreign nations and the next ages to perform, whenever they should be able like himself to comprehend "the universal world," and, with Plato, to recognize the Philosopher, the Poet, the Seer, and the Saviour of men, for all one,—justice to his name and memory.

For the quotations from the Plays of Shakespeare, I have preferred to make them conform to the text of the edition edited by Richard Grant White, and published in Boston, in 1859–1862, except in a very few instances in which his emendations, or previous readings, appeared to me to be so clearly erroneous that I could not accept them; and I have done this the more readily, because this edition has

evidently been edited with great care, good critical judgment, and excellent scholarship, and especially for the reason that the editor has taken the Folio of 1623 as the basis of his text and his criticism.

For the text of Bacon, I have used the edition of his works edited by Basil Montagu (London 1825), and the American republication of it (Philadelphia 1854), and also the excellent edition of Spedding, Ellis, and Heath (since the republication of it in Boston, in 1860-1864), which has been edited with extraordinary learning and ability; but as the larger part of my work was done before this edition appeared, I have not thought it worth while to undertake the labor of making the references conform to either one edition only. Wherever I have discovered an erroneous reading to have been corrected by the later and better edition, I have not failed to profit by it. In making quotations from the Latin works, I have not hesitated to give my own translations, when no better were at hand, but always with especial care to preserve as far as possible the style, manner, and diction of the author, and, at all events, the exact meaning of the original, as it would be expressed in the language of modern philosophy.

For the Letters of Bacon, I have had to depend mainly upon the edition of Montagu, but with the valuable assistance of the first two volumes of the "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon" by James Spedding (London 1861-2), which contain the letters and occasional works down to the year 1601, carefully edited and explained in chronological order; and I have regretted exceedingly that the remaining volumes of this interesting and important work have not yet appeared.

The Frontispiece, engraved and brought to life by Mr. Joseph Andrews of Boston, is taken from the engraving (in Montagu's edition) of the white marble monument which was erected to the memory of Lord Bacon by "the care and gratitude" of Sir Thomas Meautys, within the precincts of old Verulam, "representing his full portraiture in the posture of studying," says Dr. Rawley, together with a part of the inscription composed by that "rare wit," Sir Henry Wotton.

Without more, the work is submitted to the consideration and judgment of the general jury of candid readers; and, as more than one author has said before, if they shall find half the pleasure in reading it that I have had in writing it, they shall be welcome.

N. HOLMES.

ST. LOUIS, May 21st, 1866.



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# THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PRELIMINARIES. — SHAKESPEARE.

*"Do not inflate plain things into marvels, but reduce marvels to plain things."*  
BACON.

#### § 1. EARLY LIFE.

THE biography of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE may now be considered as in the main settled and fixed for all time. Modern research has explored every forgotten corner in search of new facts; all discoverable archives and dusty repositories of lost books and derelict papers have been ransacked; every known record, monument, and relic, of the age in which he lived, has been thoroughly questioned, even to the last trace and tradition of his name and family; and, failing any further genuine data, the most ingenious and consummate forgeries have been attempted. And if all honest inquiry be not yet exhausted, it has been made sufficiently clear, at least, that but little more can be added hereafter to what is already known of his personal history, and nothing that can be expected materially to change the general scope and character of the latest received account of his life. He is thus delivered down to us as essentially an uneducated man, whether we are to speak of education in the sense of modern times, or of the sixteenth century, or of the ancient schools. True, there have been great self-educated men in all times; as, indeed, who is not, at last, in one sense, a self-educated man? That there is a

vast difference, however, between the learning and philosophy which the same genius will attain to, in a given time, in any age, with the aid of all existing helps, and that which he may reach without such aid, no man needs to be informed. School, or no school, without books and studies, we know that learning is impossible.

Beyond that primary instruction which could be obtained at the free grammar-school of Stratford-on-Avon, in which Latin was taught by one master, nearly three centuries ago, it is pretty certain that William Shakespeare had no learning from public institutions, or from private tuition. His father, John Shakespeare, a glover by trade, sometime wool-stapler and butcher, at different times constable, high bailiff, and alderman of Stratford-on-Avon, and, at last, a gentleman, by grant of a coat-of-arms from the Herald's College, in 1599, at the instance of his son William, when he had attained to prosperity, was no doubt a respectable burgher of that place, but certainly so illiterate that he could not write his own name, and executed written instruments by making his mark; and the same was the case with his mother, notwithstanding that she was descended of an ancient family of goodly estate. From the manner in which the name was written by members of the family in Warwickshire, it is evident that it was usually pronounced *Shaxper*, though it seems to have had no fixed spelling among them, not even with William himself, for his autographic signatures to his will appear to have it both *Shakspeare* and *Shakspeare*; but it was printed in his lifetime, and in the Folio of 1623, and passed into the contemporary literature, as *Shakespeare*; and so let it remain.<sup>1</sup>

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, on the 23d day of April, 1564, and according to what is known of his early life, he attended the free grammar-school of that place for some few years and until about the year 1578, when he was taken from school, his assistance being

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell's *Life of William Shakespeare*, London, 1848.

required by his father in his business at home. The occupations in which his father appears to have been engaged, at this time, were those of an ordinary yeoman, including the business of a glover, a wool-stapler, and, as some say, a butcher also; and he was, at the same time, and down to the year 1586, an alderman of the corporation of Stratford. On the 28th day of November, 1582, the son William was married, at the age of eighteen, to Ann Hathaway, some years older than himself, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Their eldest daughter, Susanna, was born in May following; but his latest biographer thinks there must have been some preliminary espousals, in accordance with a frequent custom of the time, as early as the summer of 1582.<sup>1</sup> After this date, his father appears to have fallen into embarrassed circumstances. He was superseded in his office of alderman, in 1586, for non-attendance, and was presented as a recusant, in 1592, "for not coming to church for feare of proccess for debt." There is indubitable evidence that, for several years prior to 1587, different theatrical companies from London occasionally visited Stratford-on-Avon (the native place of some of the actors), in some instances, under the patronage of John Shakespeare and other aldermen; and it is highly probable that the son William would be attracted to their company. There are uncertain traditions also that, during this period, he had been in the habit of drinking beer with the pot-house clubs, hunting coneyes for amusement, and poaching on the neighboring deer-parks by way of romance, until he was driven away from Stratford by the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy; but whether from this cause, or driven by stress of poverty, or merely drawn by the attractions of the theatre, it appears that, about the year 1587, he went up to London, carrying with him but a small stock of learning, and became attached to the theatre in a very humble capacity. Ben Jonson informs us that he had "but small Latin

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell.

and less Greek"; and "rare Ben" must certainly have known the truth of the matter. Indeed, it is plain his learning must have been little enough, however obtained; and in this, all the traditions concur. Precisely how his time was employed, during these nine years after leaving the grammar-school, of course we cannot certainly know; but there is no intimation in anything that has come down to us, that he was at all given to books, or to studies of any kind. The employments in which it would seem to be almost certain he must have been engaged, the circumstances which surrounded him, and the few details of his life which have been preserved, would all go to exclude the hypothesis of his having given any considerable attention to letters or studies, in this period. There is no written composition of his in existence, belonging to this time, and no proof that there ever was any, except a mere tradition of a lampoon upon Sir Thomas Lucy, of which no scrap has been authentically preserved. The verses which later traditions have attributed to him, whether as fragments of this supposed lampoon, or as epitaphs and epigrams written towards the close of his career, are, as any one may see, but miserable doggerel at best, and might have been written by the sorriest poetaster. With Halliwell and other critics, though immaterial to our purpose, we may safely reject them all as having no reliable basis of authenticity, and as necessarily implying, on the supposition of such basis, "a deterioration of power for which no one has assigned a sufficient reason."<sup>1</sup> The critic who would find a trace of the great poet in these performances, should remember Bacon's caution to the interpreter of nature: "If the sow with her snout should happen to imprint the letter A upon the ground, wouldst thou, therefore, imagine she could write out a whole tragedy as one letter?"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell, 270.

<sup>2</sup> *Interp. of Nat., Works*, by Montagu, (London), XV., 101; *Temporis Partus Mas., Works*, by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, (Boston), VII., 80.

## § 2. EMPLOYMENTS.

That his first employment, on coming to London, was that of a link-boy, holding horses at the door of the theatre, as some traditions represent, would seem to be very questionable; but that it was not in any capacity above that of a mere "servitor," or under-actor, his most careful biographers seem to admit as highly probable, if not quite certain. The first certain knowledge that we have of him in London, however, is of the date of 1592, when there seems to have been a distinct allusion to his name in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit," in which, apparently speaking for himself and other writers for the stage against the actors, "those Anticks garnisht in our colours," Greene says: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygres heart, wrapt in a players hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and beeing an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the only Shake-scene in a countrey."<sup>1</sup> From this it may be inferred that he was beginning to have some kind of reputation as an author of plays, and, in 1593-4, the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" are dedicated to the Earl of Southampton under his name. From this time forward a few scattered notices of him have been gathered up from contemporary records and documents relating to purchases of lands, his money dealings with his neighbors, and ordinary business transactions; but, abating all merely mythical traditions of uncertain origin, and the impudent forgeries of these later times, no further authentic reference to his position in the theatre occurs until 1598, when his name is mentioned by Meres as the reputed author of several of these plays, and two of them are printed with his name as author on the title-page, in that year. That he was one of the inhabitants of Southwark,

<sup>1</sup> See Halliwell's *Life*, 144.

dwelling near the Bear Garden in 1596, seems to rest upon very questionable authority; but, in 1597, he had purchased New Place, in Stratford-on-Avon, where his family continued to reside until his death. In 1598, we find him lending money to his neighbors, and performing his part on the stage; and in 1599, he had succeeded in obtaining for his father the grant of a coat of arms from the Herald's College, which descended to himself in 1601. And in 1604, when the perfected "Hamlet" had been produced, he had become a leading manager and sharer in the Globe and Blackfriars, and his name stood second only in the list of patentees, "His Majesty's Servants." From this date until 1613, the personal notices that remain to us exhibit him as being always very attentive to matters of business, rapidly growing in estate, purchasing farms, houses, and tythes in Stratford, bringing suits for small sums against various persons for malt delivered, money loaned, and the like, carrying on agricultural pursuits and other kinds of traffic, with "a good grip o' the siller," and executing business commissions in London for his Stratford neighbors, while we are to suppose he was, at the same time, producing such plays as the "Hamlet," the "Macbeth," the "Othello," the "Lear," and the "Julius Cæsar"; whence it might certainly be concluded, that he had an excellent capacity for business in addition to his other arts and superhuman gifts; but there is nowhere the slightest note or trace of his literary occupations.

He had now acquired a brilliant reputation and an ample estate. It seems probable that he quit acting upon the stage about the year 1608, and that, in 1610, he finally retired from any active participation in the affairs of the theatre, though he may have still continued to receive for a time his share of the income as one of the largest proprietors; but how long, it is not certainly known. It would seem probable, however, that he had parted with his interest in the theatres sometime before the 30th of June, 1613,

when the Globe theatre was destroyed by fire. It is known that as late as March, 1613, he made the purchase of a house in the Blackfriars; and this is the last transaction in which he is positively ascertained to have been concerned in London. After this date, we hear of him only at Stratford-on-Avon, attending to business and the ordinary affairs of life, leisurely enjoying the social intercourse of his neighbors and his family, until his death in 1616. Indeed, throughout his life (as his most zealous biographer is obliged to confess), "the best evidence we can produce exhibits him as paying more regard to his social affairs than to his profession."<sup>1</sup> And so, it would seem to be true, as some still think, that, in the words of Pope, —

"Shakespeare, whom you and every playhouse-bill  
Style the divine, matchless, what you will,  
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
And grew immortal in his own despoight."

### § 3. MANUSCRIPTS.

No original manuscript of any play, or poem, letter, or other prose composition, in the handwriting of William Shakespeare, has ever been discovered: none is known to have been preserved within the reach of the remotest definite tradition. It does not appear by any direct proof that the original manuscript of any one of the plays or poems was ever seen, even in his own time, in his own handwriting, under such circumstances as to afford any conclusive evidence, however probable, that he was the original author. "I remember," says Ben Jonson, "the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line." We have only to suppose for a moment that the manuscripts may have been copied by him from some unknown complete and finished originals, which were kept a secret from the world, and this wonder of the players would be

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell, 194.



at once explained. Meres, in 1598, speaks of "his sugred sonnets among his private friends," as if they had been circulated in manuscript; but even this does not exclude the possibility of another having been the author, in the same way, though in itself highly improbable at first view. That he was universally reputed to be the author of these works, in his own time, not merely by the public in general, but by contemporary writers, his fellows of the theatre, the printers and publishers, and some great personages, and that the fact was never publicly questioned, in that age, nor indeed until a very recent date, must be admitted, though some evidence may be adduced herein, tending to show that the contrary was known, or at least strongly suspected, by some few persons at that day. It is enough here to remark, that this reputation alone is not absolutely conclusive of the question. No more is that other very pregnant circumstance, the fact that the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton under the name of William Shakespeare; for it is clearly possible, however improbable at first view, that even this may have been arranged and designed as a cover for the real author. In short, there is no positive and direct evidence in any contemporary record, fact, circumstance, or event, relating to Shakespeare, which is in itself of such a nature that it must be accepted in his favor as conclusive of the question of this authorship. He makes no mention of his manuscripts, or literary property, in his will; nor is there a trace of evidence that they ever came into the possession of his executors, or of any member of his family. But for this there may have been the less occasion, if we assume that the manuscript copies had all been sold to the theatre, and that not a single duplicate copy had ever been retained in his own possession. It might be possible, indeed, that some of them may have been burnt with the Globe theatre in 1613: when the Fortune was burnt, in 1621, we know the play-books were all lost. It is

a wholly gratuitous assumption, however, though barely possible, that they were heedlessly cast aside into old chests, and suffered to be destroyed by fires, or that they fell into the hands of ignorant persons to be used for waste paper. If he had contemplated a revision of his works for publication during his own life, from the accomplishment of which he was prevented by sudden illness and death, it is scarcely credible that he should not have given some instructions to that end, either to his executors in his will, or to some confidential friend on whom such injunction would not have been lost. Heming and Condell give us no intimation, in their Preface to the Folio of 1623, from what source they had received "the true original copies": we are left to infer that they had gathered them up from the theatres owned by the company.

#### § 4. HIS LEARNING.

For the learning of Shakespeare, his knowledge of history and of the manners, customs, and literature of the ancients, his acquaintance with foreign languages, his natural science and metaphysical philosophy, his skill in the medical lore of his time, as also in the laws of England, his familiarity with the manners of the Court and high society, the vast range of his observation in all the realms of nature and art, as well as in all that pertains to the civil state, or to the affairs of private life, or to the characters, passions, and affections of men and women, or to human life and destiny, the subtle profundity of his intellect, and his extraordinary insight into all the relations of things, — all this, and much more than can be stated, must wholly depend upon the argument to be drawn from the internal evidence contained in the writings themselves, not only unsupported in any adequate manner, but for the most part absolutely contradicted by the known facts of his personal history. It is apparent that this argument can have no weight whatever in favor of William Shakespeare, until the

fact be established that he was really the author of these works ; and this is the very question we have in hand.

The learning and philosophy of these plays of Shakespeare, especially since the feeble attempt of Dr. Farmer to make them appear to be possible for the supposed author, have been a matter of wonder to editorial critics, and a stumbling-block to all great writers, who have treated of the subject. Even Dr. Johnson was willing to admit he must have had "Latin enough to grammaticize his English," while conceding that Ben Jonson must have known, and "ought to decide the controversy."<sup>1</sup> Pope, knowing well enough that there was "certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*, thought it was "plain he had much reading, at least," but was obliged, at last, to declare that "he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher and even the man of the world may be *born*, as well as the poet."<sup>2</sup> Steevens and Malone, after laborious research, undertook to produce a list of the translations of ancient authors, known to have existed in English in the time of Shakespeare, as the source of all his classical erudition ; but it falls far short of furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the matter, in our day, and in the face of numerous instances to the contrary, scarcely less decisive than this one, that the "Timon of Athens" turns out to have been founded in great part upon the untranslated Greek of Lucian ;<sup>3</sup> besides that it is now clear enough to the attentive scholar, that this author drew materials, ideas, and even expressions, from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and even from Plato, no less than from the Latin of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, and Tacitus, not to mention numerous others of the ancient

<sup>1</sup> Johnson's Preface.

<sup>2</sup> Pope's Preface.

<sup>3</sup> Knight's *Stud. of Shaks.*, 71; *Luc. Opera* (ed. Dindorf, Lipsia, 1858), I. 30-51.

classics, and apparently with the utmost indifference to the question whether they had ever been translated into English or not.

Indeed, his learning took the widest range. Mr. Collier, profoundly impressed by a certain frequency of legal terms and expressions in the plays, is ready, thereupon, to add an entire new passage to the known biography of William Shakespeare, to the effect that, in his youth, he had studied law in the office of an attorney, or, at least, a bailiff, at Stratford; and the learned essay of Lord Chief Justice Campbell,<sup>1</sup> addressed to him upon the subject, comes to this conclusion upon Shakespeare's juridical phrases and forensic allusions: "On the retrospect I am amazed," says his Lordship, "not only by their number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced." And he adds: "There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry." He thought we might be "justified in believing the fact that he was a clerk in an attorney's office at Stratford without any direct proof of the fact," mainly relying, with Mr. Collier, upon "the seemingly utter impossibility of Shakespeare having acquired, on any other theory, the wonderful knowledge of law which he undoubtedly displays." Nevertheless, his Lordship was constrained to warn his friend, that he had not "really become an absolute convert" to his side of the question; nor did he fail to remark, that the theory required us "implicitly to believe a fact, which, were it true, positive and irrefragable evidence, in Shakespeare's own handwriting" in the records of the courts, or in deeds and wills written or witnessed by him, and preserved in the archives at Stratford-on-Avon, might have been forthcoming to establish it; but, "after diligent search," none such had been, or could be, discovered.

The argument might justify, but does not require, an examination here into the special learning of this author in

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements* (N. York, 1859), p. 132.

matters of law, or medicine. This work has already been so far accomplished by distinguished members of these professions as to convince them, if not the critical world, that he had a very wonderful acquaintance with both. Let it suffice to notice a single instance (cited by Lord Campbell<sup>1</sup>) of his familiarity with Plowden, whose preface was dated from the Middle Temple, in 1578, the same year in which William Shakespeare is said to have been taken from school by his father, at the age of fourteen. The discussion of the grave-diggers in the "Hamlet," as to whether the drowned Ophelia was entitled to Christian burial, "proves," says his Lordship, "that Shakespeare [he meant, of course, the author of the play] had read and studied Plowden's Report of the celebrated case of *Hales v. Petit*.<sup>2</sup> Sir James Hales, a Judge of the Common Pleas, having been imprisoned for being concerned in the plot to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne, and afterwards pardoned, was so affected in mind as to commit suicide by drowning himself in a river. The coroner's inquest found a verdict of *felo de se*, under which his body was to be buried at a cross-road, with a stake thrust through it, and his goods and estates were forfeited to the crown. A knotty question arose upon the suit of his widow for an estate by survivorship in joint-tenancy, whether the forfeiture could be considered as having taken place in the lifetime of Sir James Hales; for, if it did not, she took the estate by survivorship.

*Sergeant Southcote* argued for the lady, that as long as he was alive he had not killed himself, and the moment that he died, the estate vested in the plaintiff. "The felony of the husband shall not take away her title by survivorship, for in this manner of felony two things are to be considered: First, the cause of the death; secondly, the death ensuing the cause; and these two make the felony, and without both of them the felony is not consummate. And

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. Leg. Acq.*, p. 104.

<sup>2</sup> *Plowden's Rep.*, 256-9.

the cause of the death is the act done in the party's lifetime, which makes the death to follow. And the act which brought on the death here was the throwing himself voluntarily into the water, for this was the cause of his death. And if a man kills himself by a wound which he gives himself with a knife, *or if he hangs himself, as the wound or the hanging*, which is the act done in the party's lifetime, is the cause of his death, so is the throwing himself into the water here. Forasmuch as he cannot be attainted of his own death, because he is dead before there is any time to attain him, the finding of his death by the coroner is by necessity of law equivalent to an attainder in fact coming after his death. He cannot be *felo de se* till the death is fully consummate, and the death precedes the felony and the forfeiture."

*Sergeant Walsh*, on the other side, argued that the forfeiture had relation to *the act done* in the party's lifetime, which was the cause of his death. "*Upon this the parts of the act are to be considered; and the act consists of three parts. The first* is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. *The second* is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. *The third* is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, viz., the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death; and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act. *And of all the parts the doing of the act* is the greatest in the judgment of our law, and it is in effect the whole. *The doing of the act is the only point* which the law regards; for until the act is done it cannot be an offence to the world, and when the act is done it is punishable. Inasmuch as the person who did the act is dead, his person cannot be punished, and therefore *there is no way else to*

punish him but by the forfeiture of those things which were his own at the time of his death."

*Bendloe* cited a case in which "a lunatic wounded himself mortally with a knife, and afterwards became of sound mind, and had *the rights of Holy Church*, and after died of the said wound, and his chattels were not forfeited;" and *Carus* cited another, "where it appears that one who had taken sanctuary in a church was out in the night, and the town pursued him, and *the felon defended himself with clubs and stones*, and would not render himself to the King's peace, and one struck off his head; and the goods of the person killed were forfeited, for he could not be arraigned, because *he was killed by his own fault*, for which reason, *upon the truth of the matter found*, his goods were forfeited. Here, the inquiry before the coroner *super visum corporis*, . . . . is equivalent to a judgment given against him in his lifetime, and the forfeiture has relation to the act which was the cause of his death, viz. the throwing himself into the water."

*Dyer*, C. J., giving the opinion of the Court, said:—"The forfeiture shall have relation to the act done by Sir James Hales in his lifetime, which was the cause of his death, viz. the throwing himself into the water." He made five points:—"First, the quality of the offence; secondly, to whom the offence was committed; thirdly, what he shall forfeit; fourthly, from what time; and fifthly, if the term here shall be taken from the wife." . . . . *As to the second point*, it is an offence against nature, against God, and against the King. Against nature, for *every living thing does by instinct of nature defend itself from destruction*, and then to destroy one's self is contrary to nature, and a thing most horrible. Against God, in that it is a breach of his commandment, *thou shalt not kill*; and to kill himself, by which he kills in presumption his own soul, is a greater offence than to kill another. Against the King, in that hereby he has lost a subject, and (as *Brown* termed it) he

being the head, has lost one of his mystical members."

. . . It was agreed by all the Judges, "that he shall forfeit all his goods; for *Brown* said the reason why the King shall have the goods and chattels of a *felo de se*, . . . . is not because he is *out of Holy Church*, so that for that reason the Bishop will not meddle with them,

. . . but for the loss of his subject, and for the breach of his peace, and for the evil example given to his people, and not in respect that Holy Church will not meddle with them, *for he is adjudged none of the members of Holy Church.*"

"*As to the fourth point, viz., to what time the forfeiture shall have relation; the forfeiture here shall have relation to the time of the original offence committed, which was the cause of the death, and that was the throwing himself into the water, which was done in his lifetime, and this act was felony. . . . So that the felony is attributed to the act, which is always done by a living man, and in his lifetime: for Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? By drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way than by divesting out of him his title and property, from the time of the act done which was the cause of his death, viz. the throwing himself into the water.*"

Now, that this very report is plainly travestied in the "Hamlet," can admit of no possible doubt. Ophelia had not drowned herself voluntarily, but, like the lunatic who became of sound mind, and had "the rights of Holy Church," to the glassy stream, where "a willow grows aslant the brook,"

"There, with fantastic garlands, did she come,"



and

"There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;  
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death." — *Act IV. Sc. 7.*

Otherwise, as the author well knew, the Coroner's inquest would have found her a "*felv de se*," and she must have been buried, as one "out of Holy Church," at a cross-road, where, says the *Priest*, —

"Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;  
And but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd,  
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

And in the same scene in which, with all technical skill in the use of the abstrusest terms of the law, he so easily empties "the skull of a lawyer" of "his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks," . . . . his action of battery, . . . . his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries," now that "the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries" is, "to have his fine pate full of fine dirt," he makes the clowns discourse, on the question of the voluntary drowning and the right to Christian burial, thus: —

"1st Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2d Clo. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1st Clo. How can that be, *unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?*

2d Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1st Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2d Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2d Clo. But is this law?

1st Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's 'quest law.

2d Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried *out of Christian burial*.

1st Clo. Why, there thou say'st, and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

A careful comparison of these passages may satisfy the critical reader that the author of the play had certainly read this report of Plowden. They are not adduced here as amounting to proof that the author was any other than William Shakespeare, but rather as a circumstance bearing upon the antecedent probabilities of the case; for there is not the slightest ground for a belief, on the facts which we know, that Shakespeare ever looked into Plowden's Reports; while it is quite certain that Francis Bacon, who commenced his legal studies at Gray's Inn in the very next year after the date of Plowden's preface, did have occasion to make himself familiar with that work, some years before the appearance of the "Hamlet." And the mode of reasoning, and the manner of the report, bordering so nearly upon the ludicrous, would be sure to impress the memory of Bacon, whose nature, as we know, was singularly capable of wit and humor.

Not less curious is it to observe, that Mr. Hackett, as early as 1859, noticing the numerous metaphorical expres-

sions in the plays, which relate to the flowing of the blood to and from the heart or liver, and which imply, when closely examined, a critical knowledge of the physiology of this subject, as understood by professional authors down to that day, has actually maintained the proposition that William Shakespeare had anticipated the celebrated Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood.<sup>1</sup> And not much later, a distinguished English physician, following the example of Lord Campbell in the department of law, has undertaken to demonstrate that "the immortal dramatist," though he had not discovered the circulation of the blood, had nevertheless "paid an amount of attention to subjects of *medical* interest scarcely if at all inferior to that which has served as the basis of the learned and ingenious argument, that this intellectual king of men had devoted seven good years of his life to the practice of law."<sup>2</sup> Moreover, this same writer, on diligent examination, was "surprised and astonished" at "the extent and exactness of the psychological knowledge displayed" in these plays, and very naturally came to the conclusion that "abnormal conditions of mind had attracted Shakespeare's diligent observation, and had been his favorite study."<sup>3</sup> He finds instances which amount "not merely to evidence, but to proof, that Shakespeare had read widely in medical literature," and continues thus:—"For the honor of medicine, it would be difficult to point to any great author, not himself a physician, in whose works the healing art is referred to more frequently and more respectfully than in those of Shakespeare." Dr. Bucknill even ventures to suggest that the marriage of Shakespeare's eldest daughter, in 1607, with Dr. John Hall, the physician, who afterwards lived in the same house with him at Stratford-on-Avon, may have been the means of imparting to the mind of the poet some

<sup>1</sup> *Notes on Shakes. Plays and Actors* (New York, 1863), p. 268.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakes. Med. Knowl.*, by John Charles Bucknill, M. D., London, 1860.

<sup>3</sup> *Psychology of Shakes.*, by John Charles Bucknill, M. D., London, 1859.

degree of medical knowledge. But, unfortunately for this theory, nearly all the plays from which the most striking passages concerning the flow of the blood have been cited, were written prior to that date, and some of them long before. Mr. Hackett seems to think there may have been some intimacy between the poet and the doctor, "long previous to the marriage," and so, that Shakespeare "may have made himself acquainted with every important fact or theory which had transpired in relation to the subject." This is indeed possible; but it would be a more satisfactory explanation of this very special feature in the plays, if it did not require us to carry back his medical studies, at least, to the date of the "King John," and almost make them encroach upon those seven good years already demanded for the study of law, especially in the absence of any positive evidence in his personal history that he had ever looked into a book of law or medicine.

But Dr. Bucknill, as well as the American physician who controverted the views of Mr. Hackett, more thoroughly versed in medical science, has successfully made it appear, not merely that the Shakespearian expressions do not imply a knowledge of the circulation of the blood, in the sense of Harvey, but that they are, in truth, in very exact accordance with the doctrines of Galen, Hippocrates, Rabelais, and others, who were, prior to Harvey, "the learned and authentic fellows" in this branch of knowledge, and with whose writings, as we certainly know, Sir Francis Bacon was quite familiar, for he cites and reviews these very authors, together with Aristotle, Celsus, Porta, Cardan, Fabricius, Servetus, Telesius, Paracelsus, and many more : —

*Parolles.* Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Bertram.* And so 't is.

*Lafleur.* To be relinquished of the artists, —

*Parolles.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Lafleur.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows, —

*Parolles.* Right, so I say." — *All's Well, Act II. Sc. 3.*

Harvey's discovery, though supposed to have been made known at the College of Physicians as early as 1615, was first publicly announced in his published work on the subject, in 1619, three years after the death of Shakespeare. The plays from which Mr. Hackett cites his evidences were all written before 1610, and most of them several years earlier. It is quite possible that Bacon, however, may have heard something of Harvey's discovery, or even seen his book, before the publication of the Folio of 1623. So remarkable a fact should have awakened a profound interest in a mind like his; but there is no intimation in any of his writings that he was at all acquainted with this discovery. Nor is it probable that any author would have occasion to alter and adapt his poetical metaphors to the scientific niceties of the latest announcement.

Prior to Harvey, and as early as 1553, Michael Servetus of Geneva had discovered the flow of the blood from the right side of the heart, through valves opening towards the lungs, and from thence, through the pulmonary vein, to the left ventricle, whence he supposed it was diffused through the whole body; and Fabricius of Padua had discovered the valves in the veins opening towards the heart. Harvey was his pupil, about the year 1600, and from him learned the fact which first suggested the idea of the general circulation.<sup>1</sup> The most suggestive passage of all those cited from Shakespeare, in proof that he was in possession of the same idea, is that in which the ghost in "Hamlet" is made to say of "the blood of man," —

"That swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body";

and this appears in the first printed editions of the "Hamlet" (1603 and 1604), that of 1603 reading "posteth" instead of "courses"; but in the language and thought of all these passages, striking resemblances to the ideas, style, and diction of Sir Francis Bacon may be distinctly noted, as in these examples: —

<sup>1</sup> Craik's *Eng. Lit.*, II. 149.

— "make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse."

*Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 5.*

"Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness?"

*Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 4.*

"The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty."

*2 Henry IV., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,  
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins)."

*King John, Act III. Sc. 3.*

— "my heart, . . .  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up." — *Othello, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine."

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd."

*Macbeth, Act II. Sc. 1.*

"Lord Angelo is precise;  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows," — . . . . .  
. . . . . — "a man whose blood  
Is a very snow-broth."

*Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 4, 5.*

"Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?"

*Much Ado, Act V. Sc. 1.*

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;  
And through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live." — *Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. 1.*

"The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, . . . but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts

extreme . . . . — and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart." — 2 *Henry IV.*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Now, the spring-head, the fountain, and the ebb and flow of the sea, are frequent sources of metaphor, both with Bacon and the plays ; as, for instance, this from a letter to the king: "Let your Majesty's grace, in this my desire, stream down upon me, and let it be out of the fountain and spring-head, and '*ex mero motu*,' that, living or dying, the print of the goodness of King James may be in my heart."<sup>1</sup> In the "Advancement" (1605), we have the results of Bacon's general survey of the state of medical learning down to his own time, in which he says of the anatomists, that "they inquire not of the diversities of the parts, the secrecies of the passages, and the seats or nestlings of the humours, nor much of the footsteps and impressions of diseases." So, Shakespeare seems to consider the heart as a seat, or court, into which the blood musters, or nestles, as it courses up and down, through the secret accesses and passages, through "the cranks and offices of man," —

"The natural gates and alleys of the body."

"As to the diversity of parts," he continues, "there is no doubt but the facture or framing of the inward parts is as full of differences as the outward ; . . . As for the passages and pores, it is true, which was anciently noted, that the more subtle of them appear not in anatomies, because they are short and latent in dead bodies, though they be open and manifest in live ; which being supposed, though the inhumanity of '*anatomia vivorum*' was by Celsus justly reprov'd, yet in regard of the great use of this observation, the inquiry needed not by him so slightly to have been relinquished altogether" :<sup>2</sup>

*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists —

*Par.* So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus."

<sup>1</sup> Letter of July 30, 1624, *Works* (Philad.) III. 24.

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learn.*, *Works* (Philad.) I. 204-5.

So he writes : " I ever liked the Galenists, that deal with good compositions, and not the Paracelsians, that deal with these fine separations." <sup>1</sup> Again, he says : " In preparation of medicines, I do find strange, especially considering how *mineral medicines* have been extolled, and that they are safer for the *outward than inward parts*, that no man hath sought to make an imitation by art of natural baths and medicinable fountains" ; and again, " while the life-blood of Spain went inward to the heart, the outward limbs and members trembled and could not resist." <sup>2</sup> The play says : —

" Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible."

Here we have the same general and vague notions as to the structure of these inward and extreme parts, with a kind of repetition of the favorite words in the " natural baths," " mineral medicines," and " medicinable fountains" ; which may also call to mind these lines from the " Othello" : —

— " the thought whereof  
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards."  
*Othello, Act II. Sc. 1.*

" Blood is stanch'd," he says again, " by drawing of the spirits and blood inwards ; which is done by cold ; as iron or a stone laid upon the neck doth stanch the bleeding of the nose." So, according to Falstaff, " the cold blood " of Prince Harry, which " he did naturally inherit of his father," was, by " drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris," become " very hot and valiant."

He speaks also of " the sudden recess of the spirits," and of " the recess of the blood by sympathy," and says, that " there is a fifth way also in use, to let blood in an adverse part for a revulsion." <sup>3</sup> This goes upon the idea of a flowing outward and a receding inward of the blood,

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Cecil, Spedding's *Let. and Life*, I. 356.

<sup>2</sup> Speech, Spedding's *Let. and Life*, II. 89.

<sup>3</sup> *Nat. Hist.*, § 66.



a sort of "tickling up and down the veins"; and it is in exact keeping with Falstaff's notion of the effect of "sherris," that "warms the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale," as well as with the blood of Lord Angelo, which was "a very snow-broth." And here, also, in the iron laid upon the neck, that singular simile of a speech running "like iron through your blood," may find an explanation of its origin.

He continues: "But the cause is, for that all those diets do dry up humours, rheums, and the like: and they cannot dry up until they have first attenuated; and while the humour is attenuated, it is more fluid than it was before, and troubleth the body a great deal more until it be dried up and consumed." Here, we have a similar physiological idea as in the case of—

"The fountain from which my current runs,  
Or else dries up;" —

and probably, also, the source of the expression, —

"Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine."

Dr. Bucknill assures us that "Shakespeare follows Hippocrates," and that he refers to a theory of that author, "that the veins, which were thought the only blood-vessels, had their origin in the liver. The Father of Medicine maintained that they came from the liver, the arteries from the heart"; and he adds, that "Rabelais expresses the doctrine of the function of the liver which is implied in Falstaff's disquisition," namely, "that the liver conveys blood through the veins for the good of the whole body." He cites further in support of his views these lines from the "Merchant of Venice": —

— "and let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans."

His conclusion is, that Shakespeare believed, indeed, in the flow of the blood, "the rivers of your blood," which went even "to the court, the heart"; but he considered that it was the liver, and not the heart, which was the cause of

the flow"; but he does not find in Shakespeare "a trace of any knowledge of the circulation of the blood," in the sense of Harvey.<sup>1</sup>

Now, as to whether or not William Shakespeare ever read these authors, we have not the least information; but we certainly know that Francis Bacon made apothegms out of this same Rabelais, and that he had studied Hippocrates,<sup>2</sup> "the Father of the Art," as well as Galen, Paracelsus, and the rest. And he concludes a letter addressed to the Scottish physician, Dr. Morison, in 1603, on the coming in of King James, in these words: "So not doubting to see you here with his Majesty, considering that it belongeth to your art to feel pulses, and I assure you Galen doth not set down greater variety of pulses than do vent here in men's hearts";<sup>3</sup> and the mind of the author of the "Romeo and Juliet" (1595) must have been running upon the very subject of these investigations:—

— "through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowy humour, which shall seize  
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat."

Act IV. Sc. 1.

And it may very well be taken here as one of those numerous and singular coincidences of thought and expression, which everywhere drop out in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare, and especially in those which were written at about the same date and upon kindred subjects, that the phrase applied to Celsus, "*the inquiry needed not by him so slightly to have been relinquished altogether*," should reappear in his review of the labors of these same learned authors, and before that "rarest argument of wonder," which, in the play (written prior to 1594), was "*to be relinquished of the artists, . . . both of Galen and Paracelsus*," and "*all the learned and authentic fellows*," had as yet entirely passed out of his memory. Nor need there be any

<sup>1</sup> Hackett's *Notes*, 292.

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learn.*

<sup>3</sup> *Letter, Works* (Philad.) III. 197.

wonder that the ideas, expressions, words, metaphors, and technical learning of the two writings, in medicine as in law, and in many other branches of learning besides, should be so exactly alike, if we once conceive (what will be further demonstrated) that Francis Bacon was the author of both.

The German critic, Schlegel, equally amazed at the extent of the knowledge and the depth of the philosophy of these plays of Shakespeare, the author of which he could not but consider as one who had mastered "all the things and relations of this world," does not hesitate to declare the received account of his life to be "a mere fabulous story, a blind and extravagant error":<sup>1</sup> this Shakespeare must have been another sort of man from what we know him. The Germans seem to have been the first to discover and appreciate the full depth of his philosophy, not excepting Gervinus, who appears to have had less difficulty about the author himself. That a single passage, which had never attracted the particular attention of an English critic, otherwise than as a brilliant figure of speech, should be capable of creating whole books in the soul of Jean Paul Richter, is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at; especially, if we consider that he, to whose great learning, deep philosophy, and divine vision, this universe became crystalline and transparent, did not fail to see that no one had "better pursued and illumined the actual truth of things, even into the deepest vales and the little worms therein, than those twin-stars of poesy, Homer and Shakespeare."<sup>2</sup>

Indeed, the bare proposition, that this man, on his arrival in London, at the age of twenty-three, with only such a history as we possess of his previous life, education, studies, and pursuits, could have begun almost immediately to produce the matchless works which we know by his name, not

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on Dram. Lit.*, by A. W. Schlegel, Tr. by John Black, (Philad. 1833,) p. 289.

<sup>2</sup> *Vorschule der Ästhetik, Werke*, I. 25.

merely the most masterly works of art, and as such in the opinion of eminent critics, surpassing the Greek tragedy itself, but classical poems, and plays the most profoundly philosophical in the English language, or any other (for no less a critic than Goethe has awarded this high praise), may justly strike us in the outset as simply preposterous and absurd. "What!" exclaims Coleridge, at this consequence of the traditional biography, "are we to have miracles in sport? . . . . Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"<sup>1</sup> Emerson, no less, considering that the Shakespeare Society had ascertained that this William Shakespeare was "a good-natured sort of man, a jovial actor, manager, and shareholder, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers," and that he was "a veritable farmer" withal, engaged in all sorts of traffic at Stratford, doing business commissions in London, and suing Philip Rogers for malt delivered, while writing a "Hamlet," or a "Lear," is apparently obliged to lay down the problem in despair, with this significant confession: "I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast."<sup>2</sup> In like manner, Jean Paul Richter "would have him buried, if his life were like his writings, with Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, and the highest nobility of the human race, in the same best consecrated earth of our globe, God's flower-garden in the deep North."<sup>3</sup> Indeed, considering how this man should drop the theatre as an idle pastime, or as a trade that had filled his coffers, and should quietly sit him down for the remainder of life merely to talk and jest with the Stratford burghers, and, turning over his works to the spoiling hand of blundering printers and surreptitious traffic, regardless of his own reputation, heedless of the world around him, leaving his manuscripts to perish, taking

<sup>1</sup> *Notes on Shakes., Works*, IV. 56.

<sup>2</sup> *Rep. Men*, 215.

<sup>3</sup> *Werke*, I. 241.

no thought of foreign nations, or the next ages, or as if not deeming he had written anything worthy of preservation, should "steal in silence to his grave,"<sup>1</sup> beneath a doggerel epitaph reputed to have been written by himself, and certainly suitable enough for his "bones," by the side of which the knowing friends who erected a monument over him caused to be inscribed a Latin memento, which might indeed do honor to the memory of the "Star of Poets":—

"Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet";—

any man might wonder, if he did not laugh outright, to see this Son of Momus wearing thus his lion's skin even in his tomb. Carlyle, that other master-critic of our time, chewing the cud of this "careless mortal, open to the Universe and its influences, not caring strenuously to open himself; who, Prometheus-like, will scale Heaven (if it so must be), and is satisfied if he therewith pay the rent of his London Play-house," as it were, with the imperturbability of Teufelsdröckh himself, simply breaks out, at last, with this brief exclamation: "An unparalleled mortal."<sup>2</sup>

#### § 5. HIS STUDIES.

There is no evidence on record other than that which is drawn from the works themselves, that during his connection with the theatre in London, he was given to profound studies or much reading; and it is evident that no man in his circumstances, conditions, and daily occupations, could have found time, means, and facilities, not merely for supplying the known deficiencies of his previous education, but to make extensive and thorough acquisitions in all departments of human knowledge, and, at the same time, to carry on the work of inventing and writing these extraordinary compositions. If it were to be admitted that he was in fact the author of them, then of course, all the rest should be

<sup>1</sup> *Mem. of the Court of James I.*, by Lucy Aiken.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays* (Boston, 1861), III. 211.

presumed, however miraculous and inconceivable. There are no certain proofs that he enjoyed the intimacy of literary associates beyond the purlieus of the theatre and certain small writers for the stage, Ben Jonson only excepted. Some of his earlier contemporaries, like Greene, made envious attacks upon him, significantly hinting at the incongruity between him and his supposed productions; though numerous other writers and poets of later dates, following the general report, unquestionably recognized him as the admitted author of the works which were attributed to him. He certainly had the acquaintance and friendship of Ben Jonson, who was famous among the literary men of his time, received the countenance of the Court, and enjoyed the intimacy and favor of high literary characters, and particularly of Lord Bacon, in whose service he was engaged for some years. Ben Jonson did not fail to discover "the Star of Poets" in these works; but his description of the person, qualities, genius, and individual characteristics of William Shakespeare, not to speak of his criticisms upon him and the players, do not help to remove the manifest contradiction that exists between the man and the works. The traditions of his having been a member of Raleigh's Club, and his wit-combats at the "Mermaid" (some books say "*wet-combats*") with Ben Jonson and the assembled wits, will not bear the test of critical examination: they rest, at last, on mere inference from the supposed relations, character, and genius of such an author, and are as baseless in reality as the conceit of worthy old Fuller, proceeding upon the indubitable fact that "his learning was very little," and the old saw, "*Poeta non fit sed nascitur*," that "as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so Nature itself was all the art that was used upon him."<sup>1</sup> It was a shrewd conjecture of Dr. Maginn, that the reason why we know so little of him is, that "when his

<sup>1</sup> *Worthies of England*, III. 284.

business was over at the theatre, he did not mix with his fellow-actors, but stepped into his boat, and rowed up to Whitehall, there to spend his time with the Earl of Southampton and the gentlemen about the Court."<sup>1</sup> There may be some truth in this suggestion; but it will be necessary also to suppose an invisible boat and a further passage to Gray's Inn.

If these plays had not begun to appear for a period of ten years or so after William Shakespeare came to London, it might be possible to imagine, that, even in his employments, he might have found time and means to prosecute to some extent those studies which every reasonable mind must acknowledge to have been absolutely necessary in order to fit the most luminous natural genius for the writing of these dramas. But there was no such period: the plays began to appear at least as early as the year 1588, even if it be not satisfactorily proved, that the first sketches of several of them had been upon the stage for some years previous to that date, and before Shakespeare arrived in London. There were six years after this event in which the two principal poems may have been written, and before he was twenty-nine years of age. Doubtless, many poems of great merit have been produced at an earlier age than this: nothing need be objected on the score of age merely. Nor would it be anything remarkable that an actor should correct and amend, or even write or rewrite plays. Heming, or Condell, may have done as much as this. In fact, some plays were written by other actors and members of this same company; but they appear to have been no better than such authors might reasonably be expected to produce, and they speedily passed into oblivion. It might be admitted that William Shakespeare may have altered, amended, or rewritten, old plays to adapt them to his stage, without danger to the question of this authorship. The greater plays, it is true, were not produced until more than

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. Papers* (New York, 1856), p. 10.

ten years had elapsed. Of course, any author should be expected to grow in this time ; but there is exhibited, in the character and succession of these works, an order of growth quite other than any that can be ascribed to a mortal man with the personal history which must be assigned to William Shakespeare ; ascending, as it does, from the very gates of the university, upward and upward, into the highest spheres of human thought and culture.

#### § 6. EARLY PLAYS.

Critical researches have demonstrated that this author gathered his materials from any quarry that was at hand, suitable to his purposes. Old ballads, poems, plays, novels, tales, histories, in English, French, Italian, Latin, or Greek, translated or untranslated, were made to yield their treasures of fact and fable. There had been an old play of "King John" in the reign of Edward VI. Some critics think that the "Troublesome Reign of King John," printed in 1591, and written in two parts, was an early work of this author, and the foundation of the "King John" of the Folio of 1623 ; but later writers, no doubt correctly, have attributed it to Marlowe, Greene, or Peele, or some other poet, though it was reprinted in 1611, and in 1622, with the initials "W. Sh." on the title-page ; doubtless a trick of the booksellers to make it sell. The "King John" of Shakespeare is first mentioned by Meres in 1598 ; it was first printed in the Folio ; and, in the absence of any other data than the style and manner of the composition, on which to fix the date of its production, Mr. White places it in the year 1596, while admitting that the author must have had the older play before him, or in his head, when this was written,<sup>1</sup> and that the date of it may go back to 1591. The old play called the "Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," which was acted on the stage prior to 1588, after having undergone a marvellous transformation, seems to

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, VI. 15.



have grown into the two parts of the "Henry IV." and the "Henry V."<sup>1</sup> The second and third parts of the "Henry VI." were first known by wholly different titles, and, according to Malone, before Shakespeare appeared in London, and certainly as early as 1587-8. These also have been attributed by some critics to Marlowe, and by Mr. White to Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, in conjunction with Shakespeare;<sup>2</sup> and the first part of the "Henry VI.," never printed until it appeared in the Folio, the "Taming of the Shrew," and the "Titus Andronicus," have been placed in the same category by him, though beyond question they will have to be assigned to this author; and Malone believed them all to have been upon the stage at an earlier date than 1587. Mr. White concludes, however, that Shakespeare, in his subsequent revisions of these joint works, merely reclaimed his own. That the rejected passages were inferior to the parts retained, or rewritten, and not above the powers of Marlowe, Greene, or Peele, may safely enough be admitted; nor should it be at all surprising that these earliest efforts of a young author should be found to be somewhat inferior to his later works. The use in them of a single idiom which was then growing obsolete, and which more frequently occurs in Greene than in any of his contemporaries, but which was not often used, or was carefully eliminated by this author, together with some near equality of weight, rhythm, and style, may be allowed to have some consideration; but this same idiom, on which so much stress is laid as an ear-mark of Greene, is found, five times, within twenty lines of one of Bacon's translations of the Psalms,<sup>3</sup> and occasionally, though not often, in the plays, as thus:—

"You may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon";—  
*Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Knight's *Studies of Shakes.*

<sup>2</sup> Essay on the "Henry VI.," White's *Shakes.*, VII.

<sup>3</sup> Psalm civ.

and the whole argument would seem to be a weak foundation for so large a theory ; especially, if these plays be considered as the first attempt of a young writer, and produced probably somewhere between 1582 and 1589. Mr. White believes that men have been hung on less evidence than that which he produces. It is indeed very formidable ; and it might carry the jury in the absence of better testimony ; it is nevertheless quite certain that men have been hung on proofs that seemed equally clear, who afterwards turned out to be innocent.

The "Timon of Athens" has been supposed to have been founded, in some part, upon an older play of that name ; but the old play of "Timon," in manuscript, and apparently written by "a scholar," which was thought by Steevens to have been transcribed about the year 1600, and which came into the hands of Mr. Dyce, according to the opinion of Mr. Knight and other critics, was evidently never written by Shakespeare at all. Even in the face of facts like these, Malone could not persuade himself that Shakespeare could have begun to write before the year 1590 ; nor Mr. Collier, that he could have had any reputation as an author before 1593. They suppose these older plays to have been written by other authors, and that they were only retouched by Shakespeare. Whether they were the work of this author, or another, it is certain, at least, that they were afterwards taken up by him, and carefully elaborated into the plays which we now have. The "Timon of Athens" of Shakespeare was, doubtless, an original work of a much later date.

A cloud of obscurity hangs over the origin and early history of these older plays. These conclusions would seem to be sufficiently well warranted by the facts which we know : first, that some of these old plays were original first draughts of this author, and that some of them may have been based upon older plays of other authors ; and second, that, in either case, they were already upon the stage at the

date usually assigned for the arrival of William Shakespeare in London. But, as that date is not quite certain, and as it is not impossible that he may have sent plays to the theatre before that event, nothing more definite can be positively asserted than this, that, as Francis Bacon was by some three years the elder of the two, and had been snugly ensconced in Gray's Inn since 1579, with the aroma of a scholar of Trinity and the airs of the French Court still about him, it is at least more probable, in the first instance, that he should have been the author than the other.

The "Hamlet" has been another of these enigmas. The first certain knowledge that we have of this play is, that it was performed at the Globe as early as 1602, having been entered, in July of that year, upon the Register of the Stationers' Company, as "lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants." We may safely accept the conclusion of Mr. White,<sup>1</sup> that there was an older play of this name by another author, which was upon the stage in London prior to this date. It is mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary" in 1594. It was no doubt this older play that was alluded to, in 1596, by Dr. Lodge, who speaks of the ghost that cried in the theatre, "Hamlet, revenge!" It is believed by White, Knight, and other critics, to have been the same play that was referred to, in 1589, by Nash, who says, "it is a common practice, now-a-days, amongst a shifting sort of companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art," and that "English Seneca, read by candle-light, . . . will afford you whole Hamlets; I should say handfuls of tragical speeches." In the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare, which was printed in 1604, we have these words:—

"Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for the law of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, XI. 8-9.

<sup>2</sup> *Devonshire Hamlets*, (Lond. 1860), I. 41; II. 28.

But, as it is very probable that there was some trace of Seneca, also, in the older play of 1589, this allusion, in that of 1602, cannot be taken as any proof of its identity with the other. It is a curious circumstance, however, that, in the year 1593-4, we find Francis Bacon diligently engaged in reading Seneca, Ovid, Virgil, Horace's "Art Poetic," the "Proverbs," and the "Adagia" of Erasmus, and taking notes; and, in 1595-6, he quotes Seneca, thus: "For it is Seneca's rule, *multum non multa*." <sup>1</sup> And in several of the earlier plays may be found very distinct traces of this classical reading, in the form of allusions, imitations, and quotations; as for instance, in the "Titus Andronicus," in which the story of Tereus and Philomela is worked into the texture of the tragedy out of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," together with quotations of whole lines of Latin verse out of Horace. In the "Love's Labor's Lost," we have quotations from Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, an irrepressible sprinkling of Latin erudition, with a pretty copious interspersion of sonnets and rhymed verse; and the whole play exhibits unmistakable impressions of the author's late residence at the French Court. In the "Taming of the Shrew," written before 1594, the author has already begun to add to his studies of the poets "that part of philosophy" which treats

— "of happiness  
By virtue 'specially to be achieved,"

and to mingle Aristotle with Ovid:—

" *Tranio*. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,

<sup>1</sup> Advice to Greville; *Life and Letters*, by Spedding, II. 23.

And practice rhetoric in your common talk;  
 Music and poetry use to quicken you;  
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,  
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;  
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en; —  
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

*Act I. Sc. 1.*

Lord Campbell,<sup>1</sup> assuming that the "Hamlet" alluded to by Nash was the play of Shakespeare, endeavors to draw an argument from Nash's fling at the trade of *Noverint* (that of the lawyers) in support of the position that William Shakespeare himself was considered as one of those who had abandoned that profession. We know from contemporaneous history that it was not an uncommon thing, in those days, for members of the Inns of Court to be writing for the stage, and it is scarcely to be doubted that there was then in fact a class of persons answering perfectly well to this description of Nash. But the inference, first, that Nash alluded to Shakespeare, and second, that Shakespeare had been a student at law at Stratford, finds little warrant here, or elsewhere, beyond the irresistible evidence, contained in the plays themselves, that their author was a lawyer. No more is it to be inferred that Francis Bacon was the person intended, though he was at that time Reader, and for seven years had been an utter barrister, of Gray's Inn. Whether the play were the same or not, it is plain that Nash supposed it to have been written by a lawyer.

This epistle of Nash had been appended to the "Menaphon" of Robert Greene, who had been employed as a writer for the stage; and Lord Campbell conjectures that the two friends, Nash and Greene, had been superseded by the appearance of a rival in the business, and thence, that this attack was aimed at William Shakespeare, as that other, more express libel, which was contained in the "Groat's Worth of Wit," written by this same Greene, and published by Henry Chettle, in 1592, undoubtedly was. In this last, Greene addresses himself to his "Quondam

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. Legal Acquirements*, 30-36.

acquaintance that spend their wits in making Plays," and says, "Base-minded men, all three of you [Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele?], if by my misery yee bee not warned : for unto none of you (like me) sought these burs to cleave : those Puppets (I mean) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whome they all have bin beholding, is it not like that you, to whom they all have bin beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not ; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart, wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you ; and beeing an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the only Shake-scene in a countrey. Oh, that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaynte them with your admyred inventions."<sup>1</sup> This passage would seem to carry a direct insinuation that William Shakespeare, a mere actor, antic, and ape, was undertaking to shine in borrowed feathers, or it may mean no more than that he was, in Greene's estimation, an upstart player that had presumed to usurp the writer's calling. Mr. White has noticed that it contains a sort of parody on the following line of the third part of the "Henry VI." :—

"O Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!"<sup>2</sup>

Whence it would appear that Greene had that very play in mind : nothing more need be inferred, however, than that plays had begun to appear upon the stage, which, so far as known to these writers, were attributed to Shakespeare ; came through his hands, perhaps, and from a source otherwise unknown to them ; and that if they really took him to be the author (as it seems they did), they were unwilling to recognize him as one worthy to be admitted into their

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell's *Life of Shakes.*, 144.

<sup>2</sup> Act I. Sc. 4; White's *Shakes.*, VII. 411.

fraternity. Mr. White argues further, with much skill, that Greene meant to charge Shakespeare with plagiarism, also, from the rival poets, and cites as evidence of this hypothesis a sonnet from "Greene's Funerals by R. B. Gent" (1594), which says of Greene:—

"Nay more, the men that so eclipsed his fame,  
Purloyned his Plumes, can they deny the same?"

But this is a general charge, aimed at more than one, and not particularly at Shakespeare. The apology of Chettle, however, makes it clear, that in the above passage from Greene, a sneer was aimed especially at him in respect of his supposed authorship; for it says: "I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanor no less civill than he excellent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approoves his art." Now, whether these "divers of worship" were some great persons about the Court, who had taken Shakespeare under their especial protection, or were merely some respectable acquaintances who had certified to his merit and character, must be left to conjecture. Mr. White appeals to these passages in further proof of his theory, that Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, wrote some plays in conjunction with Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare, in resuming his own, had in some degree appropriated their labors, and purloined their plumes; and he certainly makes a very plausible case of it. But it implies the assumption, both that William Shakespeare, in conjunction with those writers, in fact wrote the original draughts of those plays, and that it was he who afterwards re-wrote and completed them; and against these assumptions, the whole mass of evidence to be presented herein must stand arrayed; for it would be idle to imagine that Francis Bacon ever wrote a play in conjunction with either of them.

On the supposition that these plays came from Gray's

Inn, and were the earlier attempts of a briefless young barrister, who did not desire to be known as a writer for the stage, and who meant to "profess not to be a poet,"<sup>1</sup> but to whom any "lease of quick revenue"<sup>2</sup> might not be unacceptable, and some cover a practical necessity, it is not difficult to imagine, that this "absolute *Johannes factotum*" would be just the man to suit his purpose; nor is it necessary to suppose that an express bargain was struck in terms between them, in the first instance, but rather that the arrangement came about gradually in the course of time and the actual progress of events. Nor would it be a matter of wonder that his sudden pretensions to dramatic authorship should be sneered at by a rival who saw himself completely outdone (as he would suppose) by a mere under-actor, a puppet, an antic, and an ape. And when secret relations of this kind had once come to be established between the parties, the scheme of introducing to the public the two larger poems, a few years later, under the disguise of a dedication in his name as a closer cover for the real author, may have been the more practicable. How this was possible with so eminent a person as the Earl of Southampton, will be further considered hereinafter; observing, now, that Southampton was an intimate associate of the Earl of Essex, and of Francis Bacon, Essex's friend and counsellor, at this very time, and that there is not the least allusion to William Shakespeare in all the writings of Bacon, though, as we know from direct history, he was an intimate friend and patron of Ben Jonson, was a friend and admirer of George Herbert and other poets of the time, was familiar with the Greek and Latin poets, was an admirable orator and wit, was "a poetic imagination," a lover and student of poetry, and himself a poet.

Prior to the date of these dedications (1598-4), the name of William Shakespeare had not appeared on the title-page of any printed play. It is not until 1598 that his name

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's *Apology concerning Essex*.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of Bacon.



begins to be printed on the title-page of the quartos. The author was not named on the title-page of the first printed editions of the "Richard II.," the "Richard III.," and the "Romeo and Juliet," in 1597; nor on that of the first part of the "Henry IV.," printed in 1598, nor on that of the "Henry V.," first printed in 1600. The "Love's Labor's Lost," "newly corrected and augmented," and the second editions of the "Richard II." and the "Richard III.," that were printed in 1598, bore the name of Shakespeare on the title-page; and so did the sonnets and poems collected and published by Jaggard, in 1599, under the title of the "Passionate Pilgrim." But, after this date, the quartos appear, in most instances, at least, as "written," or as "newly corrected and augmented," or "newly set forth and overseene," by William Shakespeare. It is in 1598 that Meres, in the "Wit's Treasury," names "the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare," in whom "the sweete witty soul of Ovid lives," as "witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' and his 'sugred sonnets' among his private friends"; and he mentions the "Gentlemen of Verona," the "Errors," the "Love's Labor's Lost," the "Love's Labor's Wonne," the "Midsummer's Night Dreame," the "Merchant of Venice," the "Richard II.," the "Richard III.," the "Henry IV.," the "King John," the "Titus Andronicus," and the "Romeo and Juliet." Of all the pieces named by Meres, the two poems only had been printed under the name of Shakespeare before that year. And it is in 1599 that Weever writes:—

"Honey-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,  
I swore Apollo got them, and none other";

but he speaks only of the "fire hot Venus," the "chaste Lucretia," and

"Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not."<sup>1</sup>

In 1594, Willobie's "Avisa" alludes to the Rape of Lucrece:—

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, by Halliwell, 189.

"Yet Tarquyne pluct his glistering grape,  
And Shakespeare paints poor Lucrece rape."

In the margin of the "Polimanteia" (1595), we find these words: "All praise, Lucretia — sweet Shakespeare." And soon after the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, this same Chettle, silenced before, but evidently by no means satisfied, noticing that, among many tributes to the virtues of the late Queen, none came from William Shakespeare, ventured to break out anew in these lines: —

"Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert  
Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,  
To mourn her death that graced his desert,  
And to his laies open'd her royall eare:  
Shepheard, remember our Elizabeth,  
And sing *her* rape, done by that Tarquin, Death."<sup>1</sup>

But down to the year 1598, nothing definite anywhere appears, except these dedications to Southampton, and these allusions which followed them, on which to base the claim of this authorship for William Shakespeare, beyond the bare fact that the plays were upon the stage in the theatres with which he was connected, and were generally attributed to him. He had already become a principal sharer and manager, had purchased New Place at Stratford-on-Avon, and was able to loan money to his friends. His wealth had been derived from the theatres of his company, and his success was due, in no small degree, perhaps, to the superior excellence of these plays. After this dedication of the poems under his name, an indiscriminating public might be very well warranted in taking him to be the author of the plays also. If the plays came to the theatre through his hands, his fellow-actors would, of course, presume that he was himself the author of them, however much they might wonder that he never blotted out a line. They had to be attributed to somebody, and William Shakespeare does not appear to have declined the honor of their paternity. Greene might sneer, Nash insin-

<sup>1</sup> *Mourning Garment*, 1603.

uate, and Ben Jonson criticize ; but he was under the protection of "divers of worship," and his reputation soon became established among the printers. It was Shakespeare's theatre, and naturally enough they were Shakespeare's plays.

As to the sonnets, it is by no means improbable that a reputation might arise in a similar manner. We know that in that age, when the art of printing had not as yet entirely superseded the circulation of manuscript copies, it was a common thing for various writings to be passing about from hand to hand in manuscript. Says John Florio, who translated Montaigne's Essays in 1600, and was tutor to Prince Charles, and must have known something of Shakespeare, and was doubtless well acquainted with Francis Bacon, in his preface to the "World of Words," printed in 1598: "There is another sort of leer-ing crows that rather snarl than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who, lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a rhymer." This may not have been Francis Bacon, but we know that Bacon wrote sonnets: some of them were addressed to the Queen, and were "commended by the great." Sir Philip Sidney had written sonnets. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote sonnets. Thomas Carew, a gentleman of the Bedchamber under Charles I., was a noted writer of sonnets. It was probably not an uncommon thing for manuscript sonnets to be circulating among great persons at this time. Indeed, we positively know that Bacon's sonnets and essays did pass from hand to hand, in that manner. The researches of Mr. Hepworth Dixon have ascertained the fact, that "a few essays, a few Religious Meditations, with some other short pieces of his composition, were passing, as Shakespeare's sugared sonnets and Raleigh's fugitive verses were at the same time passing, from hand to hand ; but a rogue of a printer being about to publish these scraps, their author, in fear of imperfect copies, put them with his own

hands to the press."<sup>1</sup> And thus the first edition of the *Essays* came to be printed, under Bacon's own hand, in 1597. In 1599, Jaggard, printer of several editions of the *Essays* between 1606 and 1624, had somehow come into possession of a collection of sonnets and smaller poems, which he published under the name of William Shakespeare; and in 1609, a larger collection was dedicated to "Mr. W. H., the only begetter of them," (on whom is invoked by the printer's preface "all happiness and that Eternity promised by our ever-living poet"), believed by Mr. Collier, no doubt correctly, to have been William Herbert, son of Henry, Earl of Pembroke and his celebrated Countess,

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;"

who succeeded to the earldom in 1601, at the age of twenty-one, and was himself a poet, a writer of sonnets, and "a great patron of learning;"<sup>2</sup> was an associate of *Essex* and Southampton, and is said to have been a rival, with Bacon and Coke, for the hand of the rich widow Hatton; and was a friend of Bacon, a witness to his patent of peerage, and one of that "incomparable pair of brethren," to whom was dedicated the *Folio* of 1623; for, these plays, also, the author himself would take care to see published in authentic form, though in this instance under the name of another; for he had determined not to be known as a poet; yet, as he himself said of the first edition of the *Essays*, in the *Epistle Dedicatory* to his brother Anthony,<sup>3</sup> "like some that have an orchard ill-neighbour'd, that gather their fruit before it is ripe to prevent stealing," or rather, as we may suppose, in the case of the plays, to preserve the ripe fruit and prevent it from being corrupted by stolen and mangled copies, or from being by mere neglect wholly lost to the world. And this epistle con-

<sup>1</sup> *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, by W. Hepworth Dixon. London, 1862, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* II. 482; I. 523.

<sup>3</sup> *Works*, (Boston,) XII. 289.

cerning the Essays may throw still further light on the whole subject, proceeding thus :—

“These fragments of my conceits were going to print: to labour the stay of them had been troublesome, and subject to interpretation; to let them pass had been to adventure the wrong they might receive by untrue copies, or by some garnishment, which it might please any that should set them forth to bestow upon them. Therefore I held it best discretion to publish them myself, as they passed long ago from my pen, without any further disgrace, than the weakness of the author. And as I did ever hold, there might be as great a vanity in retiring and withdrawing men’s conceits (except they be of some nature) from the world, as in obtruding them: so in these particulars I have played myself the Inquisitor, and find nothing to my understanding in them contrary or infectious to the state of Religion, or manners, but rather (as I suppose) medicinal. Only I disliked now to put them out because they will be like the late new half-pence, which though the Silver were good, yet the pieces were small. But since they would not stay with their Master, but would needs travel abroad, I have preferred them to you that are next to myself, dedicating them, such as they are, to our love, in the depth whereof (I assure you) I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to these contemplations and studies for which I am fittest.”

And the circumstances under which the “Troilus and Cressida,” that “remarkable and singular production,” as it is styled by Mr. Verplanck, first made its appearance, in 1609, are worthy of note in this connection. It appears that an older play of this name, perhaps an earlier sketch of this very one (as Mr. Verplanck seems to think, though there is much reason to believe it was by another author altogether), had been entered upon the Stationers’ Regis-

ter in 1602-3, but never printed; but before 1609, it must have been greatly enlarged and improved (if indeed this were not wholly a new play) in the most matured style of this master; and it was first presented before the King's Majesty at Court, in that year, and thence sent directly to the printer, and was printed with a preface, and with the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page, before it had ever appeared at the theatre.<sup>1</sup> The printer's preface (and, of course, the printer would expect the author himself to furnish the preface as well then as now) announces it thus:—

“A never writer to an ever reader.

#### NEWES.

Eternall reader [a “never writer” must have meant one never known to the public as a writer of plays, and could not well be William Shakespeare himself who was writing so much for the ever-reading public], you have heere a new play never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing comicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas [mind still running on pleas], you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities [“we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles,” says the Dedication to the Folio, and “I have done with such vanities,” says Bacon, in answer to a summons to the House of Lords, some time afterwards]; especially this author's commedies, that are so fram'd to the life. [“*Painter*. It is a pretty mocking of the life;”<sup>2</sup> and says Bacon, “I must do contrary to that that painters do;

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, IX. 1-16; *Papers of the Shakes. Soc.*, III. 79. London.

<sup>2</sup> *Timon of Athens*, Act I. Sc. 1.

for they desire to make the picture to the life, and I must endeavour to make the life to the picture,"<sup>1</sup>] that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes are pleased with his commedies, [says Bacon's letter 'to the King' (1621), "Cardinal Wolsey said that if he had pleased God as he pleased the King, he had not been ruined. My conscience saith no such thing; for I know not but in serving you, I served God in one. But it may be if I had pleased God, as I had pleased you, it would have been better for me"]. . . . So much and such savord salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure ["it hath been the height of our care," says the Dedication again]) to be borne in that sea that brought forth *Venus*. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time, I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testern well bestow'd,) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuff in it [certainly there can be no doubt of that, your worship.] It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in *Terence* or *Plautus*: and believe this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new *English* inquisition [some twelve years before, the Dedictory Epistle to the Essays had said, "so in these particulars I have played myself the Inquisitor"]. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the lesse for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the 'scape it hath made amongst you. Since, by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayd for them, rather than beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. — *Vale*."

<sup>1</sup> Letter, 1619.

It is positively asserted here, that the play was a new one, and that it had never been upon the stage, nor been sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude. The writer must have known this. It was first produced at Court, and was no doubt addressed rather to the refined and learned personages that would be there assembled to hear it, than to the unlettered multitude; and these being "the grand possessors," and the play being such as he knew it to be, he did not hesitate to tell the public, that they might be thankful that they ever got it at all, and, if they knew what was good for themselves, they should rather pray to have it than be prayed to take it; and this is as true to-day as it was then; for as we know, it seldom appears upon the public stage, though full of the loftiest wisdom.

But very soon after it was printed, it found its way to the theatre, and shortly after it had appeared upon the stage, and in the same year, a second edition was issued from the same type, only suppressing this preface, and announcing the play on the title-page "as it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe: Written by William Shakespeare." It had now come to be a Shakespeare's play. From this significant allusion to the "grand possessors' wills," both Tieck and Knight have inferred that the manuscript came from the possession, or control, either of the King himself, or of some great personage about the Court, and that Shakespeare had written this "wonderful comedy" for that person and for the use of the revels at Court, and not for the public stage; an inference, which would seem to carry upon its face the appearance of a forced construction. In view of all that will be offered herein touching the question of this authorship, it may appear more probable, and these very facts may give us some intimation, that the great personage in question was himself the author of the play, being no other (as it will be shown) than Sir Francis Bacon, then lately become Solicitor-General. At least, not inconsistent with



this conclusion, is Mr. Verplanck's excellent appreciation of the play itself, in these words:—

"Its beauties are of the highest order. It contains passages fraught with moral truth and political wisdom—high truths, in large and philosophical discourse, such as remind us of the loftiest disquisitions of Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor, on the foundations of social law. Thus the comments of Ulysses (Act I. Sc. 8) on the universal obligation of the law of order and degree, and the confusion caused by rebellion to its rule, either in nature or in society, are in the very spirit of the grandest and most instructive eloquence of Burke. The piece abounds too in passages of the most profound and persuasive practical ethics, and grave advice for the government of life; as when in the third act, Ulysses (the great didactic organ of the play) impresses upon Achilles the consideration of man's ingratitude 'for good deeds past,' and the necessity of perseverance to 'keep honor bright.'"

And in further confirmation of this view, we find in this play one of those numerous instances of similarity, not to say identity, of thought and language, which, independent of extraneous circumstances, though not absolutely conclusive in themselves, are, nevertheless, scarcely less convincing than the most direct evidence when considered with all the rest; for, in the "Advancement of Learning," treating of moral culture, Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying, "that young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy," because "they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience." And in the "Troilus and Cressida," we have the same thing in these lines:—

"Not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."—*Act II. Sc. 2.*

Mr. Spedding notices that Aristotle speaks only of "political philosophy," and he observes that the error of Bacon, in

making him speak of "moral philosophy," had been followed by Shakespeare. The "Advancement" was published in 1605, and this appears to have been a new play in 1608, (if, indeed, that older play of 1602 were not a first sketch of the same piece,) and so, it is barely possible that William Shakespeare may have seen the "Advancement" before those lines were written. But the whole tenor of the argument in the play is so exactly in keeping with Bacon's manner and mode of dealing with the subject, that it is hard to believe a mere plagiarist would have followed him so profoundly. Bacon expresses the same opinions somewhat more fully in the *De Augmentis*, (published in 1623,) that "young men are less fit auditors of policy than of morals, until they have been thoroughly seasoned in religion and the doctrine of morals and duties; for, otherwise, the judgment is so depraved and corrupted that they are apt to think there are no true and solid moral differences of things, and they measure everything according to utility or success, as the poet says:—

"Prosperum et felix scelus virtus vocatur."<sup>1</sup>

Now, this is precisely the depraved judgment of young Paris, according to his speech in the play. He argued that it would be disgraceful to the Trojan leaders to give up Helen, "on terms of base compulsion": he

— "would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honorable keeping her."

To which Hector replies altogether too much in Bacon's own style, not to have participated in his studies:—

"Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glaz'd, — but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege, do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Lib. VII., Works* (Boston), III. 45

'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge  
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
 There is a law in each well-ordered nation,  
 To curb those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refractory.  
 If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—  
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
 Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
 To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

In addition to the similarity of idea in respect of the errors of young men as to the doctrine and foundation of morals, there is an outcropping of identical expression in such phrases as these: "*not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience,*" and "*to the hot passion of distemper'd blood*"; "*the judgment is so depraved and corrupted,*" and "*if this law of nature be corrupted through affection*"; "*no true and solid moral differences of things,*" and "*these moral laws of nature and of nations*"; "*the soil of her fair rape wip'd off in honorable keeping her,*" and "*scelus virtus vocatur*"; which are altogether too special, palpable, and peculiar, to be accidental, or to be due to any common usage of that or any age; and there would seem to be no room left for the possibility of a doubt as to the identity of the authorship.

#### § 7. DOUBTFUL PLAYS.

Not only these plays and poems, but six other plays, which did not appear in that Folio, and which have never been received into the genuine canon, were likewise published, in Shakespeare's lifetime, under his name, or initials, viz: the "*Sir John Oldcastle*" in 1600, the "*London*

Prodigal" in 1605, the "Yorkshire Tragedy" in 1608, (and the "Pericles" in 1609,) under his name in full; and the "Locrine" in 1595, the "Thomas Lord Cromwell" in 1602, and the "Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street" in 1607, under the initials "W. S.," which some critics have taken to mean William Shakespeare, while others, with Malone, have agreed that they meant William Smith, and, with Pope, that Shakespeare never wrote a single line of them. These plays were in the possession of his theatre, and doubtless came into the hands of the printers in like manner with many of the others, which were in like manner reputed to be his. And not only these, but still another list was imputed to him, in his own time and afterwards, viz: the "Arraignment of Paris," the "Arden of Feversham," the "Edward III.," the "Birth of Merlin," the "Fair Em; the Miller's Daughter," and the "Mucedorus," as well as the "Merry Devil of Edmonton," acted at the Globe, and printed, in 1608, under the names of Shakespeare and Rowley, and the "Two Noble Kinsmen," printed after the death of Shakespeare under his name and that of Fletcher; most of which have been rejected by nearly all critics as not Shakespeare's.

Of the three that were published under his name in full, in his lifetime, there is scarcely any room to doubt that they were written by other authors. According to Malone, the "Sir John Oldcastle" was written by Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathwaye. The first and second parts of it were entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, in 1600; the first part was printed in the name of William Shakespeare, in that year, as performed at Henslowe's theatre; and an entry in Henslowe's diary shows that, in 1599, he paid those authors for both parts; but the second part was never printed. Mr. Knight and other later critics concur in the judgment of Malone, that it is clearly not a play of Shakespeare.

The "Yorkshire Tragedy" was entered and printed in

1608; the event on which the story is founded did not happen until 1604; and although there may be no decisive reasons, grounded on internal evidence merely, why it may not have been a careless and hasty production of this author, it is difficult to believe that he could have produced such a play at about the same time that he was writing the "Hamlet," the "Lear," the "Macbeth," and the "Julius Cæsar." The best judges concur in rejecting it as not written by him.

The "London Prodigal" was published in 1605, as played by the "King's Majesty's Servants" of the Globe, and as written by William Shakespeare; but Malone, Knight, and White reject it altogether. And of the other three, while it appears that one of them, the "Lord Cromwell," was performed by his company, the evidence is still more satisfactory, that they were all written by some other person, and probably by William Smith. Concerning the other list, the evidence is more uncertain; but while some critics have believed that Shakespeare might have written at least some of them, the weight of fact and opinion is pretty decidedly against them all.

On the whole, it would seem to be very certain that plays were published in his name, in his own time, of which he was not the author. Nor does it appear that he ever took the least trouble to prevent this unwarrantable use of his name: no denial, or other vindication of his reputation, has come down to us. We know that it was not an unusual thing, in those days, for "sharking booksellers" to set a great name to a book "for sale-sake." The name of Sir Philip Sidney was used in this manner, and even that of Shakespeare was set to Heywood's translation of Ovid, by Jaggard, in 1612; but Mr. Halliwell finds some intimation, coming from Heywood himself, that Shakespeare was "much offended" with Jaggard for this liberty with his name: it is more probable, in this instance, that Heywood would be the most offended man of the two. It may be

taken as sufficiently established, that this good-natured actor and manager was in the habit of publishing, or suffering to be published, in his name or initials, the plays which were owned by his theatre, as they were produced on the stage, of some of which it is well ascertained that he was not the author; that he was not particular about shining thus in borrowed feathers; that he never took the least care of his reputation as an author, either before or after his retiring from the stage; and so, that the simple fact, that the plays and poems appeared under his name, and being reputed to be his, in his own time, so passed into the traditional myth, must lose nearly all force of evidence as touching the question of the real authorship. In a word, he was just such a character as would naturally be hit upon as a convenient and necessary cover for an aspiring and prolific genius, an irrepressible wit, a poetic imaginator, a man of all knowledge, classical learning, and a world-wide soul, who was at the same time ambitious of promotion in the state, in which direction lay the plan of his life, though never basely obsequious to power withal (as some have imagined), still suffering by neglect and "the meanness of his estate," soliciting in vain, lacking advancement, and "eating the air, promise-crammed"; and who had determined to "profess not to be a poet," but felt that he had a mission beyond the exigencies of the hour, and what is more, that his light must shine, though he should conceal his name in a cloud,

"And keep invention in a noted weed."

*Sonnet lxxvi.*

But if any one shall deem it necessary to assign some of these doubtful plays to this author, he will consider that this argument loses nothing in strength or force on that account. Between the time of Bacon's becoming an utter barrister of Gray's Inn, in 1582, and the publication of the "Venus and Adonis," there was a period of ten years, in which a number of such plays may much better have been written by him than by William Shakespeare. They were not admitted

into the Folio of 1623; the editors, whether Heming and Condell, or some other, either knew them to be spurious, or rejected them as youthful and inferior productions, and as unworthy to take a place among the greater works of the author before the tribunal of posterity; and all critics seem to concur in that opinion of their relative merit. It may have been for the same reason that the "Pericles" was not included in the Folio, though undoubtedly a work of this author. It is quite possible, however, that the copyright had been sold, and could not be regained. The play appears to have been founded upon a very ancient and popular tale, and it is highly probable that it was an early work, though by no means a weak or an immature production. The best critics seem to agree that it had been retouched by the hand of the master in his better style before it was brought out anew in 1607-8, and printed in 1609, as "the late and much admired play called 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,'" and "as it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Globe on the Banckside," with the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page. The text (say Harness and White) is very corrupt and full of errors; and the reason of this may lay precisely in the fact that it was not revised by the real editor of the Folio, nor printed under his supervision. The story is more ancient than the time and countries in which the scene is laid. It is a deeply interesting and touching dramatic romance, as addressed not to modern rose-water criticism merely, but to the human heart of the world's theatre, and rather as it was in the ancient than in the modern times; and the spirit of the Greek drama, and even much of the touching simplicity of the tales of the Odyssey, is preserved in it. The first scene of the fifth act, in particular, bears a close resemblance to the style and manner of the dramatic dialogue of Euripides. So, likewise, the "Titus Andronicus" is, in some points of substance rather than in the form, a near imitation of the more serious Greek tragedy; and it

furnishes indubitable evidence that the author was familiar with the ancient drama. The main topics of this history of the Prince of Tyre afford occasion, also, for those profound exhibitions of human nature in the opposite extremes of vice and virtue which came within the range of this author's studies. And after a manner which is at least not improbable for the younger hand of Francis Bacon, who, throughout his life, held knowledge and virtue to be superior to riches; who, in his youth, had taken all knowledge to be his province, and, as he said himself, "rather referred and aspired to virtue than to gain;"<sup>1</sup> who pursued that immortality which makes a man a god, confessing he was by nature "fitter to hold a book than play a part"; and who made a study of all arts, and was particularly curious in his investigations into the medicinal virtues of plants and minerals, as well as into all the hidden mysteries of Nature, being also much in the habit of turning over authorities; — Lord Cerimon speaks thus in the "Pericles": —

"I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'T is known I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the Fool and Death." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to Egerton.*



## § 8. THE AUTHOR'S ATTAINMENTS.

It will be unnecessary to undertake to demonstrate at large herein, from the internal evidence contained in the plays themselves, that their author was a classical scholar, was acquainted with several foreign languages, was an adept in natural science, was a lawyer by profession, was a profound metaphysical philosopher, and was in general a man of high and polished culture and extensive learning for his time in all branches of human knowledge, in addition to the largest amount of natural genius and intellectual power which may reasonably be allowed to any mortal. The most competent judges in these matters have so pronounced. The inference has been, not that any other man was in fact the author of these works (at least, until Miss Delia Bacon ventured so to declare<sup>1</sup>), but that the received biography of William Shakespeare was a myth and a mistake; and so the chief critics have proceeded to imagine for him some unwritten and unknown biography. But we shall have to accept the known personal history as at last the true account (in the main) of the man William Shakespeare. The later inquiries of modern scholars, the Shakespeare Society included, have ended only in rendering the supposition still more extravagant and absurd than it was before; for the results, which have been carefully summed up by Mr. Halliwell and later biographers, furnish no data on which the previous account of his life can be in any material degree modified in respect of this matter. On the contrary, the new facts (such as are not forgeries) only concur with what was known before in representing him to us as a man whose heart and soul were more intent upon business, social affairs, and (what Lord Coke took to be the chief end of man) industrious money-getting, than upon anything that pertained to the literary part of his profession. The essential problem still remains.

<sup>1</sup> *Phil. of Shakes. Plays Unfolded*. Boston, 1857.

A few brief words only will be added under this topic. The writer was a classical scholar. Rowe found traces in him of the "Electra" of Sophocles; Colman, of Ovid; Pope, of Dares Phrygius and other Greek authors; Farmer, of Horace and Virgil; Malone, of Lucretius, Statius, Catullus, Seneca, Sophocles, and Euripides; Steevens, of Plautus; Knight, of the "Antigone" of Sophocles; White, of the "Alcestis" of Euripides; and doubtless many resemblances and imitations of the ancient authors have been noticed by other critics and scholars. For resemblances with Euripides, certainly too striking to be altogether accidental, the curious reader may compare these passages: "Orestes," 1204-6, and "Electra," 693, with "Macbeth," I. 7; "Orestes," 1271, with "Hamlet," III. 4; "Orestes," 1291 and 1375, with "Macbeth," II. 2; and generally the "Orestes" and "Electra" with "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"; "Medea," 1284-9, with "Hamlet," IV. 7; "Hellene," 270, with Sonnet CXXI; "Hellene," 512-14, with "Richard II.," II. 1; "Rhesus" with "3 Henry VI.," IV. 2; and also the "Antigone" of Sophocles, 1344-5, with the "Timon of Athens," IV. 3, and the Timon of Lucian with the play of "Timon."

Some have sought, with Dr. Farmer, to find the source of all this classical learning in sundry English translations, but it has been an idle undertaking; for it appears that he drew, in fact, from the untranslated authors. The greater part of the story of Timon was taken from the untranslated Greek of Lucian, an author that is several times quoted in the writings of Bacon. Ovid and Tacitus were favorite authors with Bacon, and frequent traces of both are to be found in the plays. The "Comedy of Errors" was little more than a reproduction (in a different dress) of the *Menœchmi* of Plautus, also an author that is frequently quoted by Bacon. The first mention that we have of this play is, that it was performed during the twelve days of the Christmas Revels at Gray's Inn, in 1594, on which occasion it is

now historically known that Francis Bacon furnished at least a masque,<sup>1</sup> and (as I will attempt to prove) this very play also; and there was no translation of the *Menoechma* before 1595. Beginning the career of an actor with "small Latin and less Greek," William Shakespeare cannot be presumed to have made himself acquainted with much of the Greek and Latin literature, and especially not with Sophocles, Euripides, and Plato, as this writer undoubtedly was; for these had not been translated. The author was able to drink deep of the very spirit of the Greek tragedy, without danger of drowning in the bowl; according to some great critics, he surpassed it altogether; and a thorough student may discover in the plays not only traces of Plato, but a wonderful approximation to the depth and breadth of the Platonic philosophy. Moreover, he was well versed in the ancient mythology, and in the history, manners, and customs of antiquity: in short, he knew all the wisdom of the ancients.

It is equally clear that he knew French and Italian. The story of Othello was taken from the Italian of Cinthio's "Il Capitano Moro," of which no translation is known to have existed; the tale of "Cymbeline" was drawn from an Italian novel of Boccaccio, not known to have been translated into English; and the like is true of some other plays. Several of the plays were founded upon stories taken from Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques," of which some few were to be found in Painter's translation, of which one volume had been published in the time of Shakespeare, but others of them had not been translated. Francis Bacon had lived four years in Paris, and was master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages; and it is highly probable that, in 1580, he would be in possession of the "Histoires Tragiques" as well as of the Essays of Montaigne in the original French. Florio's translation of Montaigne was published in 1603, and it has been said

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon* (London, 1861), I. 325-342.

that an old copy had been found which contained an autograph of William Shakespeare; but Mr. Halliwell is compelled to reject the story as not authentic. Nevertheless, it is reasonable enough to suppose that so notable a book as this was may have fallen into his hands.

The author was skilled in natural science. He pursued a scientific rather than the common method of observation, though the scientific observation of that day had in it something of poetic vagueness and generality as compared with modern methods. This is visible in the nature of his illustrations, metaphors, and allusions; and it is clear that he had made some study of the medical science and *materia medica* of his time. Pope did not fail to notice that he had a taste for "natural philosophy and mechanics." He understood the whole machinery of astrology, alchemy, witchcraft, and sorcery, not merely as it stood in the popular traditions, but in the sense of the written literature of that day; and he had a philosophy of spirits, ghosts, witches, dreams, visions, and prophecies, so subtle and profound as to be beyond the reach of uninitiated and un instructed genius. The spontaneous and merely natural man does not proceed in that manner. He will see things in a certain general, vague, and common way, as it were, in the gross and complex only, and rather in merely fanciful relations than in that accurate manner of close and deep analysis, which also discovers the scientific form and real nature of things, as seen in all true poetry; and such must have been the habit and manner of this author. This accords with the known history of Bacon's earlier as well as his later years; for he was always a close observer of nature, and pursued in private his experimental researches, never losing sight of his great work, the instauration of natural history and physical science, as the surest foundation for philosophy itself, and the safest road into the higher realm of metaphysics. It would indeed be a wonder, as Pope said, if a man could know the world by intuition, and see through nature at one glance.

• He was a lawyer too. His use of legal terms and phrases, in the sonnets as well as the plays, and his representations of legal proceedings, are of such a kind and character, that it is at once apparent to the mind of a lawyer, that the writer had been educated to that profession. Mr. Collier and Lord Campbell were not the first to observe this very important fact. Neither the long list of examples cited by Malone,<sup>1</sup> nor the learned essay of Lord Campbell, by any means contains them all; they pervade these writings with that peculiar use which is familiar to the lawyer only, and they flow from him as unconsciously as his very soul. Such learning, most certainly, does not come by instinct, though we admit, with Dogberry, that "to read and write comes by nature"; and no acquaintance which William Shakespeare could have had with the law, consistently with the known facts of his life, can reasonably account for this striking feature in the plays. It was not to be had in the office of a bailiff; and the considerations referred to by Lord Campbell, though of the nature of negative evidence, ought to be taken as satisfactory, that he could never have been a regular student at law at Stratford-on-Avon; especially since his Lordship did not become a convert to this unavoidable and very necessary theory of Mr. Collier.

The speech of the Archbishop on the Salic law, in the "Henry V.," as Dr. Farmer observed, was evidently taken, and almost literally versified, from a passage in Holinshed's Chronicles,<sup>2</sup> together with a quotation from the Book of Numbers, to the effect that when a man dies without a son, the inheritance descends to the daughter. And it is at least singularly curious, that in the "Apothegms" of Bacon there are two anecdotes, based, the one upon the same doctrine with regard to the Salic law as that maintained in this speech, viz., that in France itself males claimed by women, with a repetition of the French "gloss" of Holinshed; and the other upon a quotation from Scripture, as in

<sup>1</sup> *Chron. Order of Shakes. Plays.*

<sup>2</sup> *Chron. of Eng.* III. 65.

both Holinshed and the speech. It is, of course, possible that Shakespeare might make plays, and Bacon, apothegms, out of Holinshed; but when numerous instances of the same kind occur (as will be shown), it may well furnish an indication that the transition took place through the same mind in both cases. He was in the habit of making apothegms of his own wit; that concerning the "seditious prelude" of Dr. Hayward (as supposed) and his own facetious attempt to avert the anger of the Queen, who thought there was treason in it, may be taken as one instance; and perhaps we have another in the apothegm of the fellow named Hogg, who importuned Sir Nicholas Bacon to save his life, claiming that there was kindred between Hog and Bacon. "Aye," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."<sup>1</sup> And the same jest appears in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," thus:—

"*Evans. Accusation, hing, hang, hog.*

*Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.*"—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

A passage in the second part of the "Henry IV." (Act III. Sc. 2) would seem to render it highly probable that the writer himself had seen somebody "fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn." There are allusions also in the first part of the "Henry IV.," from which it may be inferred that St. Albans was a familiar name and a favorite place with the author; and Gorhambury near St. Albans had been the country residence of his father, and, after his father's death, of his mother, and subsequently, his own country-seat. He was several times elected to Parliament for the borough of St. Albans, which was the site of the ancient *Verulamium*, whence were taken his titles of Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans; and he directed by his will that his remains should be buried in "St. Michael's Church, near St. Albans." And after his fall from power, when he had returned to his lodgings in

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's *Apothegms*.

Gray's Inn, and his "labours were now most set to have those works," which he had formerly published, "made more perfect," in a proposal which he was making to the King for a "Digest of the Laws," he says: "As for myself, the law was my profession, to which I am a debtor; some little helps I have of other arts, which may give form to matter."

Moreover, this writer was a philosopher. "He was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher," says Coleridge. These words from such a man may be presumed to mean something. And when such judges of the matter as Schiller, Goethe, and Jean Paul Richter also agree in finding that he was a philosopher, no one need be amazed at the assertion, that he was master of all the learning of the Greeks, and had sounded the depths of Plato. For the mass of readers, it can no more be expected, that they should comprehend, in any adequate manner, what this really means, than that they should understand, without more, what was meant by the *Philosophia Prima* of Bacon, or "Philosophy itself." But it can never mean less than one who has carried his studies into the highest realms of human thought and culture; and that was never the work of a day, nor often of a whole life. Nor was it ever the work of intuition merely. It is at least conceivable, that a man who was capable of taking a critical survey of all previous learning, and pointing out the way for the advancement of human knowledge, who wrote civil and moral essays upon all phases of life and character, which still live as fresh as ever, and who could venture to undertake the instauration, not of physical science merely, but of philosophy itself, might, by possibility, be able to write such dramas as the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "As You Like It," the "Measure for Measure," the "Cymbeline," the "Hamlet," the "Lear," the "Macbeth," the "Timon of Athens," the "Troilus and Cressida," and the "Tempest"; but, for such a man as we

know for William Shakespeare, it would appear to be a thing next to impracticable, if not wholly impossible. It would probably be of no sort of use or effect to declare here that this consideration, duly weighed, ought to be taken as conclusive of the whole matter. In fact, it will not; and the inquiry must proceed.

A well-marked difference may be looked for between the earlier and the later works of any writer. More striking evidence of growth does not exist in the works of Schiller, or Goethe, which were produced before, and those produced after, they respectively became initiated into the mysteries of the higher philosophy, than is manifest in the earlier and later plays of Shakespeare. In either case, the collegiate erudition of the tyro is, at length, lost in the comprehensive learning of the finished scholar, and the exuberant fancy of the spontaneous poet and inexperienced youth becomes subdued into the matured strength and breadth, the depth of feeling, and the prophetic insight of the seer and the philosopher. We know that Francis Bacon had practiced those "Georgics of the Mind" on which all critical thinking and high art depend. He comprehended that "Exemplar or Platform of Good," the "Colours of Good and Evil," and that "Regiment or Culture of the Mind,"<sup>1</sup> whereby alone the highest excellence may be reached; and he had attained to that noble philosophy, whereby only the soul of man is to be "raised above the confusion of things" to that height of Plato, where, situate as upon a cliff, he may have "a prospect of the order of nature and the errors of men."<sup>2</sup>

In Francis Bacon, we have a man three years older than William Shakespeare, and, when the latter came to London, already ten years from the University and some four years an utter barrister of Gray's Inn, and well prepared, by the best possible advantages of early education, finished classical scholarship, foreign travel, and residence at royal

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learning.*

<sup>2</sup> *Works* (Montagu), I. 252.



courts, extraordinary natural gifts and learned acquisitions, for commencing and prosecuting such a work; and in the situation of the briefless young barrister, in the midst of books, making slow progress in the profession, getting no advancement for a period of twenty-five years after his coming to the bar beyond the unproductive honor of a Queen's or King's Counsel and a seat in Parliament, laboring under the twofold embarrassment of an expensive mode of life and debt to the Lombards and Jews, casting about for "some lease of quick revenue" to relieve (as he says) "the meanness of my estate," enjoying the society of the theatre-going and masque-devising young courtiers, the dazzling favor of the Court, the ample leisure of Gray's Inn, and occasionally the Arcadian quiet of Gorhambury and Twickenham Park; and in his known devotion to all manner of studies and the profoundest speculations, we may find the needful preparation, the time for writing and for study, and the means of growth and culture which the case requires. And his acknowledged prose compositions of that period, to say nothing of the sonnets which he addressed to the Queen, or the masques which he wrote for her entertainment, exhibit all the necessary qualities of the poet. He was "a poetic imaginator," says George Darley, "and dramatic poets are (or ought to be) philosophers."<sup>1</sup> Even Macaulay admitted that "the poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind; but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason."<sup>2</sup>

As early as 1610, Shakespeare, having some time before ceased to play his part as an actor upon the stage, had retired from the theatres in London, and resumed his permanent residence in Stratford-on-Avon. He is not known to have had any further connection with the stage. But in 1611 were produced the "Winter's Tale" and the "Tempest." The "Lear" was first performed before the King

<sup>1</sup> *Introd. to Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, by George Darley.

<sup>2</sup> *Misc.*, II. 408.

at Whitehall, in 1606, and the "Troilus and Cressida," in 1609; and the first notice that we have of the "Tempest" is, that it was performed before the King's Majesty at Whitehall, in November, 1611; and the "Winter's Tale," first acted at the Globe, in May, 1611, was performed before the King at Whitehall, a few days after the "Tempest." Both were repeated at Court during the festivities attending the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine, toward the close of the year 1612, and in the spring of 1613. And on the thirtieth day of June following, and while these festivities were still proceeding, as it appears, the magnificent play of "Henry VIII." was for the first time produced in great splendor at the Globe, with the presence (if not the assistance) of Ben Jonson (Shakespeare having retired from London), containing a studied and special compliment to King James. On the twenty-seventh of October, thereafterwards, Sir Francis Bacon, Solicitor-General, having sometime before "come with his pitcher to Jacob's well, as others did," and obtained "the royal promise to succeed to the higher place," is raised to the laborious and lucrative position of Attorney-General, and the plays cease to appear. William Shakespeare continues, a few years longer, to enjoy the social comforts of New Place, prosecuting at leisure his agricultural pursuits and miscellaneous traffic, and dies in April, 1616, leaving a handsome estate and a will.

#### § 9. THE TRUE ORIGINAL COPIES.

Seven years after the death of Shakespeare, these last-  
ing memorials of the most transcendent genius were gathered up from the play-houses in London (as it would seem) by his surviving fellows, Heming and Condell, who appear to have assumed the function of editors; and they were published in the Folio of 1623, as they say in the preface, from "the true original Copies." What and whence were these true original copies? Let us consider of this. As

early as 1589, commissioners were appointed by the Queen to revise stage-plays; and after 1594, they had to be licensed and entered at Stationers' Hall, before they could be printed, being prohibited, "except they bee allowed by such as have auctoritie." Nevertheless, some may have been printed without license. Before 1600, theatres had become so numerous and disorderly that all but two, the Globe and the Fortune, were suppressed by public order. Plays sold to a theatre were kept for its own exclusive use, and when they got abroad, as sometimes they did, through surreptitious copies, or when they found their way into the hands of the printers, other theatres, on appeal to the authorities, were prohibited from acting them. It appears by the entries in the Register of the Stationers' Company, that the publishers of plays claimed a right of property in the copy, which was considered assignable; and when the Folio of 1623 was published by Jaggard and Blount, an entry was made at Stationers' Hall of the sixteen plays which had not been printed before, by their titles, as of "soe many of the said Copies as are not formerly entered to other men," and these sixteen were assigned by Jaggard and Blount, in 1630, to one of the publishers of the Folio of 1632. But how the publishers of the first Folio had acquired the copyright of the rest of the plays from those "other men," does not appear: it is to be presumed they did so. It is probable that this right of property in the copy was not then so protected by law as to be a thing of much value, there being no effective remedy either at law or in equity: at least, none appears to have been sought in the courts. The chief object of this license and entry seems to have been to secure a strict censorship of the press; a function that was exercised at first by commissioners, and afterwards by the Master of the Revels. When a copy had been licensed to one publisher, a second license appears sometimes to have been granted to another, perhaps after a transfer of the copyright. The printing of

books was held to be a matter of state, to be regulated by Star-Chamber decrees, letters-patent, commissions, and the ordinances "set down for the good government of the Stationers' Company." And though some right of property in the copy may have existed at common law, none was ever distinctly recognized by any legislation, nor by any reported judicial decision before the year 1640;<sup>1</sup> but in 1637, a decree of the Star-Chamber prohibited the printing of any book or copy which the Stationers' Company, or any other person, had obtained the sole right to print, by entry in their Register; whence it may be inferred that previous to that date this right had been but little respected. Nevertheless, it will be borne in mind that this right of property in a book was called the *copy* in those days, whence the term *copyright* came into use in the law. None of these plays were ever entered in the name of William Shakespeare, as owner of the copy, but all in the names of the several publishers; and there were different publishers of the several plays at dates not far apart. And after the publication of the Folio of 1623, there were, in like manner as before, separate entries of several of the plays for license to print by other publishers, at different dates. Whence it may be inferred that no well-recognized copyright existed in any owner of those plays, or that it was often and readily transferred; and so, that the publishers of the Folio could have had but little difficulty in obtaining the copyright from those "other men," if indeed there were any at all. It is barely possible that this difficulty may have been the reason why the "Pericles" was not included in the Folio, though it may have been rejected by the Editor.

We know from Blackstone that stage-plays unlicensed were liable to indictment as public nuisances,<sup>2</sup> and inasmuch as they had to be licensed before they could be printed, it is certain that complete manuscripts must have

<sup>1</sup> Curtis on Copyright, 26; 1 Eden on Inj., cxli.

<sup>2</sup> 4 Comm., 168.

been furnished to the proper officer for examination. So Chettle said of Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit": "I had only in the copy this share; it was ill written, as sometime Greene's hand was none of the best; licensed it must be ere it could be printed, which could never be if it might not be read."<sup>1</sup>

Now, as to the "six true and genuine copies" (spoken of by Capell), of which only some meagre first draughts had been printed in quarto, and the sixteen plays that were first printed in the Folio, if not, in fact, as to all of them, the true original copies could only mean the perfected manuscripts: it is plain they were not the quartos. And then the proposition must be, that the complete and finished manuscripts were in the possession of these editors as managers of the theatre. They were not committed to their charge by the will of Shakespeare, nor do they say anything in their preface of having received them from his executors. Of course, the author must have furnished a complete manuscript copy to the theatre, from which the separate parts for the use of the actors might be drawn off. The conjecture of Pope, upon a very superficial examination, that the plays in the Folio were printed from such piecemeal parts, with all the interpolations, alterations, and mistakes of the actors, is effectually negatived by the more thorough studies and comparisons of later critics. No entry was made, nor any quarto printed, of any work of Shakespeare between 1609 and his death in 1616, but between this date and 1623 there were six reprints of quartos, besides the "Othello," of which the first quarto appeared in 1622. Whence came the manuscript of this "Othello"? Was it furnished by the theatre, or by Hemming and Condell, or by the author himself? It appears, by an entry in the official accounts of the Revels at Court, that a play of the "Moor of Venice" was acted before King James at Whitehall, on the first day of November,

<sup>1</sup> *Kind Heart's Dream*, (Halliwell, 146.)

1604, by "his Majesty's Servants"; but Mr. White has given some very good reasons for believing that this was an older play by another author, and probably founded upon Cinthio's novel called "The Moor of Venice," especially as the names of Othello and Iago appear to have been taken from the "History of the Prince of Denmark," which was not printed until 1605, and that it was not the "Othello" of Shakespeare, which bears internal evidence of the matured hand of the master; the composition of which he would place as late as 1611, or afterwards, mainly on the ground that it contains an unmistakable allusion to the creation of the order of baronets, which took place in that year, supported by the consideration of the rather extraordinary circumstance that it was not printed before 1622, thirteen years having then elapsed since the last quarto of a new play had appeared, and when there were nineteen other plays, which had never been printed, and were known to the public only upon the stage; that is, such of them as were known at all; for, of some of them, as the "Coriolanus," the "Antony and Cleopatra," and the "Timon of Athens," there is no evidence that they had ever appeared upon the stage, or were known to the public, before they were printed in the Folio. This is, indeed, very remarkable; and, taking Mr. White's opinion to be well founded, since Mr. Collier's entry of the "Othello" in the Egerton Papers of the date of 1602 has been clearly shown to be a downright forgery, there remains on record no notice whatever of this "Othello" until it was entered at Stationers' Hall in October, 1621. But that this play should have made its first appearance at Court as so many others did, or even at the house of the Lord Keeper Egerton, a friend of Sir Francis Bacon, need not be considered as anything extraordinary in itself, and that it had not fallen into the hands of the printers before 1622, though it had been upon the stage some years before that date, Richard Burbage, who died in 1619, having been famous in the

character of Othello, may be considered less surprising, when it is remembered that the same is true of several other of the later and greater plays of this author.<sup>1</sup>

The previous quartos may be considered under three heads: first draughts, surreptitious editions of stolen copies, and completed plays. Of some of these first draughts and surreptitious copies, the completed and perfected plays appeared for the first time in the Folio of 1623; of others of them, as the "Hamlet" for instance, we have quartos nearly complete before 1604; and of nineteen of the plays, the first known editions are in the Folio. And of those which had previously appeared in quarto, it is found that some of them had been remodelled and rewritten, that others had undergone extensive revision, with important additions, alterations, omissions, and emendations, and that nearly all of them had received such critical correction and emendation as necessarily to imply that they were made by the hand of the master himself. The "Othello" of the Folio was printed at about the same time as the quarto, and, as Mr. Knight thinks, was probably struck off before it, but from the original manuscript without reference to the quarto; Mr. White agrees that it was printed from another and an improved text; and it is regularly divided into acts and scenes, while the quarto is not, and contains one hundred and sixty-three lines, the most striking in the play, which are not found in the quarto, while the quarto does not contain ten lines which are not in the Folio;<sup>2</sup> and both these critics agree that the additions and corrections are of such a nature as to indicate the agency of the author's own hand, as in the case of the "Hamlet," the "Lear," the "Richard II.," the "Richard III.," the "Henry IV.," and, indeed, of nearly all the plays. Now, whence this difference in the manuscript copy?

According to Mr. White, the "Love's Labor's Lost" of

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, XI. 362-4.

<sup>2</sup> Knight's *Stud. of Shakes.*; White's *Shakes.*, XI. 300-4.

the Folio corrects a great many more errors than it makes, and has variations which must have come from some other source than the previous quarto. The "Henry V." of the Folio contains nineteen hundred lines more than the quarto of 1600, and, according to Mr. Knight, is not only augmented by the addition of new scenes and characters, but there is scarcely a speech which is not elaborated. The "Merry Wives of Windsor" in the Folio contains nearly double the number of lines that are found in the quarto of 1602, and it is greatly remodelled, whole scenes rewritten, speeches elaborated and emended, and characters heightened by the addition of new and distinctive features. Slender is a small affair in the quarto, and Shallow a different person altogether in the Folio. The "Titus Andronicus" appears in the Folio with a whole new scene added, and the "Much Ado About Nothing" in the Folio, according to White, has important corrections of a nature to indicate that they were made by authority; and it is greatly superior to the quarto in respect of editorial supervision. The "Lear" of the Folio, as compared with the quarto of 1608, contains large additions, corrections, and omissions. Some fifty lines of the Folio are not found in the quarto, and some two hundred and twenty-five lines of the quarto, comprising one whole scene and some striking passages, are omitted in the Folio. The omissions can no more be attributed to Heming and Condell than the additions, which, says Knight, "comprise several such minute touches as none but the hand of the master could have super-added."<sup>1</sup> The "Tempest," the "Winter's Tale," the "Measure for Measure," the "Cymbeline," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Henry VIII.," the "Julius Cæsar," the "Lear," the "Troilus and Cressida," and the "Antony and Cleopatra," (according to both Knight and White), are among those which are printed with singular correctness in the Folio, some of them even to the niceties of punctua-

<sup>1</sup> *Stud. of Shakes.*, 337.



tion, furnishing the most decisive evidence of unusual care in the supervision of the press; while some few others appear to have had but little attention from editor or proof-reader. But here is enough, without dwelling further upon particular instances, to warrant the conclusion, not merely that the Folio of 1623 must be taken as the most authentic edition of the plays that we have, but that it had an editorial revision, as compared with all previous editions, far beyond anything that can safely be imagined for Heming and Condell. Indeed, as to the greater part of the corrections and all the additions and principal emendations, they can only be attributed, as they have been, to the author himself. And then the proposition for William Shakespeare must be, that they were all made before his death, if not before he retired from London; and this (it is perhaps conceivably possible) he might have done as easily as he could write the "Tempest," the "Winter's Tale," and the "Henry VIII.," between 1610 and 1613, and the "Othello" before 1616. But the theory also requires us to believe that he furnished the new and amended manuscript copies to the theatre, which were "the true original copies" in the hands of Heming and Condell, seven years later, the "Othello" inclusive. Having no regard for his reputation and fame as an author, why should he take all this trouble and pains merely for the benefit of the theatres which he had left? Or, having such regard, why should he wholly neglect to collect and publish them himself? Or if prevented by death, how should he fail to make any provision for their preservation and publication afterwards? And finally, having furnished to the theatre the finished manuscript of the "Othello," before 1616, how should there be such a difference between the quarto and the folio, when the manuscript for both must have come from the theatre, if not from the hands of Heming and Condell? And, in either case, how should an old and imperfect copy have been put into the hands of the printer, when the complete

and perfect manuscript had been in the actual use of the theatre for more than seven years !

But if the real author were still living to make these revisions himself, the whole mystery would be explained, and especially this enigma of the "Othello," which so much requires explanation ; and the comparison of a single passage like the following is almost enough of itself to raise a strong suspicion that the fact was so. In the first scene of the second act, we find this expression —

— " the thought whereof

Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards " : —

and these lines, not found in the quarto of 1622, were inserted in the speech of Brabantio (Act I. Sc. 2) in the Folio :<sup>1</sup> —

" Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms ;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That waken motion. — I 'll have 't disputed on ;  
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking."

All this is in exact keeping with Bacon's ideas of " mineral medicines," that were " safer for the outward than inward parts," and of the effects which they may produce ; as in a speech he uses the figure of " a certain violent and mineral spirit of bitterness."

It is possible, too, to suppose that these improved original manuscripts may have passed from the theatre into the hands of Heming and Condell ; that they were submitted to the Master of the Revels for license and then placed in the hands of the printers ; and that, being superseded in the use of the stage by the printed plays, they may have finally gone to destruction ; but it is extremely difficult, as Mr. Halliwell observes, to account for their total disappearance. And it is certainly a little remarkable, that neither these editors, who took the pains to collect and publish these works, should have preserved a single manuscript as

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, XI., Notes, 494.

a memorial of their departed fellow, nor any member of his family, as a memento in his own handwriting of so distinguished a poet, their ancestor; and that not a single paper of his writing should have been handed down within the reach of any tradition. But nothing definite can be founded on an argument of this kind.

On the other hand, taking Francis Bacon for the author, we may suppose that the original manuscript copies would be kept a secret of his private cabinet; and that transcripts only in the handwriting of William Shakespeare would come to the knowledge of the players. The remark that he never blotted out a line would seem to imply that the manuscripts which they saw were in his handwriting, with which they must have been acquainted. After his death, it would become necessary for the real author to find some other cover for the purpose of publication. His fellow-actors, Heming and Condell, might be selected to stand in his place as ostensible editors. Little more would be required than the use of their names. The dedication and preface would be written by the author himself: they have been supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson. The proof-sheets could be privately sent to his chambers in Bedford House, or in Gray's Inn, or the matter of proof-reading may have been left to the printer. All this would imply that Heming and Condell became parties to the secret; in such case, they would feel no interest in the manuscripts; and the arrangement with them must have been made, if at all, as early as 1622, or soon after the date of Bacon's fall from the woolsack and his banishment to his books and private studies at Gorhambury, Bedford House, and Gray's Inn. The original manuscripts, of course, Bacon would take care to destroy, if determined that the secret should die with him.

We know from Bacon's will, that he directed his servant, Henry Percy, to deliver to his brother, Sir John Constable, all his manuscript compositions and fragments, to be pub-

lished as he might see fit, taking "the advice of Mr. Selden and Mr. Herbert of the Inner Temple," and also desired his brother Constable and Sir William Boswell, presently after his decease, to take into their hands all his papers whatsoever, "which are either in cabinets, boxes, or presses, and them to seal up until they may at their leisure peruse them."<sup>1</sup> It would seem probable that all these manuscripts and papers remained locked up for some fourteen months after his death, when letters of administration were granted to Sir Thomas Rich and Mr. Thomas Meautys, and that afterwards the greater part (at least) of the manuscripts came into the custody of Dr. Rawley, his former chaplain and secretary; though some of them appear to have been carried to Holland by Sir William Boswell, and placed in the hands of Isaac Gruter, who published a part of them at Amsterdam in 1653. Gruter's preface mentions certain moral and political pieces which were not published by him, and which, according to Mr. Spedding,<sup>2</sup> remain to be accounted for, unless they were transferred to Dr. Rawley to be included in the *Opuscula* of 1658. As late as 1652-5, certain letters of Isaac Gruter state that there still remained, in the cabinet of Dr. Rawley, other manuscripts of the "Verulamian workmanship," which, being "committed to faithful privacy," were as yet "denied to the public." The actual character of these writings is not stated, but, from the whole tenor of the correspondence and the relations of the parties, it may be distinctly gathered that they were fragments of a philosophical, political, or moral nature in prose. There appears to be no ground whatever for any inference beyond this. Had the manuscripts of these plays been left in existence by Bacon, it is scarcely conceivable that we should never have heard of them, and that they should even have escaped the late thorough research of Mr. Spedding. He must have destroyed them before his

<sup>1</sup> *Baconiana*, 203; Craik's *Bacon*, 223.

<sup>2</sup> Preface, *Works* (Boston), V. 187-195.

death, if this theory be true: any other supposition would seem to be wholly inadmissible. Why he should desire such a secret to be buried with him, may be considered in another place: at present, we must take the fact to be so.

On the whole, nothing is made to appear, out of this critical comparison of copies and this modern research into the history of the Folio, necessarily to exclude, or essentially to contradict, the hypothesis, that this Folio may have been published at the secret instance and under the general direction of Lord Bacon himself; though it must be confessed that greater negligence would seem to be exhibited in some parts of it than is consistent with our ideas, at this day, of that particular and especial care, which the exquisite taste and personal feeling of such an author would lead us to expect in such a work. The credit due to the Folio for authenticity must be increased in the same degree that it is rendered probable that it was printed in this manner; and it is very certain that Lord Bacon was exclusively engaged, at this very time, in contemplations and studies in close retirement, continuing his philosophical labors, completing his instauration of all science, and carefully preparing for the press new and improved editions of works already published. He was thus sedulously endeavoring to put a fitting close to the labors of his life by carefully transmitting to posterity what he deemed worthy of preservation.

About the 22d of June, 1621, at the King's direction, he retired to his country-seat at Gorhambury, where he remained until sometime in the summer of 1622. On the 1st of September, 1621, he writes thus to Buckingham:—"I am much fallen in love with a private life; but yet I shall so spend my time as shall not decay my abilities for use."<sup>1</sup> In another letter from Gorhambury, dated February 3d, 1621-2,<sup>2</sup> he expresses a desire to get back to Lon-

<sup>1</sup> Letter, *Works* (Philad.), III. 135.

<sup>2</sup> It will be borne in mind that the year began, in those days, on the 25th of March, and not as now on the 1st day of January. Letter to Buckingham, *Works* (Philad.), III. 141.

don, where, as he says, "I could have helps at hand for my writings and studies, wherein I spend my time." In a memorandum made for an expected interview with the King, sometime in 1622, he writes thus:—"My story is proved: I may thank your Majesty; for I heard him note of Tasso, that he could know which poem he made when he was in good condition, and which when he was a beggar: I doubt he could make no such observation of me." Perhaps not, your lordship. During the autumn of 1622, his letters are dated from Bedford House, in London, and by the 8th of March, 1623, he had returned to his old lodgings in Gray's Inn. In a letter dated thence, March 22, 1622-3, he says:—"Myself for quiet and the better to hold out, am retired to Gray's Inn; for when my chief friends were gone so far off, it was time for me to go to a cell."<sup>1</sup> So Prospero, thrust from his dukedom, is again "master of a full poor cell," where,

"neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate  
To closeness,"

he is "wrapt in secret studies":—(*Tempest, Act I. Sc. 2.*)

"This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you look in."—*ib. Act V. Sc. 1.*

And in June, 1623, he writes to Mr. Tobie Matthew:—"It is true my labors are now most set to have those works I had formerly published, as that of Advancement of Learning, that of Henry VII., that of the Essays, being retractate, and made more perfect, well translated into Latin by the help of some good pens, which forsake me not."<sup>2</sup> Of these "good pens" Ben Jonson was one, and George Herbert another. Again, in 1623, he writes to Prince Charles:—"For Henry the VIII., to deal plainly with your highness, I did despair of my health this summer, as I was glad to choose some such work as I might compass within days; so far was I from entering into a work of

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Cottington, *Works* (Mont.), XII. 439; (Philad.), III. 148.

<sup>2</sup> Letter, *Works* (Philad.), III. 151.

length. . . . . It began like a fable of the poets ; but it deserveth all in a piece a worthy narration.”<sup>1</sup> In the thick crowding exigencies of this time, and in the long list of works given to the world during the five years next preceding his death, some explanation may be found, if it be required, for a somewhat negligent correction of the press, when “these trifles” were in question.

Steevens and others have thought they could discover in the Dedication and Preface to the Folio some traces of the hand of Ben Jonson. But surely with more reason it may be said, that in the thought, style, and diction of both, there is exhibited the very soul of the real Shakespeare himself ; as it were, *ex pede Herculem*. True, the story of the players in commendation of Shakespeare, that he never blotted out a line (“there never was a more groundless report,” says Pope), is repeated in the Preface. But it is known that Ben Jonson was an intimate friend and great admirer of Bacon, and so fine a joke as this must have been for him would not fail to impress the mind of Bacon as well ; for, as Ben Jonson tells us, he could with difficulty “spare or pass by a jest.” Jonson also writes of “my gentle Shakespeare,” —

— “that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses anvil.”

And so, according to the Dedication and Preface, “Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies” he would see published from “the true original copies (which he would know to be such), and dedicated to that “Most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren,” the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, patrons of learning and of the theatre, his particular friends, before he also should take his departure, and not have “the fate to be executor of his own writings,” though he could not “but

<sup>1</sup> Letter, *ibid.* 152-3.

know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles." But the "Orphanes" should have "Guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame: onely to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." These plays had "had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales," and they should "now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court than any purchased Letters of commendation" (executors, orphans, guardians, trials, appeals, and decrees of court were now ready on the tongue of the ex-chancellor), "cured and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them" (what no one could better certify, "*quam historiam legitimam et omnibus numeris suis absolutam*"<sup>1</sup>); for he was "a happie imitator of Nature" (whereof the great "interpreter of Nature" might be sensible), and "a most gentle expresser of it. What he thought he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarce received a blot in his papers" (what he could not spare to mention), and "his wit could no more lie hid than it could be lost" (as witness these records of it, which should not perish). He was to be read "again and again; for if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." So Heming and Condell would "leave you to other of his Friends, whom, if you need, can be your guides; if you need them not, you can leade yourselves and others; and such readers" they wished him.

Indeed it is altogether such a dedication and preface as might be expected from this "Jupiter in a thatch'd house," this secret inquisitor of nature, learning, and art; who in his youth had taken "all knowledge to be his province"; whose "vast contemplative ends" had embraced "the image of the universal world"; but who, in respect of these trifles, still preferred to die with his mask on. And such readers would he wish to have, who knew the danger, perhaps felt

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 5., *Works* (Boston), II. 202.



the certainty, that his own age would not fully understand him ; but he would take care that these same trifles should be secured to the possession of those "next ages" which might be able to comprehend him aright. And he has left us also, perhaps unwittingly, the guides to the knowledge of who as well as what this "our Shakespeare" was ; though

"As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 't were a careless trifle": — *Macbeth*, *Act I. Sc. 4.*

or, as he himself says of Aristotle, "as one that had been a challenger of all the world, and raised infinite contradiction ;" <sup>1</sup> or as one that had been about to leave the shores of earth, and had cast a lingering look behind upon a thing known to be "immortal as himself" ; as the sonnet sings :

"If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.  
No, it was builded far from accident,  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that *Heretic*,  
Which works on leases of short number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  
To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime."

*Sonnet cxxiv.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XII. 284.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakes. Sonnets*, (Fac-simile of the ed. of 1809, entitled "Shake-speares Sonnets: Never before Imprinted,") London, 1892.

## CHAPTER II.

### PRELIMINARIES.—BACON.

"Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on."—*Mid. N. Dr.*, II. 2.

#### § 1. CONTEMPORANEOUSNESS.

IN the outset of the inquiry, the contemporaneousness of the two men between whom the question in hand is supposed to lie, the comparative dates of their several works, and the leading facts and events of their lives, must come under special consideration, though briefly, as fundamental and very important. The general impression that has prevailed hitherto, or until very lately, respecting the character and genius of Lord Bacon and the scope of his philosophy, has been, and is, of itself, a huge stumbling-block in the way of the proposition that he could ever have been a poet at all. A more thorough study of the subject, under the light of judicious criticism, will effectually dispel this cloud of error. For the most part, all true notion of the man has been obscured in a murky atmosphere of political obfuscation, a kind of scientific haze, misunderstanding, misconception, and stupid mistake. Concerning him, as of many other men and things in the times long past, human villanies have been written into the semblance of illustrious history, wherein vice is put on a par with virtue, and the highest virtue below the par of vice; in which soaring intellect is subordinated to common-place ability, imagination held to be a species of folly or insanity, and metaphysics treated as synonymous with moonshine; in which books are rated as fit food for worms, and to be "drowned in

book-learning" is incontinently reckoned as a disqualification for the duties of life, whilst a certain overplus of common sense is supposed to be capable of all that is great or good; in which much learning is deemed worse than useless, philosophy a monomania or a crime, all poets vagrants, and the *summum bonum* no more nor less than Lord Coke's industrious money-getting chief end of man.<sup>1</sup> This inadequate and altogether unsatisfactory account of the matter had its origin in the confusions of a tyrannical reign, in a court and time as corrupt as anything that is to be found in the Italian or the later Roman story, and in the general ignorance in an age that was on the whole very dark, though some bright stars twinkled in the firmament of it; and it has been continued through the succeeding ages, which have been growing only less and less dark, down to our times. Basil Montagu's meagre sketch of Bacon's life began to throw some light into these scarcely penetrable obscurations. Lord Campbell's superficial view of the great Chancellor,<sup>2</sup> not attempting to get clear of the fogs, and taking Pope's epigram for basis and text, makes one half of his life and character as brilliant as sunlight, and the other as black as Erebus, and is, on the whole, more of a libel than a life. The diligent researches, however, of later scholars have given to the world an excellent and reliable edition of Lord Bacon's Works, and brought forth many new and interesting data concerning him, which may be said to bear the stamp of historic truth.<sup>3</sup> The "Personal History" and the "Story" of Mr. Dixon,<sup>4</sup> and the "Letters and Life" by Mr. Spedding, in a more complete detail of dates, records, facts, and circumstances, with due reverence for the genius and character of their hero, and in much nearer sym-

<sup>1</sup> Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Jus.* (Philad., 1851), I. 279.

<sup>2</sup> *Lives of the Lord Chan.* (Philad., 1851), II.

<sup>3</sup> *Bacon's Works*, by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, Boston, 1860-1864; *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, by James Spedding, London, 1861-2.

<sup>4</sup> *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, Boston, 1861; *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, London, 1862.

pathy with the true nature and quality of the man, have presented the great English orator, jurist, statesman, and philosopher, in a very new light ; but even these come far short of exhibiting a full and adequate picture of the learning, philosophy, purposes, and scope of this "learned Magician." Macaulay<sup>1</sup> could see nothing in him but a certain physical science of practical fruit ; Delia Bacon<sup>2</sup> discovered in him a great deal more than Macaulay ; Emerson,<sup>3</sup> more, perhaps, than Delia Bacon, finding that he ascended to the spring-head of all science ; and Prof. Craik is certainly not so very far wrong when he says : " Bacon belongs not to mathematical or natural science, but to literature and to moral science in its most extensive acceptation — to the realm of imagination, of wit, of eloquence, of æsthetics, of history, of jurisprudence, of political philosophy, of logic, of metaphysics, and the investigation of the powers and operations of the human mind,"<sup>4</sup> and (as he might have added) " the order, operation, and Mind of Nature."<sup>5</sup>

Francis Bacon, son of the Lord-Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was born at York House in London, on the 22d day of January, 1561, and so was three years and three months older than William Shakespeare. In the thirteenth year of his age, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1577, after enrolling his name at Gray's Inn for the sake of "ancienty," went with Sir Amias Paulet to the Court of Paris, where he remained until 1579, when, his father having suddenly died before having made such ample provision for this youngest son, as he had intended in due time, he was induced to return home, and began his terms at Gray's Inn, in June of that year, seeing now no better prospect before him than the profession of the law, with some

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on Bacon.*

<sup>2</sup> *Phil. of Shaks. Plays Unfolded*, Boston, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> *Representative Men.*

<sup>4</sup> *Hist. of Eng. Lit. and Language*, by George L. Craik, LL. D. (New York, 1862,) I. 615.

<sup>5</sup> *Novum Organum.*

hope of preferment in the state; and on the 27th of June, 1582, he was called to the Utter Bar at the age of twenty-one. While in Paris, we may presume he had made himself master of the French language, and probably of the Italian and Spanish also, if not before, besides superadding to the manners of the English Court something of the polish of the French. On his return home, he was charged with bearing a diplomatic despatch to the virgin Queen, in which he was mentioned as "of great hope, and endued with many good and singular parts." In 1584, with the help of his uncle, Lord Burleigh, he is elected to Parliament for two boroughs, and, not much later, ventures to undertake a "Letter of Advice to Queen Elizabeth;" but in 1586, he is still living, "as it were, *in umbrâ*, and not in public or frequent action," and his bashful nature and studious seclusion are mistaken to his prejudice for pride and arrogance.<sup>1</sup> In 1587, when William Shakespeare is said to have come to London, Francis Bacon has become a Bencher, and sits at the Reader's table, in Gray's Inn, and, at the Christmas Revels of that year, he assists the Gentlemen of his Inn in getting up the tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur," and certain masques and dumb-shows, for which he writes, at least, some "additional speeches," to be exhibited before the Queen at Greenwich,<sup>2</sup> while William Shakespeare is yet but a mere "servitor" at the Blackfriars, and still unsuspected of being the author of anything. In 1588-9, he is a member of Parliament for Liverpool, having already acquired an ascendancy as an orator in the House of Commons, and writes a paper on Church Controversies, and a draft of a letter for Secretary Walsingham on the conduct of the Queen's government towards Papists and Dissenters, under the supervision of the Archbishop, his old tutor at Cambridge. About the year 1590, he makes the acquaintance

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Letters and Life*, I. 59.

<sup>2</sup> Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, I. 267; Knight's *Biog. of Shakes.*, 226.

of the rising young Earl of Essex, also a Cambridge scholar, whose literary abilities, varied accomplishments, comprehensive views, and love for the liberal arts, were much in accord with his own. He pursues his studies at Gray's Inn, making an occasional visit to his mother's country-seat of Gorhambury, and for the vacations and greater intervals of leisure from Law and the Court, he has his retired and comfortable lodge at Twickenham Park, an estate of his brother Edward, delightfully situated on the Thames, near Twickenham (a place afterwards famous as the residence of Pope), where, as early as 1592, through the interest of his friend, the Earl of Essex, he has the honor of a visit from the Queen herself, and presents her with a Sonnet in compliment to that "generous nobleman;"<sup>1</sup> and here also, in after years, the Queen honors him with her presence, on various occasions, and frequent opportunities occur of addressing other Sonnets to his sovereign mistress's eyebrow, though professing (as he says in parenthesis) "not to be a poet." His habits are regular, frugal, and temperate, and his life pure, but he lives like a gentleman, a scholar, a member of Parliament and a courtier; and with comparatively little ready money and means rather in prospect than in possession, and with these expensive ways, he is at length compelled to get help from the Lombards and Jews. The Queen grants him the reversion of the Clerkship of the Star-Chamber, which, not coming into possession before 1608, was but as "another man's ground buttailing upon his house; which might mend his prospect but did not fill his barn." With little professional business, and no promotion coming, he ventures to address a letter (1592) to Lord Burghley, "the Atlas of this commonwealth," as he styles him, the "honour" of his house, and "the second founder" of his "poor estate," in which he says: "I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Progresses of Q. Eliz.* (London, 1823), III. 190.

glass. My health, I thank God, I find confirmed; and I do not fear that action shall impair it, because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful than most parts of action are. I ever bear a mind (in some middle place that I could discharge) to serve her Majesty; not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honour; nor under Jupiter, that loveth business, (for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly); but as a man born under an excellent Sovereign, that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities. . . Again the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me; for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get. Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province. . . This, whether it be curiosity, or vain glory, or nature, or (if one take it favorably) *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. . . And if your Lordship will not carry me on, I will not do as Anaxagoras did, who reduced himself with contemplation to voluntary poverty; but this I will do: I will sell the inheritance that I have, and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy, and so give over all care of service, and become some sorry book-maker, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth which (he said) lay so deep."<sup>1</sup> Not far from this time were written the speeches in Praise of the Queen and in Praise of Knowledge, doubtless intended for a Masque to be exhibited before her upon some occasion of which there is no record, further than that on the celebration of the Queen's day, in 1592, a *Device* was presented by Essex.<sup>2</sup> Not much later, we find him reading Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, the Psalms, the Proverbs, Erasmus' *Adagia*, and various French and Italian authors; in short, taking a survey of all the ancient and

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Letters and Life*, I. 108.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* I. 120.

modern learning, and making notes, abstracts, and a "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." At the same time, Robert Greene discovers that a new poet has arisen, who is getting to be "the only Shake-scene in a countrey." He soon begins to be pestered with duns and Jews' bonds, and is "poor and sick, working for bread." His brother Anthony now occupies rooms in Gray's Inn, having returned in impaired health from his travels abroad, where he has even had a Papist in his service to the great horror of the good Lady Ann, his mother, a fiery, vehement, pious, grave, and affectionate soul, in creed a Calvinist, and in morals a Puritan of the stricter sect, who enjoins upon him to "use prayer twice in a day," and suggests that his brother Francis "is too negligent herein:" without religion, there is little to be expected for either of them from the orthodox Lord Treasurer. The good mother also begins to observe that Francis is "continually sickly, . . . by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep." We get only an occasional glimpse of his private and secret studies, or of the exigencies that made them private.

In the mean time, he has made the acquaintance of the theatre-going young lords and courtiers, Essex, Southampton, Rutland, Montgomery, and the rest, and on the 18th of July, 1598, the Earl of Essex is on a visit of "three hours to Francis Bacon and his brother Anthony, at Twickenham Park," where he promises "to set up his whole rest of favour and credit" with the Queen for "Mr. Francis Bacon's preferment before Mr. Edward Coke."<sup>1</sup> He becomes attached to the party and service of the Earl of Essex, and is made his confidential friend, political counsellor, and legal adviser, in September following; and at the same time, his brother Anthony becomes Essex's Secretary. The "Venus and Adonis" was entered at Stationers' Hall in April, 1598, and was printed in the

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Prog. of Q. Eliz.*, III. 190, n. (3).



same year. The author (if it were Bacon) did not mean to profess to be a poet, and it is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, under the name of William Shakespeare; and the "Rape of Lucrece," entered in May, 1594, soon follows. Some eight or ten of the earlier plays are already upon the stage, and are generally taken to be the work of William Shakespeare, though none of them have been as yet printed under his name; but Greene and Chettle have uttered their sharp protest against the pretensions of this "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," denouncing him as "an absolute *Johannes factotum*" and "the only Shake-scene in a countrey." It is in August, 1594, that we get some further insight into the more intimate relations of these theatre-loving associates, learning from the letters of Lady Ann Bacon, first made public by Mr. Dixon, that they are having plays performed at Anthony's house, near the Bull Inn, "very much to the delight of Essex and his jovial crew" (of whom Southampton is, of course, one), but as the pious Lady Ann fears, "to the peril of her sons' souls;" for plays and novels are burnt privately by the Bishops, and publicly by the Puritans.

In the beginning of 1593, Bacon made that celebrated speech on the Subsidy, which boldly sustained the privilege of Parliament, but defeated Burghley, and so deeply offended the Queen, that he was denied access at Court for the next three years; though after much solicitation of his friends, and being too great a favorite with her Majesty to be wholly cast off, she had so far relented by the month of June, 1594, as to employ him as her counsel (*verbi reg. Eliz.*) in some legal business. Nevertheless, Essex undertook to make good his engagement of his "whole rest of favour and credit" to secure his preferment to the place of Attorney-General before "Mr. Edward Coke." Cecil said it was useless to think of office, when he was denied access at the palace. Another ob-

jection was, that he had had but little or no practice in the courts; and to obviate this, he began to appear more frequently in court in the spring of 1594, arguing a number of causes with great learning and eloquence, so that Mr. Gosnold, who heard him, observing how he "spangled his speech" with "unusual words," was persuaded that the "Bacon would be too hard for the Cook"; but Coke, as Speaker of the House, had bowed to her Majesty's prerogative, taking care on nearly all occasions to give satisfaction, and not offence, and was made Attorney-General, the "Cook" proving too hard for the Bacon. The Solicitorship still remained. Essex, Eger-ton, Burghley, Cecil, Greville, and a host of friends, continued to press his suit for this "second place," from March, 1594, until November, 1595; but the Queen was in "no haste to determine of the place." Bacon, whose "nature can take no evil ply," having been "voiced with great expectation," and "with the wishes of most men to the higher place," cannot but conclude with himself "that no man ever read a more exquisite disgrace."<sup>1</sup> He nearly resolves, "with this disgrace" of his fortune, to retire "with a couple of men to Cambridge," and there spend his life in "studies and contemplations, without looking back." Essex still presses the matter upon every opportunity. When the Queen visits him, she answers that "she did not come for that," and "stops his mouth;" and when he visits her, she acknowledges he had a great wit, and an excellent gift of speech, and much other good learning, but in law she rather thought he could show to the uttermost of his knowledge, and was not deep; and she shows "her mislike of the suit" as well as he his "affection in it," and thinks, "if there were a yielding, it was

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Essex (1594), *Works* (Mont.), XII. 170. Here I prefer the reading of Montagu. Mr. Spedding, taking the word *read* to be the abbreviation *rec'd*, writes *received*; but it is more probably the same Baconian idiom, which appears again in the *Henry VIII.* thus: "and read the perfect ways of honour." — *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 291.

fitter to be" of his side.<sup>1</sup> After July, however, he is employed as Queen's counsel, but when the Solicitorship is named (says Essex), "she did fly the tilt," and would not see him. The unfortunate Subsidy Speech could not be forgiven, and the matter hangs for a long time undetermined. Bacon keeps his terms at Gray's Inn, but spends the greater part of his time at Twickenham Park, or at Essex's house, where he is rapt in secret studies and philosophic contemplations; and at the same time, both Essex and himself are busy in all suitable ways, plying their arts to regain the Queen's favor. Though deeply in debt, at this time, Bacon offers her the present of a rich and costly jewel, which she declines to accept; thus, thinks Greville, almost pronouncing sentence of despair. In December, 1594, the Christmas Revels at Gray's Inn come on. They are gotten up with extraordinary magnificence, this year, and the whole Court are most sumptuously and splendidly entertained with plays, masques, triumphs, and dumb shows. Lady Ann Bacon writes to Anthony, that she "trusts they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel"; but Francis, as before in 1587, and on other later occasions, takes a leading part in the preparations, writing a Masque, for one thing, which Mr. Spedding finds to be undoubtedly his work, and certain humorous Regulations for "the Heroical Order of the Helmet," and other pieces, which Mr. Spedding rather thinks not his work; and upon this same occasion, the Shakespearean "Comedy of Errors" makes its first appearance upon any stage, pretty certainly also the work of Francis Bacon (as I will endeavor to show). In this year 1594, the "Titus Andronicus" is first entered at Stationers' Hall, and the second part of the "Henry VI." (then styled the "Contention of the Two Houses of York and Lancaster") is first printed, and the third part (then styled the "True Tragedy of the Duke of York") follows in 1595; but they had been written long before.

<sup>1</sup> Essex to Bacon, (18 May, 1594).—*Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 297.

Bacon continues to be assiduously engaged with his public avocations and his private studies. Whether from the mortification of disappointment or the effect of midnight musings when he should be asleep, the good mother observes, again, that "inward secret grief hindereth his health," and "everybody saith he looks thin and pale." Moreover, when her ladyship is applied to for assistance in the way of meeting his pecuniary obligations, she breaks out furiously upon "that bloody Percy," and "that Jones," as "proud, profane, costly fellows, whose being about him," she verily believes, "the Lord God doth mislike." This was his servant Henry Percy, in whose charge he left his manuscripts by his will. The particular ground of Lady Ann's dislike of his men, more than that they were expensive, does not appear; but she insinuates that "he hath nourished most sinful proud villains wilfully."

During the year 1595, he lives for the most part in the shady retirement of Twickenham Park, amidst his books and flower-gardens, abandoning the Court altogether. At length he concludes that he was taking "duty too exactly," and not "according to the dregs of this age," and fearing lest his unwonted seclusion should be interpreted to his prejudice at the palace, he addresses a letter to the Lord-Keeper Puckering, on the 25th of May, 1595, desiring him to apologize to her Majesty for the "nine days' wonder" of his absence; for, as the letter proceeds, "it may be, when her Majesty hath tried others, she will think of him that she hath cast aside. For I will take it upon that which her Majesty hath often said, that she doth reserve me, and not reject me."<sup>1</sup> And in July, the Queen, as if to keep his courage up, or in recognition of his professional services, bestows on him the estate of Pitts; but as to the Solicitorship, it is probable that the Cecils and the Lord-Keeper Puckering, having at their service any number of Brograves, Branthwaytes, and black-letter Flemings, not

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 360.

connected with a rival party, have fixed all that, and she will hear no more of it. The jealousy of the Cecils, or Essex, or the Subsidy Speech which Burghley thinks to be the chief difficulty, and which Bacon still justifies rather than retracts, finally mars all, and it is decided, at last, that Sergeant Fleming, whose best qualification seems to have been the negative one of standing in nobody's way, though admitted by Bacon himself not to be any such "insufficient obscure idle man," as that his appointment could justly be taken as a personal affront, shall be made Solicitor; and again, "no man ever read a more exquisite disgrace" than Francis Bacon. He cannot refrain from uttering a little indignation against the Lord Keeper for "failing him and crossing him now in the conclusion, when friends are best tried"; but he takes care to give no offence to the Queen. In October, he writes to the Lord Keeper again: "I am now at Twicknam Park, where I think to stay; for her Majesty placing a Solicitor, my travail shall not need in her causes; though whensoever her Majesty shall like to employ me in any particular, I shall be ready to do her willing service."<sup>1</sup> Again he is almost persuaded to abandon a public life, to sell his inheritance, to spend some time in travels abroad, and finally to become a sorry book-maker, or a pioneer in Anaxagoras' deep mine. "For to be as I told you," he writes to Greville, "like a child following a bird, which when he is nearest flieth away and lighteth a little before, and then the child after it again, and so *in infinitum*, I am weary of it," —

"Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win." — *Sonnet cxix.*

Among the objections urged against him, it was represented that he was a man given to "speculations" rather than business, and that he had not devoted himself to the practice of law, and he himself believed that her Majesty's impression against him was due less to her remembrance of

<sup>1</sup> Letter (11 Oct. 1595); *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 368.

his Subsidy Speech than to "her conceit otherwise" of his "insufficiency : " <sup>1</sup>

———"then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, — as your worth is able, —

And let them work." — *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 1.

It is plain that his time and attention were mainly given to philosophical and literary studies. In this same letter he admits to Burghley, "It is true, my life hath been so private as I have had no means to do your Lordship service." And in October, again, he writes in a letter to Essex, touching this matter of his promotion in the State: "For means I value that most; and the rather because I am purposed not to follow the practice of the law: (If her Majesty command me in any particular, I shall be ready to do her willing service :) and my reason is only, because it drinketh too much time, which I have dedicated to better purposes. But even for that point of estate and means, I partly lean to Thales' opinion, *That a philosopher may be rich if he will.*" <sup>2</sup>

On the 5th of November 1595, Fleming receives his commission as Solicitor - General, and, some twelve days afterwards, the Queen further solaces the disappointment of Bacon with the grant of the reversion of Twickenham Park itself. He becomes fully reconciled to her favor, and his hopes revive. During the same month, Essex prepares a magnificent entertainment for her Majesty at his own house, and Bacon writes a Masque for the occasion. It is not far from this time that Essex bestows upon Bacon, in requital of his friendship and his personal services, an estate worth £1800, including, says Nichols, "a highly ornamented mansion, particularly celebrated for its pleasure-grounds, which were called the Garden of Paradise." <sup>3</sup> And it was not long before this time that Southampton, according to a tradition handed down by Rowe from Sir

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to Burghley* (7 June, 1595); *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 362.

<sup>2</sup> Spedding's *Letters and Life*, I. 372.

<sup>3</sup> *Prog. Q. Eliz.*, III. 191.

William Davenant, is said to have bestowed upon Shakespeare the munificent gift of £1000, which might (with Halliwell) be deemed almost incredible, unless (as Collier supposes) the money (whatever the sum) was in fact a contribution for the building of the Globe Theatre, which was erected in 1594.

In 1596, the "Romeo and Juliet" appears, and the "King John" had been written, not long before this date. William Shakespeare had been for some time a sharer in the Globe and Blackfriars, and, as the traditions say, now kept his lodgings near the Bear Garden in Southwark. In the next year, he is able to purchase New Place at Stratford-on-Avon, and appears to have been quite extensively engaged in agricultural operations and various kinds of traffic, while the "Richard II.," the "Richard III.," and the "Merchant of Venice," were getting ready for the stage. Bacon dedicates his "Maxims of the Law" to "Her Sacred Majesty," writes his Advice to Essex, and drafts for Essex the letters of Advice to Greville and to Rutland on his Travels. He is also regularly employed as Queen's Counsel, and, in the intervals of business in London, is diligently engaged "at Twicnam," on his "Colours of Good and Evil," and his "Meditationes Sacræ." His smaller works are the "recreations" of his other studies, and, as we learn from his letter to Mountjoy, it is now "his manner and rule to keep state in contemplative matters."<sup>1</sup> The first edition of the Essays, which had strayed from their master in manuscript, and were in danger of falling into the hands of the printers, is published by himself early in 1597, in anticipation of surreptitious copies; but scarcely two years later, a collection of sonnets and minor poems, which appear to have strayed in like manner from their author, did happen to come into the hands of Jaggard, afterwards printer of the Essays, and got surreptitiously

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Preface to the Colours of Good and Evil, Works* (Boston), XIII. 262.

printed, as it would seem. Though now encouraged by the increasing favor of the Queen and his successes in Parliament (in which he has become a powerful leader), he is still troubled on account of "the meanness" of his estate; and his biographers suggest that it was for this reason, among others, that he sought the hand of the rich and beautiful Lady Hatton, now a lovely young widow, and a daughter of Sir Thomas Cecil, eldest son of Lord Burghley; but the Cecils were still awake, and more set upon advancing a serviceable instrument of their own party than the friend and counsellor of Essex, who, if too far promoted in this direction, might at length rival the pretensions of his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, to the higher places in the state, and they prevailed on the young lady, much against her own inclination, to marry the crabbed Attorney-General Coke, a widower of forty-six, with a large practice, an immense fortune, and perhaps more than the eleven objections, ten children and himself, —

"Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?"

*Richard III., Act I. Sc. 2.*

Between 1596 and 1600, the "Richard II.," the "Richard III.," the "Merchant of Venice," the "Much Ado About Nothing," the two parts of the "Henry IV.," the "Henry V.," and the "Merry Wives of Windsor," make their appearance upon the stage; and it is no wonder, perhaps, that we find it recorded in the history of the time, that Southampton, Rutland, and the rest of Essex's jovial crew, "pass away their time in London merely in going to plays every day." But Bacon himself, though his published works were gaining for him an eminent reputation at home and abroad, and his practice at the bar was increasing, and his prospects brightening, had the misfortune still to be arrested for debt by "the Lombard"; and he was actually "confined in a spunging-house" (according to the taunt of Coke), before he could get out of the Shylock's clutches.



At the same time, he is making eloquent speeches in Parliament, and carrying bills for "the increase of husbandry and tillage" and "the increase of people"; and the Queen acknowledges his public services, and signifies her continuing personal favor by making him a liberal grant of the Rectory and Church of Cheltenham and the Chapel of Charlton Kings, with the lands and revenues thereto belonging.

Now comes on the affair of Ireland and the Essex treason. As early as 1597, Essex, receiving from Bacon wiser counsel than he liked, touching his military ambition and his sinister courses, ceases to come to Gray's Inn for advice; but takes to the Jesuits and the scheme of going to Ireland, and at length deposing the Queen from her throne. He makes a treasonable truce with the rebel Tyrone, and suddenly returns home without orders, in September 1599, much to the surprise and indignation of the Queen; and shortly afterwards he is put under arrest at the Lord Keeper's house. During these years, the play of "Richard II." has had a great run upon the stage, and received the special countenance of Essex, Southampton, and their associates; and two editions have been printed, but with the scene "containing the deposing of a king" left out; and in 1599, Dr. Hayward's pamphlet of the "First Yeare of King Henry the Fourth," which was a studied and treasonable adaptation of the story of Bolingbroke and King Richard the Second to the present state of affairs, being printed with a dedication to the Earl of Essex, arouses the anger of the Queen, and adds to the alarm already awakened in her mind by the theatres and the play. Hayward is sent straight to the Tower. Essex makes all haste to call in the book, and to suppress the dedication; but the forbidden thing was much sought after. Not long after this, and while Essex is under arrest, and Bacon, in sundry interviews with the Queen, is still interceding in his behalf, her Majesty brings up against him this affair of Dr.

Hayward's book, and also, as it would seem, distinctly flings at Bacon himself about "a matter which grew from him, but went after about in others' names," being, in fact, no other than the play itself; but this will be made the subject of special notice below.

From this time until he became Attorney-General in 1613, while pursuing his public labors, he is still continuing in private, like Prospero in the play, his secret studies and the liberal arts in his "poor cell" at Gray's Inn, or in his lodge at Twickenham Park, or at the charming country-seat of Gorhambury, which fell to him on the death of his brother Anthony in 1604, where his taste for elegant studies, his delight in beautiful gardens, and his love for the Muses find ample gratification. Sometime after the death of the Queen in 1603, he takes pains to record her praises, signalizing her happy reign in the "*In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ*"; for this "silver-tongued Melicert" will surely not fail, like the ungrateful subject of Chettle's spleen, to

"Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,  
To mourn her death that gracéd his desert,  
And to his laies open'd her royall eare";

as witness also the numerous sonnets to her addressed, the masques written for her entertainment, the graceful compliment in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," and that handsome tribute to her memory which is contained in the last act of the "*Henry VIII.*"

His speeches in Parliament have an eye to the welfare of the kingdom, and he is popular with the people, being sometimes elected for two or three boroughs at once; and, on the coming in of the new sovereign, he is for the first time regularly appointed King's Counsel, is knighted by King James in 1604, and, in 1606, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having found a maiden to his mind, he marries the pretty Miss Barnham, with £220 a year, being now able to settle upon her £500 a year out of his own income, though

he has lately had in pawn "a jewell of Susannah set with diamonds and rubies." In 1605-6, certain acts of Parliament are passed against witches, and Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston are sent to jail by the sublime author of the treatise on "Dæmonologie and Witchcraft," for jesting on the Scots. William Shakespeare quits acting upon the stage, buys a lease of one half of the Tythes of Stratford-on-Avon, and is planting a mulberry-tree at New Place, when he should be writing the "Macbeth" and the "Lear." The "Macbeth," written somewhere in these years, takes a more flattering view of the Scots and of the doctrine of witches, and Shakespeare has the good fortune to escape the fate of his brother poets; and the Christmas revels of the year 1606, at Whitehall, bring out the great play of "Lear," for his Majesty's special entertainment. Bacon again expects the Solicitor's place, but is defeated by a trick of Cecil elevating Coke and Hobart; but, at last, in 1607, having made his great speech on the Union of Scotland, much to the satisfaction of the King, he is made Solicitor-General, in June, with "the promise of a place of profit" in due time.

Not long after this event, the wonderful comedy of "Troilus and Cressida," in a rather surprising manner, makes its escape from the "grand possessors' wills," as we have already had occasion to notice. In 1607-8, Bacon is engaged upon his "Characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar"; and, by some marvellous accident, the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" comes from the hand of Shakespeare very soon after, as if there were at least a "semblable coherence" between the two men's spirits. Writing to Mr. Tobie Matthew, about this time, concerning his "Happy Memory of the late Queen," Bacon says: "I showed you some model, though at that time methought you were as willing to hear Julius Cæsar as Queen Elizabeth commended."

In 1610, Shakespeare finally retires to Stratford, and

takes to his old trade, suing John Addenbrook and Thomas Horneby for 24s. On the 20th of April in this year, the "Macbeth" is performed at the Globe for the first time that we know. The Earls of Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, together with Sir Francis Bacon, are now fellow-members of the Virginia Company, which sends out Somers's fleet to the West Indies, to be terribly vexed by storms on the voyage, and the good ship *Admiral* is wrecked upon the Bermudas; of which a thrilling account soon after appeared in Jourdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels"; and it is just after, in 1611, that we first hear of the "Tempest," the "born devil" Caliban, and "the still-vex'd Bermoothes," which, we are to believe, have occupied the leisure of William Shakespeare in the intervals of his economical avocations and his social converse with his Stratford neighbors. In 1612, on the death of his perfidious friend Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Bacon is named by the liberal party for Secretary of State. This failing, however, he desires to have the Mastership of the Wards; but Sir Thomas Cope steps in, and buys the place at an enormous price. It is in this year, too, as is worthy of note, that Bartholomew Legate is burnt for Arian heresy, and King James in person writes a fulmination against the heretic Vorstius away over in Holland. With Bacon, business is now becoming more laborious, but the "Intellectual Globe" is written, and the "Novum Organum" progresses: "My great work goeth forward." Toward the close of the year, the long-protracted festivities attending the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth, shortly to become Queen of Bohemia, began with the performance at Court of the "Winter's Tale" and the "Tempest," and ended only with the magnificent tragedy of "Henry VIII.," in June 1613; and in October following, Sir Edward Coke is raised to the King's Bench, very little to his own satisfaction, and Sir Francis Bacon, having sometime before received the "royal promise to succeed," be-

comes Attorney-General, at the age of fifty-two, and the plays certainly cease to appear :—

"All your doing, Mr. Attorney," says Coke. Bacon "Your Lordship all this while has grown in breadth ; you must needs now grow in height, or you will be a monster."

In these years also, the "Apology concerning Essex" (1604), the speeches touching Purveyors and on the King's Messages, the "Advancement of Learning" (1605), the "Office of Constables" (1608), and the "Wisdom of the Ancients" (1609-10), were written, or finished, and some new editions of the Essays published ; and during the same period were written the greater plays of this author (these recreations of his other studies, perhaps) : the "As You Like it," the "Twelfth Night," the "Hamlet," the "Measure for Measure," the "Lear," the "Julius Cæsar," the "Troilus and Cressida," the "Macbeth," the "Othello," the "Cymbeline," the "Tempest," the "Winter's Tale," the "Henry VIII.," and lastly (if they were in fact finished before Bacon's fall from power), the "Coriolanus," the "Anthony and Cleopatra," and the "Timon of Athens."

It may be briefly added further, that, between 1613 and 1621, Bacon was occupied with his graver philosophical labors and his public employments, in the full enjoyment of the royal favor, political power, and great fame. In 1616 the year of Shakespeare's death, the grand trial of the Judges on the question of the King's prerogative came up before the King in person. The Lord Chancellor (Ellesmere) and the King decide for Bacon's opinion against that of the Judges, who, all but Coke, finally yielded the point. Coke, overruled, has to eat his words, being for once "clearly in the wrong," says Blackstone,<sup>1</sup> and is subsequently deposed from the King's Bench. In reply to his many assaults, Bacon addresses him a letter expostulatory : "Like a true friend, though far unworthy to be counted so, to shew you your true shape in a glass, and that not in a

<sup>1</sup> 3 Black. Comm., 54.

false one to flatter you, nor yet in one that should make you seem worse than you are."

On taking his seat in Chancery (March 7, 1617), he delivers an admirable speech on the duties of the Chancellor, and there is immense parade on the occasion, of which he says afterwards, in a private letter, "There was much ado and a great deal of world, . . . hell to me, or purgatory at least." Not long after, however, the indefatigable Coke, grim and fierce, but wise as a serpent, conceives the scheme of buying up the whole Villiers family by sacrificing his own daughter on the altar of court-favor and ambitious intrigue; a scheme also by Lord Campbell (and all disciples of the Cokean doctrine of the industrious money-getting chief end of man) deemed to be "a masterly stroke of policy,"<sup>1</sup> and one that would, as it were, hoist Bacon with his own petard; but the Lady Coke, for whom Bacon feels some sympathy, runs away with the girl into the country, and keeps her shut up in a castle. Coke applies to the Lord Keeper (Bacon) for a warrant to seize her, which Bacon properly enough refuses, and advises the King against the marriage, until, much to his amazement, he finds that both the King and Buckingham (or Buckingham, and of course the King) are deep in the plot. He is even "suffered to remain in an antechamber among lacqueys, seated on an old wooden box," holding the purse of the Great Seal in his hand, and is threatened with immediate downfall, until he will submit to the whims of the prime-favorite, and hold his peace about this iniquitous marriage, barely escaping with his office, while Coke becomes a Privy Councillor. This thing over for the present, he is made Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam in 1618, publishes the "*Novum Organum*" in 1620, dedicated to the King, and becomes Viscount St. Alban, January 27, 1621. Parliament met a few days afterwards all furious for reform. Bacon himself had advised the calling of a parlia-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chan.*, II. 312.

ment as a remedy for the public evils ; and Coke, turned "flaming patriot," is a member, and immediately begins on "bribery and corruption" in high places, hitting at Bacon first of all ; and Buckingham, adventurer Cranfield, scent-hound Churchill, Dean Williams, high priest of the *summum bonum*, and all the Villiers harpies, the mother of them inclusive, who already imagines she has the aforesaid Dean by the coat-tail, join the cry, and fall to work. Bacon, warned to look about him, answers : "I look above." But seeing that there was no help for it now, he concluded to lean upon the King, and depend upon his personal friendship and sovereign power alone to save him from total ruin, or worse ; and so gave up the seals, and made a clear submission and a formal confession. In May following, he received sentence, was fined £40,000, disqualified from holding office, sent to the Tower during the King's pleasure (which was not long), and banished London (the verge of the Court). He retires to his books and gardens at Gorhambury, and, by the next October, the "History of Henry VII.," begun long before, is finished, and submitted to "the file of his Majesty's judgment."<sup>1</sup> In April 1622, a copy of the "History of Henry VII." is presented to the Queen of Bohemia, the fair Princess for whose nuptials the "Winter's Tale" had been written ; and the "History of Henry VIII.," beginning "like a fable of the poets," is commenced but never finished. In the mean time, Buckingham and Cranfield (now Lord Treasurer) are pressing for the spoils of their late victory, until by November, the faithful Secretary Meautys begins to think they "have such a savage word among them as *fleeing*."<sup>2</sup> Buckingham is set upon having York House. At first, Bacon replies : "York House is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed ; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God, and the King will

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the King, March 22, 1622.

<sup>2</sup> Letter, *Works* (Mont.), XII. 420 ; (Philad.), III. 146.

give me leave; though I be now by fortune (as the old proverb is) like a bear in a monk's hood."<sup>1</sup> But, seeing that the King would not give him leave against the favorite, York House had to go, in the end, and Bacon is left in debt, struggling with penury, until at length his fine is made over to him; but he insists upon driving a showy equipage when he goes abroad, and, says Prince Charles, meeting him on the road in full trim, "will not go out in a snuff." During the autumn of 1622, his letters are addressed from Bedford House in London. Buckingham is still grasping after his "house at Gorhambury" and his "forest" there. At first, he had answered, "I will not be stripped of my feathers"; but, by the 5th of February, 1623, he has made up his mind to submit to the necessities of his fate, and writes to Buckingham of that date: "And for my house at Gorhambury, I do infinitely desire your lordship should have it."<sup>2</sup> And having made this last sacrifice, about the first of March, 1623, he returns to his old lodgings in Gray's Inn, where he continues to be "shut up," says Lord Campbell, "like a cloistered friar." In October of the same year, the "*De Augmentis*" is published with a dedication to Buckingham, as if that might still further appease him; and he ventures to solicit the Provostship of Eton, "a pretty cell for my fortune" (as he expresses it), and is refused; "for," he continues, "I hope I shall be found a man humbled as a Christian, but not dejected as a worldling."<sup>3</sup> The "*History of Life and Death*," written in Latin, is now published; and it is sometime during this same year that the Folio edition of the Plays first sees the light. The entry on the Stationers' Register bears date the 8th November, 1623; but one copy is said to exist, having the date 1622 upon the title-page; whence it may be inferred that the

<sup>1</sup> Letter, *Works* (Mont.), XII. 420, 436.

<sup>2</sup> Letter, *Works* (Philad.), III. 147.

<sup>3</sup> Letter to Oxford (Feb. 2, 1623-4); *Works* (Mont.), XII. 456; (Philad.), III. 154.



work had been begun, if not entirely completed, in that year.

Somewhere between 1623 and 1626, his sentence is fully pardoned; and Coke, Cranfield, Williams, and others, disciples of the Cokean doctrine of the chief end of man, who had been instrumental in pulling Bacon down, now fall themselves, some with Coke himself into the Tower, and some into the lowest deeps. Bacon continues his labors at Gray's Inn (when not too sick to work) upon the "Great Instauration," the "Apothegms," the "Holy War," the "Natural History," the "New Atlantis," the Essays, and the Psalms, with the assistance, at times, of Meautys, Matthew, Rawley, Hobbes, Ben Jonson, and George Herbert; for poets and philosophers and divines alike appear to have had a singular admiration and affection for this "Chancellor of Parnassus," of whom Ben Jonson never repented of having written these lines, nor ever recanted a word or syllable of them, characterizing him as —

"England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,  
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

A new edition of the Essays, with twenty new ones added, and among them (as it may be well to note) the Essay of the "Vicissitude of Things," is printed in 1625; the "Metrical Versions of the Psalms of David" are dedicated to George Herbert, "as the best judge of Divinity and Poesy met;" and he dies on the 9th of April, 1626, saying in his will: "For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages."

There was less occasion, perhaps, than has been generally supposed, that he should leave it by his will either to the one or to the other; for his own contemporaries were not wholly blind to his superiority, whether in the powers of the intellect or of the imagination, in the extent of his

learning or in the nobility of his nature and character, in the splendor of his genius or in the greatness of his works. Though no account remains to tell us what unusual state attended his funeral, we know that his faithful secretary, Thomas Meautys, who erected a fitting monument over him in St. Michael's Church, near St. Albans, where he was buried by the side of his mother (as he had himself desired) "within the walls of Old Verulam," whereon he inscribed him the Light of Science and the Law of Eloquence, whom he had worshipped living, and admired when dead, was by no means the only one to cast a flower upon his grave. Numerous tributes to his memory immediately appeared. Some of them have been preserved in the Harleian Miscellanies, elegantly written in Latin, and though for the most part anonymous, evidently by men of learning and genius, who knew how to appreciate his worth even as a son of Apollo, as witness these few lines of extract:—

"Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:  
Ut flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis  
Deducant linguae funera sola tuae.  
GEORGIUS HERBERT."

"Crudelis nunquam vére prius Atropos: orbem  
Totum habebas, Phœbum tu modo redde meum.  
Hei mihi! nec cœlum, nec mors, nec musa (Bacone)  
Obstabant fati, nec mea vota tuis."

"Ah nunquam vére infelix prius ipse Apollo!  
Unde illi qui sic illum amet alter erit?  
Ah numerum non est habitum; jamque necesse est,  
Contentus musis ut ait Apollo novem."

Marmore Pieridum gelido Phœbique choragum  
Inhumané patis, stultæ viator? abi:

Fallere: jam rutilo Verulamia fulget Olympo:  
Sidere splendet aper magne Jacobi tuo.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Harl. Misc.*, X. 288-295.

We know when Bacon's acknowledged works were published, and also in what years many of them were chiefly written ; but some of them occupied his mind more or less during many years or nearly all his life, and materials were always accumulating on his hands ; and some of them were composed in whole or in part long before they were printed. But most of these plays were no doubt produced on the stage very soon after they were written ; and, although it may not be possible to fix with precision the exact dates at which they were composed, in all cases, the facts known concerning them enable us to assign a hither limit to their appearance with positive certainty in nearly every instance ; and this will be sufficient for the purpose in hand. The researches of later critics have considerably modified the chronological order of Malone and older writers, and they furnish data on which a near approximation to the date of composition, in the majority of instances, can be attained. On these and such other lights as we have, the following order, with the nearest dates, may be accepted, perhaps, as a very close approach to the truth.

#### CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE PLAYS.

##### I. PERIOD. — 1582-1593.

Titus Andronicus.	Love's Labor 's Lost.
Pericles (first sketch).	All 's Well That Ends Well.
Henry VI., 3 Parts (first sketches).	(Venus and Adonis. Printed 1593.)
Taming of the Shrew (first sketch).	(Rape of Lucrece. Printed 1594.)
Two Gentlemen of Verona.	

##### H. PERIOD. — 1594-1600.

Written	Written
Midsummer Night's Dream..1594	1 Henry IV. ....1598
Comedy of Errors .....1594	2 Henry IV. ....1598
Romeo and Juliet.....1595	Much Ado About Nothing...1599
King John .....1595	Merry Wives of Windsor...1599
Richard II.....1596	Henry V.....1599
Richard III.....1596-7	As You Like It.....1600
Merchant of Venice .....1597	

## III. PERIOD. — 1601-1613.

	Written		Written
Twelfth Night.....	1601	Coriolanus.....	1610
Hamlet.....	1602	Cymbeline.....	1610
Measure for Measure.....	1603-4	Winter's Tale.....	1611
Lear.....	1606	Tempest.....	1611
Julius Cæsar.....	1607	Othello.....	1611-1613
Troilus and Cressida.....	1608	Henry VIII.....	1612-13
Antony and Cleopatra.....	1608	Timon of Athens.....	1610-1623
Macbeth.....	1605-1609		

## PLAYS PRINTED BEFORE THE FOLIO OF 1623.

	Printed		Printed
Romeo and Juliet.....	1597	2 Henry IV.....	1600
Richard II.....	1597	Much Ado About Nothing...	1600
Richard III.....	1597	Henry V.....	1600
Love's Labor's Lost.....	1598	Hamlet.....	1603-4
1 Henry IV.....	1598	Lear.....	1608
Titus Andronicus.....	1600	Pericles (not in the Folio)...	1609
Midsummer Night's Dream...	1600	Troilus and Cressida.....	1609
Merchant of Venice.....	1600	Othello.....	1622

## PLAYS FIRST PRINTED IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.

## EARLIER WORKS.

Taming of the Shrew. <sup>1</sup>	All's Well That Ends Well.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.	Comedy of Errors.
1 Henry VI.	King John.
2 and 3 Henry VI. <sup>2</sup>	Merry Wives of Windsor. <sup>3</sup>

## LATER WORKS.

As You Like It.	Coriolanus.
Twelfth Night.	Cymbeline.
Measure for Measure.	Winter's Tale.
Julius Cæsar.	Tempest.
Antony and Cleopatra.	Henry VIII.
Macbeth.	Timon of Athens.

Thus it appears that the period of time in which these plays and poems were produced corresponds exactly to that portion of Bacon's life in which we may most easily sup-

<sup>1</sup> First printed in the present form: an older form printed in 1594.

<sup>2</sup> First in complete form: only first sketches before.

<sup>3</sup> First in complete form: only a sketch before.

pose they could have been written by him, being the period of thirty-one years between his coming to the bar, in 1582, and his elevation to the principal law-office of the crown, in 1613, and between the ages of twenty-one and fifty-two. During the first twenty-five years of this time, and until made Solicitor-General, in 1607, he was looking in vain for advancement in the state, getting none beyond a seat in Parliament, which came from the people, and the small employment of a Queen's (or King's) Counsel, both places of honor rather than profit; and was a barrister, a close student, and a bachelor at his lodgings in Gray's Inn, with distressingly little professional business and much leisure for writing and for study, spending his vacations in the quiet retreats of Gorhambury and Twickenham Park; a constant attendant upon the Court, a friend and counsellor of the favorite Essex, and an intimate associate of his gay young compeers, Southampton, Rutland, Pembroke, and Montgomery, who were constant visitors of the theatre, some of them great patrons of learning, and themselves amateurs in poetry, and all of them patrons and lovers of the liberal arts.

All the while, Francis Bacon was intent upon his legal studies, his parliamentary duties, his scientific inquiries, his civil and moral Essays, his "Wisdom of the Ancients," his "Advancement of Learning," and those philosophical speculations and instaurations which were his "graver studies," together with sundry unnamed "recreations" of his other studies; being thus, at the same time, engaged in writing various works in prose (if not in verse also) on subjects which, in a general view, and in their main matter and scope, are found to be essentially kindred and parallel with these very plays. In his dedication of the "Dialogue Touching a Holy War" (itself not without some touch of the Shakespearean faculty), addressed to the learned Bishop Andrews, in 1622, he tells us that these smaller works, such as the Essays, and "some other particulars of that nature."

being perhaps a part of those "particular exchanges" to which he had hitherto been given, had been and would continue to be "the recreations of his other studies;" but they must now give way to the more important philosophical labors and those "banks and mounts of perpetuity which will not break"; for on these he was henceforth to be more exclusively employed; "though I am not ignorant," says he, "that those kind of writings would with less pains and embracement (perhaps) yield more lustre and reputation to my name than those other which I have in hand."<sup>1</sup>

Nor is there anything remarkable in the circumstance that a barrister of the Inns of Court should be a poet and write for the stage. John Ford of Gray's Inn, and Francis Beaumont of the Inner Temple, were both lawyers and eminent dramatic writers; the Christmas Revels at these Inns were celebrated with masques, triumphs, and stage-plays; plays were written by eminent scholars and divines to be performed on festive occasions, even at the Universities; Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, and Foulke Greville Lord Brooke, were poets, and wrote plays; Sir Henry Wotton, sometime secretary of the Earl of Essex, also wrote plays; William, Earl of Pembroke, like the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, was a cultivator of the art of poetry; Dr. John Donne, a great philosopher and divine, as well as George Herbert, the "best judge of divinity and poesy met," and Sir John Davies, a distinguished lawyer and judge, are named as founders of the metaphysical school of poetry of that day;<sup>2</sup> and that great scholar and writer, John Selden of the Inner Temple, though not himself a poet, was such a critic, philosopher, and man, as to command the esteem and confidence of Lord Bacon, who named him in his will as one eminently fit to sit in judgment upon his unpublished manuscripts. Nor is it to be supposed that he contemplated in the writing of these poet-

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XIII. 188.

<sup>2</sup> Craik's *Hist. of Eng. Lit.* I. 578.

ical works merely "some lease of quick revenue," or any immediate advantage to himself, or personal fame, as many of the poets did, in those days. On the contrary, we may safely imagine for him the highest and most disinterested purpose which it is possible to conceive for any author, even for himself, who was seeking by the labors of a life to reform and advance the learning, science, philosophy, arts, morals, and the whole "practic part" of human life in this world; in which the personal interests of the writer, and even the lustre of fame and reputation, were with himself, perhaps, the least important considerations, when these "trifles" were in question.

## § 2. CIRCUMSTANCES.

Francis Bacon was endowed by nature with the richest gifts and most extraordinary powers. His mother was a learned woman in those days when learning for either sex implied a knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics; and we find her translating works of deep theology, after the example of Lady Jane Grey, who, according to Ascham, read "the Phædon Platonis in Greeke" with as much delight as if it had been "one of the tales of Boccace," or of the Queen herself, who is said to have translated Boethius "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*" into her own English. This Boethius, it will be remembered, was a Christian philosopher and poet of the fifth century,<sup>1</sup> and a writer that exhibited the highest order of Platonic genius and intellect, both in style and matter surpassing Cicero himself; and in the age of Elizabeth there were not a few scholars and divines, who, like Richard Hooker, George Herbert, John Selden, Dr. Donne, Bishop Andrews, and Lord Bacon himself, were by no means afraid of the philosophy of Plato. His father was not only Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, but an eminent scholar and a patron of learning and art, who had the reputation of uniting in him-

<sup>1</sup> *Opera Boethii* (Class. Delph. Valpy), London, 1823.

self "the opposite characters of a witty and a weighty speaker,"<sup>1</sup> and was, says Sir Robert Naunton, "an arch-peece of wit and of wisdom," and "abundantly facetious; which tooke much with the queene."<sup>2</sup> His palace of York House, in which this son was born, and his country-seat of Gorhambury, was well furnished with libraries, and adorned with works of art and whatever might please the taste of the scholar and gentleman. His father breeds him as the King did Leonatus in the play, —

"Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him receiver of; which he took,  
 As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd; and  
 In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in Court  
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd;  
 A sample to the youngest, to th' more mature,  
 A glass that feated them; and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards." — *Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. 1.

We can easily imagine what must have been the early education of this notable youth, whom the Queen called her young Lord Keeper at ten, and whose "first and childish years," says Dr. Rawley, "were not without some mark of eminency: at which time, he was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit, as they were passages of that deep and universal apprehension which was manifest in him afterwards." We need not be surprised to find him entering the University of Cambridge, at a little more than twelve, discovering the deficiencies of Aristotle and outstripping his tutors before he was sixteen, going as an *attaché* to the Court of Paris, learning French, Italian, and Spanish, travelling with the French Court, and being intrusted with a mission to the Queen, before he was nineteen; an utter barrister at twenty-one, a member of Parliament at twenty-four, a Bencher at twenty-five, and doubtless a maturer man at twenty, in all learning and wisdom, than most graduates of the universities were at full thirty

<sup>1</sup> *Biogr. Britannica*, I. 448.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of Elia*, 75, London, 1824.



Upon the death of his father, sitting down thus furnished, at Gray's Inn, in 1579, to the study of the law, a further survey of the Greek and Latin poets, and a thorough study of the philosophic wisdom and culture of the ancients, reviewing the patent deficiencies of his own age in matters civil, moral, and religious, in sciences, philosophy, and art, with the recollection about him, perhaps, of the plays that had been written and performed within the walls of the University while he was there, and with such example before him as that of Sir Philip Sidney, and such encouragement for the cultivation of the art of poetry as was to be found in his writings as being not unworthy of the highest dignity, rank, ambition, or genius of any man, and with that boldness of self-conscious power that did not fear to grapple with Aristotle and Plato, nor even to undertake the renovation of all philosophy, it is not so very wonderful that he should also come to the conclusion that "true art is always capable of advancing,"<sup>1</sup> and should even begin to spread his own wings in the sphere of Apollo. The "Venus and Adonis" at once gets to the very essence and bottom of the pastoral Arcadia, and the "Rape of Lucrece" measures the height of the Roman virtue and dignity. Ancient lore furnishes material and story for a "Titus Andronicus," or a "Pericles," in near imitation of the manner of the Greek tragedy, which he may send to the theatre, perhaps. The "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest, and the Italian novels of Cinthio, Bandello, Boccaccio, and the rest, which he has read in Paris, furnish hints of fable and incident for a few delightful and entertaining comedies of love, wit, and humor, which yet savor of the classic lore of the University, and bear traces of his Parisian French and his accomplishments in Italian and Spanish. The splendid entertainments at Court set the young imagination all in a blaze, and produce that extraordinary exhibition of love, wit, and fancy, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in honor

<sup>1</sup> *Scala Intellectus, Works (Mont.), XIV. 426-7.*

of the maiden Queen. The Christmas Revels at Gray's Inn call for a new "Comedy of Errors" out of Plautus, with sundry sharp hits at the gowned and wigg'd gentry there assembled, which may go to the theatre also, now that its special work is done. The English Histories of Holinshed, Hall, Stow, Speed, and the rest, all compact with learning, imagination, and poetry, of which he has made some study, as well as Chaucer, the old ballads, and all the old plays, tales, proverbs, and chronicles, which he has found time to ransack, may furnish fable, story, moral precept, and tragic incident enough for a few dramatic histories in the new kind, of which some first specimens and youthful sketches, which will eventually grow into larger dimensions and more perfect form, may be thrown upon the stage at once, until they begin to attract the public attention, and find their way into the hands of the printers, without the author's name, as they were lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's or the Earl of Pembroke's servants. All this will be done in secret, or with the knowledge of a few friends only who can keep a secret; for he well knows that the public opinion is much against poets and writers for the stage, and that to be known as a poet and a playwright would be next to ruin to all his prospects for advancement in the state, and in a profession in which the greatest lights were of opinion, with Lord Coke, that poetasters and play-writers were to be ranked with "alchemysts, monopotexts, concealers, and informers," whose "fatal end was beggary," being no better than "fit subjects for the grand jury as vagrants." He had not made up his mind yet to become "a sorry book-maker," nor quite to retire to Cambridge with a couple of men, there to devote his life to contemplations and studies, "without looking back." In the mean time, he is pushing his interest at Court, with the tardy support of his uncle, Lord Burghley, and the jealousy of the Cecils; for he has chosen to follow a public, rather than a merely professional or literary career.

Giving an account of himself, in the latter part of his life, more particularly in reference to his philosophical labors, perhaps, but not wholly out of place in this connection, he says : —

“When I came to conceive of myself as born for the service of humanity, and to look upon state employment as amongst those things which are of public right and patent to all, like the wave or the breeze, I proceeded both to inquire what might most conduce to the benefit of men, and to deliberate for what special work I myself had been best fitted by nature. Thereupon I found that no other thing was of so great merit in reference to the human race as the discovery and authorship of new truths and arts, by which human life may be improved. . . . I judged, therefore, that my nature had a certain inherent intimacy and relationship with truth. Yet, seeing that both by descent and education I had been imbued in civil affairs, and, inasmuch as I was still a young man, was sometimes shaken in my opinions, and thinking that I owed something peculiar to my country which was not equally due in all other cases, and hoping that, if I might obtain some honorable rank in the state, I should accomplish what I had designed with greater advantages in the exercise of my genius and my industry, I both applied myself to the acquirement of political knowledge, and, with such modesty as beseemed and in as far as it could be done without any disingenuousness, endeavoured to commend myself to such friends as had it in their power to assist my advancement.”<sup>1</sup>

His compact learning, exact knowledge, and brilliant oratorical powers soon begin to acquire for him an ascendancy in Parliament and public affairs. He connects himself with the fortunes and party of the rising favorite, Essex, and, at the same time, makes the acquaintance of the young lords and courtiers, his adherents and followers, Southampton among them, constant attendants and patrons of the

<sup>1</sup> *Proœmium de Int. Nat.*, (Craik's Bacon, 611).

theatre; who, as the friends and associates of Essex and himself, were no doubt frequent visitors at his chambers in Gray's Inn, or at his lodge at Twickenham. His brother Anthony and himself, the more effectually to push their fortunes in this direction, and to maintain this high estate and prospect of advancement, incur expense beyond their immediate means of living, and even keep a coach, which the good Lady Ann thinks a piece of extravagance; and they give entertainments of stage-plays at Anthony's house to "cits and gentlemen, very much to the delight of Essex and his jovial crew," but, as Lady Ann thinks, also very much "to the peril of her sons' souls."<sup>1</sup> In the summer of 1593, Anthony has become secretary, and Francis, the legal and political adviser of the Earl of Essex; and it is at this very time that the "Venus and Adonis" is dedicated to Southampton, and, in the next year, the "Rape of Lucrece," also, under the name of William Shakespeare. The plays have been performed at his theatre, and he has already acquired the reputation of being the author of them; though as yet none of them have been printed under his name. Certainly it will require no great stretch of imagination to conceive that during these familiar visits of Essex and Southampton to his chambers in Gray's Inn, he may have taken the liberty to show them, or to read to them, the manuscripts of these poems. We may very well suppose they would urge him to publish them. But he does not desire to appear before the public in this character, and means to "profess not to be a poet."<sup>2</sup> This cover is easily suggested. Southampton will not object to the use of his name in a dedication; and William Shakespeare will be as ready to appear as the author of these poems as he has been, or will be, to figure as author on the title-pages of divers and sundry quarto plays which he certainly never wrote. A mere possibility, it is true, or even a strong

<sup>1</sup> Dixon's *Pers. Hist.*, 68.

<sup>2</sup> *Apology concerning Essex.*

probability, cannot be taken as any proof of the fact; but if it be once established by other evidence that the plays and poems were actually written by Francis Bacon, then, of course, some such supposition as this must be admitted as absolutely necessary; and of this fact there will be an ample sufficiency of other evidence. So extraordinary an arrangement, with so eminent a personage as the Earl of Southampton, is indeed a bold hypothesis; especially in the face of that munificent largess of £1000, which he is said to have bestowed on Shakespeare, in recognition of the compliment and of his merit as a poet. But this story is itself a mere tradition, related with distrust by Rowe as handed down by Sir William Davenant; and, as Mr. Halliwell observes, "considering the value of money in those days, such a gift is altogether incredible,"<sup>1</sup> however probable it may be, otherwise, that some notice of the kind may have been taken of him. The Globe Theatre was erected somewhere in these years (1594-5), and it is by no means improbable that the Earl of Southampton should contribute a handsome sum towards this enterprise. And there may have been other reasons, more or less remotely connected with the history of these plays and their author, that were operative with these gay young courtiers in their patronage of the theatre, without the necessity of resorting (with Delia Bacon<sup>2</sup>) to the hypothesis that they had, as a whole, or in any particular, a special bearing upon any schemes then impending for effecting changes in the state and government, or any connection with any club of reformers; especially if we consider that the Queen herself was willing to be wooed and to have sonnets addressed to her; that she took great delight in the masques and plays, triumphs and dumb shows, which they got up for her amusement; and that many of these very plays were performed before her at Court as they came out, and were "well liked of her Majesty."

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Shakes.*, 161.

<sup>2</sup> *Phil. of Shaks. Plays Unfolded*, 1857.

## § 3. THE HISTORICAL PLAYS.

As the work proceeded, the plan would very soon be conceived of a connected and continuous series of historical dramas, which should embrace the entire period of the civil wars of the Roses, rich enough in tragic story and event, and affording ample materials for illustrative examples in the more dignified subjects of a civil and moral nature, beginning with the "King John," as it were by way of prelude, in which the legitimate heir to the throne is set aside, and the nation is plunged into civil war; and continuing in subject and design, though not composed, or produced, in strict chronological order, with the weak and despotic reign of Richard II., whose imbecility leads to another usurpation of the crown, with all the terrible consequences of disastrous civil war; and extending through the two parts of the "Henry IV.," the "Henry V.," and the three parts of the "Henry VI.," to the coming in of Henry the Seventh in the "Richard III.," when the two Roses are finally united in one line, and a tragical history is brought to an end in the more peaceful times which followed: a scheme which may even have been suggested by Sackville's tragedy of "Ferrex and Porrex" and the "Complaint of Buckingham." Speaking of Elizabeth Woodville, Dowager of Edward IV., Bacon says her history "was matter of tragedy,"<sup>1</sup> as it is very effectually made to appear in the "Richard III." The same historical subject was continued, in due time, in a plain prose history of the reign of Henry VII., which contains a graphic and "speaking picture" of the false pretender, Perkin Warbeck, "a counterfeit of that Richard, Duke of York (second son to Edward the Fourth)," of whom there was divulged "a flying opinion" that "he was not murdered in the Tower": wherefore, "this being one of the strangest examples of a personation that ever was in elder or later times," it is also

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. of Henry VII.*

given; and it is written in the true Shakespearean vein, and, as any one may see that looks sharply enough, lacks nothing of the compactness, brevity, clearness, and beauty of his former style, dropping only the high tragic buskin and the blank verse. And here and there, ideas and expressions inevitably crop out in it, all unconsciously to himself, which strike upon the ear of the careful listener like the sound of an echo, as thus:—

“Neither was Perkin for his part wanting to himself either in gracious and princely behaviour, or in ready and apposite answers, or in contenting and caressing those that did apply themselves unto him, or in pretty scorns or disdain to those that seemed to doubt of him; but in all things did notably acquit himself: insomuch as it was generally believed (as well amongst great persons as amongst the vulgar) that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself with long and continual counterfeiting and with often telling a lie, was turned (by habit) almost unto the thing he seemed to be, and from a liar to a believer.”<sup>1</sup>

And we have the same ideas and similar expressions, in a like connection, in the “*Tempest*,” as follows:—

“*Pros.* I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that, which but by being so retir’d  
O’er-priz’d all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak’d an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, — like one,  
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,<sup>2</sup>  
Made such a sinner of his memory,

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. of Hen. VII.*; *Works* (Boston), XI. 210.

<sup>2</sup> So in the Folio, and in all editions I have seen; but I believe these words are an error of the press. It should read *oft*: the metre requires it; the sense requires it; and this authority from Bacon may be said to demand it.

To credit his own lie—he did believe  
 He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution,  
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative:—hence his ambition  
 Growing,—Dost thou hear?

*Miran.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd,  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan."—*Act I. Sc. 2.*

The similarity of the thought, in this often telling a lie, is noticed by Mr. Spedding,<sup>1</sup> who remarks that the suggestion came from Speed. Shakespeare, it is true, as well as Bacon, may have gotten the idea from that author; but the general tenor of both passages, and the peculiar expression *he did believe he was indeed the Duke*, which accompanies the idea, sounds wonderfully as if it had dropped from the same mint, in both cases. Even this might be considered accidental, if it stood alone; but it is only one of a thousand instances of equal, or greater force, that everywhere pervade these writings. Nor is it at all probable that Bacon would catch both the idea and expression from Shakespeare's play: in fact, it is far more probable that both came from Bacon; for we learn from Mr. Spedding's preface, that Bacon had formed the design of writing that history, and had actually begun it, and sketched the character of Henry VII., before the death of Elizabeth, having doubtless collected materials for the purpose, and made a study of the subject and of the story of Perkin, at the time when he was studying the historical pictures for these same dramatic histories. This conjecture is confirmed by the circumstance that Prospero's "false brother," the pretender in the play,

———"confederates

(So dry he was for sway) with the King of Naples."

And the story itself seems well-nigh to have been suggested by the account, which is given in the "History of Henry VII.," of the French embassy, one topic of which

<sup>1</sup> *Notes to the Hist. of Hen. VII.*



was, that the French King intended "to make war upon the kingdom of Naples, being now in the possession of a *bastard slip of Aragon* ; but appertaining unto his majesty by clear and undoubted right ; which, if he should not by just arms seek to recover, he would neither acquit his honour nor answer it to his people;" and so, he had resolved to make "the reconquest of Naples."<sup>1</sup> Mention is made also of "Alphonso, Duke of Calabria, eldest son to Ferdinando, King of Naples"; and among the characters in the play are "Alonso, King of Naples ; Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan ; Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke," and "Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples":—

"Pros. This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

And so, the story in the play itself having been drawn from the same quarry of materials as the history, this idea, having been once written into the play, in 1611, (if not already written into his notes for the History before 1603), very naturally drops out again in the completed work of 1621 ; and that, too, at about the same time when we may suppose he was engaged in revising the plays themselves for the Folio of 1623.

And further still, these same Italian and Spanish histories, in the very next year (1612), are introduced into Bacon's speech in the Countess of Shrewsbury's case, in immediate connection with Henry VII. and Perkin Warbeck ; and in such manner as to show that they were still fresh in his memory ; and, in the facts stated as well as in the style and manner of the narration, the critical reader will discover some very suggestive resemblances with a part of the story of the "Tempest." The Countess had refused

<sup>1</sup> *Hist of Hen. VII. ; Works* (Boston), XI. 162, 199.

to answer in the matter of Arabella Stuart, who had married Seymour, without the King's consent, and fled the kingdom. Bacon's speech proceeds thus : —

"And accordingly hath been the practice of the wisest and stoutest princes to hold for matter pregnant of peril, to have any near them in blood to fly into foreign parts. Wherein I will not wander ; but take example of King Henry the Seventh, a prince not unfit to be paralleled with his Majesty. I mean not the particular of Perkin Warbeck, for he was but an idol or a disguise ; but the example I mean is that of the earl of Suffolk, whom the king extorted from Philip of Austria. The story is memorable, that Philip, after the death of Isabella, coming to take possession of his kingdom of Castile, which was but matrimonial to his father-in-law Ferdinando of Aragon, was cast by weather upon the coast of Weymouth, where the Italian story saith, King Henry used him in all things else as a prince, but in one thing as a prisoner ; for he forced upon him to promise to restore the earl of Suffolk that was fled into Flanders." <sup>1</sup>

Now, as King Henry VII. was deemed a prince "not unfit to be paralleled with his Majesty," so Prospero in the play was "the prime Duke," and

— "(so reputed  
In dignity) and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

And as Philip, coming to his kingdom of Castile, "which was but matrimonial to his father-in-law Ferdinando," was "cast by weather upon the coast of Weymouth," so the King of Naples, sailing with Prince Ferdinand, his son, for Tunis, where his daughter Claribel was to find a husband, was cast away in a storm upon the coast of the imaginary Atlantic island ; and the fortunes of Prince Ferdinand, as well as the principal events and the leading interest of the story in the play, are made to turn upon matters matri-

<sup>1</sup> 2 Howell's State Trials, 775.

monial to his intended father-in-law, the rightful Duke of Milan. Prospero regains his dukedom; Ferdinand, like Philip, is restored to his kingdom of Naples, with Miranda for a wife, in due time "to be King and Queen there"; and the King of Naples becomes the friend of the restored Duke of Milan; and, in order to accomplish the object, as King Henry VII. used Philip in the speech, so Ferdinand in the play is "used in all things else as a prince, but in one thing as a prisoner." In the shipwreck, Ferdinand is separated from the rest of the ship's company, and cast upon the shore alone; the invisible spirit Ariel is specially sent to draw him on by means of charms and music towards Prospero's cell; on the way, he falls in with Miranda, much to the surprise and admiration of both; and, as the intent was, they forthwith fall in love. Prospero, seeing that his charm is working more than fast enough, suddenly puts on an air of severity towards Ferdinand:—

"*Pros. [Aside.]* They are both in either's pow'rs; but  
this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light."

He denounces Ferdinand as a usurper and a spy, that has come upon the island to win it from him "the lord on 't." Ferdinand, after some show of resistance, befitting his princely quality, submits himself a prisoner, thus:—

"*Pros. [To Ferd.]* Come on; obey:  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigor in them.

*Ferd.* So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of: space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pros. [Aside.]* It works."—*Act I. Sc. 2.*

There is no other prison, however, than the manner in

which he is used; there is some temporary restraint for a purpose which is accomplished, the marriage and a restoration of friendship with Naples; and so he is treated in one thing as a prisoner, but in all things else as a prince. He is even set to the drudgery of piling logs, in order to bring his sincerity to the final test. This apparent harshness awakens the sympathy of Miranda, and she offers to help him:—

“*Ferd.* I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda; . . . . .  
. . . . . and for your sake,  
Am I this patient logman.”—*Act III. Sc. 1.*

The same story is told more at length in the “History of Henry VII.,”<sup>1</sup> in which King Philip is “surprised with a cruel tempest,” and “the ship wherein the King and Queen were, with two other small barks only, torn and in great peril, to escape the fury of the weather, *thrust* into Weymouth. King Philip himself, having not been used as it seems to sea, all wearied and extreme sick, would needs *land to refresh his spirits.*” And when King Henry asks for the return of “that same hare-brain wild fellow,” his subject the earl of Suffolk, the King of Castile replies, *That can I not do with my honour, and less with yours; for you will be thought to have used me as a prisoner.*” The same style runs from his pen, whether in prose or verse:—

“*Con.* Was Milan *thrust* from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? . . . . .  
*Pros.* ——— but, howsoe’er you have  
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was *thrust* forth of Milan; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wrack’d, *was landed*,  
To be the lord on’t.”—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

And the tale there ends with the same dream in which Ferdinand’s *spirits* (in the play) were all bound up, thus:—“So that as the felicity of Charles the Eighth was said

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XI. 342-348.

to be a dream, so the adversity of Ferdinando was said likewise to be a dream, it passed over so soon."

The earliest authentic notice that we have of the existence of this play is the entry discovered by Cunningham in the accounts of the Revels at Court, in the Book for 1611-12, in which it is named as having been performed before his Majesty at Whitehall, on "Hallowmas night," which, falling on the first day of November, is presumed to have been November 1, 1611.<sup>1</sup> It was also acted at Court, during the festivities attending the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth in the beginning of the year 1613. The best critics have assigned the composition of the play to the year 1611. Some incidents in it make it quite certain that it must have been written after the voyage of the "Admiral," and after the publication of Jourdan's account of it, in his "Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels," in 1610; which islands are therein "supposed to be enchanted and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunderstorm and tempest near unto those islands"; and the ship, "by God's divine providence, at a high water ran right between two strong rocks, where it stuck fast, without breaking," and all were saved. So, in the play, when Prospero is giving an account to Miranda how they were sent to sea in "a rotten carcass of a boat," to which "the sighing winds did but loving wrong," until there in that island they arrived, we have a similar expression, thus:—

"*Miran.*                   How came we ashore?  
*Pros.* By Providence divine."

The Countess of Shrewsbury's case was heard at Trinity term (that is, in the beginning of summer) of 1612;<sup>2</sup> and taking the play to have been first produced in the preceding November, there would seem to be no occasion for

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, II. p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> 7 Coke's Rep. 94.

wonder that, at the date of this trial, these same Italian stories which had so lately served the purpose of the poet, should have been still floating in the imagination of the orator; nor that they should have been thus reproduced in historic accuracy, not without some poetic effect, to illustrate the legal argument.

Critical editors have been perplexed to find the sources of the story of the "Tempest." Mr. White thinks the characters point to some old Italian or Spanish tale as its foundation; Collins believed it was founded upon "a romance called 'Aurelio and Isabella,' printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588," which neither he nor any one else, it seems, has ever been able to find again; others have traced its origin to Somers' "Voyage" and Jourdan's "Discovery"; and probably the truth is, that suggestions were derived from a variety of sources, these included, and that the borrowed materials, mingled with the new creations, in passing through the limbec of his powerful brain, were distilled into an imaginary essence, altogether new and different as a whole, but still recognizable as the same in some parts and phases, which exhibit striking ideal resemblances, close analogies, and even very palpable identities of thought, style, and diction. And here we may venture to make an application of the words of King Alonso in the play: —

"*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;  
And there is in this business more than Nature  
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge."

This is not all. There are more instances of like kind in this same History, of which one or two may be cited. In the "Measure for Measure," written about the year 1603, we find this rather singular expression: —

"For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issued from his blood." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

And in the "History of Henry VII." Perkin Warbeck is

made to say, "And from that hand to the wide wilderness (as I may truly call it) for so the world hath been to me;"<sup>1</sup> and again, King Henry says, "France is no wilderness."<sup>2</sup> And then we have this: "The King our master hath a purpose and determination to make war upon the kingdom of Naples, being now in the possession of a bastard slip of Aragon;"<sup>3</sup> which may remind us again of "the blind rascally boy" Cupid, in the "As You Like It,"<sup>4</sup> "that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness." In like manner, we find in the *Essays* the following: "True friends; without which the world is but a wilderness,"<sup>5</sup> and in the *New Atlantis*, "the greatest wilderness of waters in the world;"<sup>6</sup> and in a speech, "you take pleasure in a wilderness of variety."<sup>7</sup> And again, we have it in the plays, thus: "Environed with a wilderness of sea;"<sup>8</sup> and again, "Rome is but a wilderness of tigers;"<sup>9</sup> and still again, "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."<sup>10</sup> Can all this be accidental?

Still further, we have in the "Hamlet" these lines:—

"*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear by this sword.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst work i' th' ground so fast?

A worthy pioneer! once more remove":—*Act I. Sc. 5.*

which crops out again in the "Henry VII." thus:—

"He had such moles perpetually working and casting to undermine him."<sup>11</sup>

And it appears again in a masque which he wrote for Essex, thus:—

"They [lovers] are charged with descending too low: it is as the poor mole, which seeing not the clearness of the air, diveth into the darkness of the earth."<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Henry VII.; Works* (Boston), XI. 246.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 181.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 162.

<sup>4</sup> *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

<sup>5</sup> *Works* (Boston), XII. 166.

<sup>6</sup> *Works* (Philad.), II. 823.

<sup>7</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XIII. 121.

<sup>8</sup> *Titus Andr., Act III. Sc. 1.*

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid., Act III. Sc. 1.*

<sup>10</sup> *Merch. of Venice, Act III. Sc. 1.*

<sup>11</sup> *Works* (Boston), XI. 360.

<sup>12</sup> *Spedding's Letters and Life*, I. 389.

And again he says, —

— “and become some sorry book-maker, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth, which, he said, lay so deep.”<sup>1</sup>

And again, in this History, speaking of the conditional treason of Sir William Stanley, who had said of Perkin Warbeck, “*That if he were sure that that young man were King Edward's son, he would never bear arms against him,*” Bacon continues thus : —

“ But for the conditional, it seemeth the judges of that time (who were learned men, and the three chief of them of the privy counsel,) thought it was a dangerous thing to admit Ifs and Ands to qualify words of treason; whereby every man might express his malice, and blanch his danger.”<sup>2</sup>

So in Richard's council on the Coronation, we have an illustration of this same kind of treason, in these lines : —

“ *Hint.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

*Glos.* If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ‘ifs’? — Thou art a traitor: —  
Off with his head! ” — *Richard III., Act III. Sc. 4.*

But to make a special compliment to the throne and line of Henry VII., and to his present Majesty, King James, in particular, a last grand effort is made, just when it will at least express his gratitude for the royal promise to succeed to the Attorney-General's place, and, at the same time, grace the nuptials of the Palatine branch in the Princess Elizabeth; and the “Henry VIII.” deliberately honors and magnifies the King himself, by carefully weaving into the scenes the surpassing excellence and beauty of Anne Bullen (of whom there is nothing in Holinshed, from whom the rest of the story is almost literally taken), closing with the unrivalled virtues, fortune, and honor of her descendant, the virgin queen : —

“ Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself,

<sup>1</sup> *Letter.*

<sup>2</sup> *Works* (Boston), XI. 228.



So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants of this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him." — *Act V. Sc. 4.*

This is doubtless the same star and vine that are spoken of in the letter to his Majesty, thanking him for "his gracious acceptance" of his book (the "*Novum Organum*"), in which he says:—

"I see your majesty is a star that hath benevolent aspect and gracious influence upon all things that tend to a general good.

"*Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis artus?  
 Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum;  
 Astrum, quo segetes gauderent frugibus, et quo  
 Duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem.*"

[*VIRG., Eclog. ix. 46-9.*]

"This work, which is for the bettering of men's bread and wine, which are the characters of temporal blessings and sacraments of eternal, I hope, by God's holy providence, will be ripened by Cæsar's Star."<sup>1</sup>

• And it appears again, thus:—

"Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make  
 Than Julius Cæsar." — *1 Henry VI., Act I. Sc. 1.*

Prospero, in the "*Tempest*," also had his star:—

"*Pros.* — and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose influence  
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

That Bacon had the subject of the History of England much in mind, having long contemplated undertaking to

<sup>1</sup> Letter, 19 Oct. 1620; *Works* (Mont.), XII. 395.

write it anew, we learn from his letter to the Lord Chancellor, written soon after the accession of King James, in which the following passage may be particularly cited here :—

“The act I speak of is the order given by his majesty for the erection of a tomb or monument for our late sovereign Queen Elizabeth ; wherein I may note much, but this at this time, that as her majesty did always right to his majesty’s hopes, so his highness doth, in all things, right to her memory ; a very just and princely retribution. But from this occasion by a very easy ascent, I passed further, being put in mind, by this representative of her person, of the more true and more perfect representative which is of her life and government. For as statues and pictures are dumb histories, so histories are speaking pictures ; wherein (if my affection be not too great, or my reading too small), I am of this opinion, that if Plutarch were alive to write lives by parallels, it would trouble him, for virtue and fortune both, to find for her a parallel amongst women. And though she was of the passive sex, yet her government was so active, as, in my simple opinion, it made more impression upon the several states of Europe than it received from thence.”<sup>1</sup>

All this, it is easy to see, not only harmonizes well with the view here taken of these dramatic histories or “speaking pictures,” but rings peculiarly like the sonorous tribute to Queen Elizabeth in the “Henry VIII.,” which reads thus :—

“*Cran.*                      Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they ’ll find ’em truth.  
This royal infant, — Heaven still move about her ! —  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never

<sup>1</sup> Letter, *Works* (Mont.), XII. 69.

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her:  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.  
 In her days every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

*Act V. Sc. 4.*

And so King James is ingeniously represented, and with a certain degree of poetic truthfulness, as inheriting all this honor and virtue and greatness even from Henry VII., and from Anne Bullen, not by direct descent of blood, indeed, but through the ashes of this wonderful phoenix, as of that "more true and more perfect representative which is of her life and government."

At the same time, this illustrative example in a most dignified subject rounds out the historical series of those "actual types and models" which were "to place, as it were, before our eyes the whole process of the mind, and the continuous frame and order of discovery in particular subjects selected for their variety and importance" <sup>1</sup> (as I will endeavor to make appear); and this one should be

"Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe."

And having thus had occasion to make a study of this period of history, which he finds to be "wonderful, indeed, from the Union of the Roses to the Union of the Kingdoms," <sup>2</sup> the preceding period having already been treated of, poetically, in the "speaking pictures," and so far as lay in "the potential mood"; and having the materials at hand for the work, as the first honors which he undertakes to do

<sup>1</sup> *Introd. to Nov. Org.*

<sup>2</sup> *De Aug. Scient., Lib. II. c. 7.*

his country and his king by his pen and the help of those "other arts which may give form to matter," he not only takes up again his former sketch of the "History of Henry VII.," laid aside since before 1603, and perfects and completes it into a tribute worthy to be submitted to "the file of his Majesty's judgment," and dedicated to Prince Charles as the first fruit of his banishment, which he accomplishes in one summer, but also, the "History of Henry VIII.," in whose reign began that great change in the Church, which was "such as had hitherto rarely been brought upon the stage,"<sup>1</sup> long since contemplated, of which a beginning, likewise, has already been made that is "like a fable of the poets"; but deserves "all in a piece a worthy narration," and, time and health permitting, it is to be likewise dedicated to Prince Charles. But time fails him, and it is never done.

#### § 4. THE GREATER PLAYS.

Furthermore, it is to be observed, that the more philosophical and greater plays were written after 1600, when Bacon was more than forty years of age and in the maturity of his powers (as indeed William Shakespeare also must have been); when his philosophical and critical studies had become still more universal, exact, and profound; when his conceptions of nature and the constitution of the universe, his theories of practical sciences, civil institutions, and moral relations, his views of society and humanity, his experience in human affairs and his observation of human life and character in all ranks, phases, conditions, and degrees, had become more ample and perfect; when his new rhetoric, his critical survey of all the arts of delivery, and his study of the nature of "true art," and of the uses and proper function of true poetry, had been matured, and his whole culture had become more elaborate, deep, and complete; — a kind of culture which it is difficult to imagine

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, Lib. II. c. 7.

how William Shakespeare, under the conditions of life which environed him, could by any possibility have attained to. It is to be noted, also, that the first sketches of the three parts of the "Henry VI." (and perhaps, also, of the "King John"), the earliest plays of the historical series, written, it may be, before the entire plan was fully conceived, and before the first play in the historical order of the wars of the Roses, the "Richard II.," was produced, were taken up again, afterwards, and rewritten, greatly elaborated, and reproduced, in conformity with the rest of the series; and, of the first part of the "Henry VI.," which exhibits greater care and maturity of judgment in the execution than the other parts, which, nevertheless, contain passages that may stand before the throne of the tragic muse beside the Greek tragedy itself without blushing, done in the finest lyric style of the ancients, and plainly intended to be, to some extent at least, in imitation of the classic model, we hear nothing, until it appears for the first time in the Folio of 1623, beyond the bare fact that such a play existed, in some form, with the other parts, at an early date. The "Romeo and Juliet," produced in 1595, though conceived on profoundly philosophical principles, bearing strong traces of the "Fable of Cupid" and the "Nemesis" of Francis Bacon (as will be shown), does not exhibit the same degree of matured strength and finish as the later productions, though one of the most attractive of the plays upon the stage. The "A Midsummer Night's Dream," undoubtedly written about the year 1594, though there appears to be no certain mention of it before 1598, having been first printed in 1600, is a wonderful creation, indeed, and entirely fit to be performed, as it was, before the Queen's Majesty at Whitehall; but the writer had not yet wholly freed himself from the shackles of rhyme, nor from the glowing fancy and "strong imagination" of

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,"

nor from the philosophy of Cupid and the allurements of the Court, as is evident in these lines:—

“*Ober.* That very time I saw (but thou could’st not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the Earth,  
Cupid all arm’d: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the West,  
And loos’d his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft  
Quench’d in the chaste beams of the wat’ry moon,  
And the imperial vot’ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.” — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

Between 1594 and 1600, the “*Romeo and Juliet*,” the “*As You Like It*,” the “*Richard III.*,” the “*Merchant of Venice*,” and the two parts of the “*Henry IV.*,” may take rank, in many respects, with the greater plays; but after 1600, come the “*Twelfth Night*,” the “*Othello*,” the “*Hamlet*,” the “*Measure for Measure*,” the “*Lear*,” the “*Macbeth*,” the “*Julius Cæsar*,” the “*Antony and Cleopatra*,” the “*Troilus and Cressida*,” the “*Coriolanus*,” the “*Cymbeline*,” the “*Winter’s Tale*,” the “*Tempest*,” the “*Henry VIII.*,” and the “*Timon*,” splendid dramas all, the most masterly productions of their author, and, beyond all question, the work of a profound thinker, a critical philosopher, a practised writer, a learned scholar, and a polished culture, as well as of that artistic genius and high order of intellectual endowment, which nature might give to any man. Twelve of these fifteen plays were published, for the first time, in the Folio of 1623: of some four or five of them it is not positively known that they had been performed at all on the stage; and nearly all of them were of such a kind and character as to attract less the attention of the theatre and the public, though really among the greatest of the author’s works; and they were not printed. Some other of the more philosophical plays, as the “*Romeo and Juliet*,” the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” the “*Hamlet*,” the “*Lear*,” and the “*Measure for Measure*,” had more

attractive qualities for the public eye and ear, perhaps, and they kept the stage and were printed. The "*Troilus and Cressida*," which was altogether too philosophically profound and stately, too learnedly abstruse and lofty, to be popular on the stage, was even printed first, and only went to the theatre afterwards, where its stay seems to have been short.

Of the ten earlier plays which were first printed in the Folio, or first in complete form, some, it seems, had seldom appeared upon the stage, and others had been printed, at an early date, as first draughts, or as stolen copies. Of those which had been printed before 1623, there were, among the more attractive and popular plays on the stage, the "*Richard II.*," the "*Richard III.*," the "*Merchant of Venice*," the two parts of the "*Henry IV.*," the "*Henry V.*," the "*Love's Labor's Lost*," and the "*Much Ado About Nothing*," and of these, printed editions had been more in demand. But this part of the subject is so dark, that it is difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion, or any clear notion, in what manner these plays came to be printed at all. Doubtless there were some stolen copies and surreptitious editions, especially before 1600. The "*Titus Andronicus*" was entered as early as 1594, but it is not known to have been printed before 1600. The first sketch of the second part of the "*Henry VI.*," printed in 1594 under the title of "*The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*," and that of the third part, printed in 1595 under the style of "*The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*," both without the name of the author, were very probably surreptitious copies of the early plays, which appear to have been upon the stage as early, at least, as 1587-88. The "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," first printed in 1602, was so imperfect, even as a first sketch of the play, that it has been presumed by the critics to have been a stolen and mangled copy, as the "*Hamlet*" of 1603 most certainly was. So far as we have any posi-

tive knowledge, the second edition of the "Richard II.," which was printed in 1598, with the scene of deposing King Richard left out, was the first one that bore the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page; and there may have been some special reasons, as well for the publication of it at that time as for a close concealment of the real author's name (as we shall see below); especially when it is considered that, only one year later, Dr. Hayward was actually sent to the Tower for publishing the "First Yeare of King Henry the Fourth," which contained little else than the deposing of Richard II., which the Queen took to be a seditious and treasonable pamphlet; and that the Earl of Essex was charged with "undutiful carriage" toward her Majesty, in that he allowed it to be dedicated to him; though, on being warned of her anger, he had made all haste to have the book called in and suppressed.

On the other hand, some of the previous quartos approach so nearly to the more perfect copies of the Folio, and are so correctly printed, that it would seem to be highly probable that the author himself had had some hand in the supervision of the press. And when it is considered how many of those that had been printed in quarto were remodelled, rewritten, enlarged, elaborated, corrected, or amended, before they appeared again in the Folio, and how many of the plays were published therein for the first time, and of what kind they were, we may easily believe, not only that the editors had much benefit from the possession of the "true original copies," but that even the true original copies themselves had undergone much revision and emendation, before they appeared for the last time in the finished and perfected form of the Folio of 1623; nor need we be surprised at the announcement of the Preface, that they had so published them "as where (before) you were abused with divers stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters, that exposed them: even those are now offered to



your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them": *omnibus numeris suis absolutam!*

And that such was the fact, the history of the "Timon of Athens" may furnish at least some slight confirmation. It has been observed that the old play of "Timon" was the work of some other author altogether; and the studies of the later critics, especially Mr. Knight, have shown that the materials and the story of this play must have been drawn from other sources than that old play, or North's translation of Plutarch; and, in fact, that they came chiefly from the untranslated Greek of Lucian. There appears to be no mention on record of any performance of this play on the stage in those times, nor does the existence of it appear to have been known, until it was published in this Folio; and (as it will be shown) there is so much in the matter and style of it that so aptly accords with the external history of Lord Bacon's life, and especially with his later years, and so many distinct traces of himself in it, that it is not difficult to believe it was the latest production of his dramatic muse.

#### § 5. ASSOCIATES.

That Francis Bacon, during the earlier portion of the period in which these plays were produced, comprising also nearly the whole period of the sonnets and minor poems, was an intimate personal friend, acquaintance, and associate of the Earls of Essex, Southampton, Rutland, Pembroke, and Montgomery, and other young lords and courtiers, who were also, at the same time, the especial patrons and constant frequenters of Shakespeare's theatre, may be taken as an indubitable fact. Not only in the relations of these great personages, but in the manners of the court and time, there are many circumstances which tend strongly to confirm the view here taken of this authorship. A few of them may be particularly noticed, even at the risk of some

slight repetition. It was in 1609 that the first authentic edition of the sonnets was dedicated by the printer to "Mr. W. H.," the only begetter of them, (supposed by Mr. Collier and others, no doubt correctly, to mean William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,) as "never before imprinted";<sup>1</sup> the previous smaller edition having been in all probability surreptitiously published. Now it is worthy of mention, at least, that Pembroke, Rutland, and Montgomery, were witnesses to Bacon's patent of peerage in 1618, and were present at his investiture with the coronet of St. Alban in 1621; and to Pembroke and Montgomery was dedicated the Folio of 1623. It is historically known that Bacon wrote sonnets to the Queen, and masques and devices to be exhibited before her. Plays, masques, and triumphs were frequently gotten up, sometimes in great magnificence, by these young lords and courtiers, for her entertainment at Court, at the Universities, at the Inns of Court, or at their own private houses, in which her greatest favorites took the leading interest and the largest part. Companies of players were kept enrolled among the servants of the greater nobles, or were licensed under their patronage. Shakespeare's theatres received the royal countenance and protection. The "Lord Chamberlain's Servants" of the Globe and Blackfriars, in the reign of Elizabeth, became "His Majesty's Servants," in the time of King James. Nor is there anything improbable in the supposition that the courtly Francis Bacon, who was so notoriously given to the writing of masques and sonnets for the edification of the virgin Queen, should exert his genius in this same direction far more extensively than was publicly known, or even suspected by the Queen herself. It is quite certain that some of the plays were performed, for the first time, before her Majesty at Whitehall and other palaces; and, according to certain traditions, she seems to have taken an

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. Sonnets* (Fac-simile of the ed. of 1609, from the Original in the Library of Bridgewater House), London, 1862.

especial delight in the fantastic wit and superb drolleries of the fat knight in the "Henry IV." and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." King James appears to have taken equal pleasure in these dramatic entertainments. As we have seen, many of the plays were first performed before the King at Court, in his time.\* And the "Essay on Masques and Triumphs," and the several masques themselves, which are certainly known to have been written by Bacon, afford proof enough that he had the ability, the Shakespearean wit, the same grace, brevity, and beauty of style, an imagination equally powerful, and a love for the sport.

King James, on his coming into England in 1603, was entertained with a play performed by Heming's company, at Wilton, the country-seat of the Earl of Pembroke. The "Macbeth" was evidently suggested by the change of dynasty and the Scottish superstitions concerning demonology and witchcraft, on which King James had himself written a book; and the new sovereign is said to have acknowledged the compliment in an autograph letter addressed to William Shakespeare, a document which seems never to have seen the light. "The system of Dæmonologie," says Dr. Johnson's Preface, "was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment, or not to lose it." And it is worthy of notice, also, in this connection, that this play was written about the time that Bacon was made Solicitor-General; and that the "Henry VIII." was produced in great splendor, with a studied compliment to King James, just when he had obtained the royal promise to succeed to the Attorney-General's place. Not that King James, or Queen Elizabeth, knew that Bacon was the author of these plays (though it might be difficult to name a reason why they should not have known), but that they may very well have understood, at least, that he, among other courtiers, was largely instrumental in getting up these magnificent entertainments for the royal amuse-

ment. Both of them certainly knew that Bacon "had a great wit and much learning," and that he took a leading part in the actual composition of some of them.

No more is it to be doubted, that the intimate personal relations which subsisted between Bacon and Essex extended to Southampton as well. He was of Essex's party, and was his supporter in those wayward schemes which culminated in a treasonable attempt against the Queen's government; and he was a party accused in the prosecutions and trials which followed. Essex was beheaded; Southampton, only imprisoned in the Tower; but soon after the accession of James, he was set at liberty. While yet in the Tower, Bacon addressed him the following letter: —

"It may please your Lordship,—I would have been very glad to have presented my humble service to your Lordship by my attendance, if I could have foreseen that it should not have been unpleasing to you. And therefore, because I would commit no error, I chose to write; assuring your Lordship how credible soever it may seem to you at first, yet it is as true as a thing that God knoweth; that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your Lordship than this; that I may safely be now that which I was truly before. And so craving no other pardon, than for troubling you with my letter, I do not now begin to be, but continue to be,

"Your Lordship's humble and much devoted."<sup>1</sup>

On the accession of King James, the friends and followers of Essex were taken into especial favor, while those who had been the favorites of Elizabeth were, for a time, held at a distance, Bacon among the rest, though very soon afterwards formally appointed to the place of King's Counsel, the first that had ever been, "under the degree of serjeant, made so *honoris causâ*," says Blackstone.<sup>2</sup> When the trials of Essex and Southampton for high treason came on, in the previous reign, Bacon, as one of the Queen's Coun-

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XII. 115.

<sup>2</sup> 3 Black. Comm., 27.

sel, was constrained to take a part in them, much against his will, and by the express command of the Queen, "*no-lens volens*," his request to be excused being peremptorily refused, and for very curious reasons, as we shall see; and, during her reign, it would have been neither judicious, nor advantageous, for either party, that Bacon should have interposed in their behalf, beyond what he actually did; and this they both well knew. It is no matter of wonder, that in such times and under such circumstances, private friendships should be compelled to go somewhat under cover, or even be converted into temporary dislike, by the course of political events. But now that things were changed, and his offers of service might be of some value, and without danger to either of them, Bacon does not hesitate to come forward, though with some delicate saving of the possibility that the feelings of his old friend towards him may have become estranged under the trying events which had taken place, with this assurance of his continuing personal regard; notwithstanding that he had been compelled by considerations of honor and duty of higher obligation than any bond of private friendship whatever, and most certainly higher than any obligation to follow a friend into unwise and criminal courses, to take some share, officially, in the trial and condemnation of their offences. We know that while Essex was under arrest at the Lord Keeper's house, in the autumn of 1599, Bacon incurred the Queen's displeasure on account of his persistent efforts to palliate Essex's conduct, mitigate her anger, and procure his restoration to her favor, not then believing in any treasonable design; and he succeeded at length, not without some risk to his own fortunes, in bringing about his enlargement in the spring of the next year. And then, he addresses a letter of somewhat like kind to Essex, who had now, for some two years past, ceased to take counsel at Gray's Inn. The letter, as given by Mr. Spedding from an original in Bacon's own hand, runs thus:—

"MY LORD,—No man can better expound my doings than your Lordship, which maketh me need to say the less. Only I humbly pray you to believe that I aspire to the conscience and commendation first of *bonus civis*, which with us is a good and true servant to the Queen, and next of *bonus vir*, that is an honest man. I desire your Lordship also to think that though I confess I love some things much better than I love your Lordship, as the Queen's service, her quiet and contentment, her honour, her favour, the good of my country, and the like, yet I love few persons better than yourself, both for gratitude's sake, and for your own virtues, which cannot hurt but by accident or abuse. Of which my good affection I was ever and am ready to yield testimony by any good offices but with such reservations as yourself cannot but allow: for as I was ever sorry that your Lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune, so for the growing up of your own feathers, specially ostrich's, or any other save of a bird of prey, no man shall be more glad. And this is the axletree whereupon I have turned and shall turn; which to signify to you, though I think you are of yourself persuaded as much, is the cause of my writing; and so I commend your Lordship to God's goodness. From Gray's Inn, this 20th day of July, 1600.

Your Lordship's most humbly,

FR. BACON."<sup>1</sup>

To this letter Essex returns a very courteous and friendly answer, in which he says:—

"Your profession of affection, and offer of good offices, are welcome to me. For answer to them I will say but this: that you have believed I have been kind to you, and you may believe that I cannot be other, either upon humour or mine own election. I am a stranger to all poetical conceits, or else I should say somewhat of your poetical example."<sup>2</sup>

This same poetical conceit reappears more than once in the plays, as for instance in the third part of the "Henry VI.," thus:—

"Glos. Why what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl?

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, II. 190-1.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, 192.

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.  
*K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus."*

*Act V. Sc. 6.*

What answer Southampton returned, does not appear; but considering that personal relations of a confidential and peculiar nature and of special interest to both must have subsisted between them, underlying these merely political connections and state affairs, and that he had no just reason whatever for being offended with Bacon for his course in the political business, it is to be presumed that this assurance of his continuing friendship was received in the same spirit in which it was given. At any rate, it is certain that, after his liberation (though he was imprisoned again for a short time in 1603, on account of a sudden quarrel and high words with Lord Gray in the Queen's presence,<sup>1</sup>) he was very soon entirely restored to favor, with a full restoration of his titles, and was made Warden of the New Forest for life, in 1607,<sup>2</sup> the same year in which Bacon himself was made Solicitor-General. In 1609, he was one of the famous Virginia Company, organized under the royal auspices for the planting of new colonies and making "new nations," of which Sir Francis Bacon was also a member; and in 1610, he became reconciled with Philip, Earl of Montgomery, who, as well as his brother, the Earl of Pembroke, was also a member of this Company. And the Company's fleet, which sailed from the Thames, under Somers, in 1609, "met on its voyage at sea those singular and poetic storms and trials," which added "the still vexed Bermoothes" to the British Empire, and the "Tempest" to the world's literature.<sup>3</sup>

While this change in the state is taking place, we find Bacon making all reasonable efforts to gain a foothold with the new sovereign, and not without success in due time;

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Prog. K. James I.*, I. 198.

<sup>2</sup> *Mem. of the Court of James I.*, by Lucy Aiken, II. 230-243.

<sup>3</sup> *Pers. Hist. of Lord Bacon*, by Dixon, 197-200.

and for a beginning we have this very notable letter, addressed by him to "Master Davis, then gone to the King, at his first entrance":—

"MASTER DAVIS,— Though you went on the sudden, yet you could not go before you had spoken with yourself to the purpose, which I will now write. And therefore I know it shall be altogether needless, save that I meant to show you that I was not asleep. Briefly, I commend myself to your love and the well using my name; as well in repressing and answering for me, if there be any biting or nibbling at it in that place; as by imprinting a good conceit and opinion of me, chiefly in the King (of whose favour I make myself comfortable assurance); as otherwise in that court. And not only so, but generally to perform to me all the good offices, which the variety of your wit can suggest to your mind, to be performed to one, with whose affection you have so great sympathy; and in whose fortune you have so great interest. So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue."<sup>1</sup>

Now, this could be no other than Mr. John Davis of the Middle Temple (as the name is spelled by Nichols, or *Davies*, as it is written by Anthony Wood, Chalmers, and Craik), an Oxford scholar, and the distinguished poet, lawyer, judge, and statesman, already named as the author of "*Nosce Teipsum, or the Immortality of the Soul*," (published in 1599,) and one of the founders of the metaphysical school of poetry of that day, who, having been expelled from the Middle Temple on account of a quarrel with Mr. Richard Martin, a brother wit and poet, who enjoyed the esteem of Selden and Ben Jonson, was restored to his chambers, in 1601, by the help of Lord Chancellor Egerton (Ellesmere), the friend of Bacon; who went with Lord Hunsdon to meet the King in Scotland on his first entrance, and, on being presented to the king as the author of that poem, was embraced with great favor, and immediately "sworn his man," in March, 1603. He was soon after sent to Ireland as Solicitor-General, where he became a judge

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Mont.), VII. 114.



of assize ; was knighted in 1608, made a King's Serjeant in 1612, elected to Parliament in 1620, and was on the point of being raised to the King's Bench, when he died in 1626. According to Anthony Wood, he "was held in esteem by the noted scholars of the time, as W. Cambden, Sir Jo. Harrington the poet, Ben Jonson, facetie Hoskins," and others ; and at the date of this letter, which 'by the address' must have been written some time in March, 1603, it is evident that he was so intimate with Francis Bacon that it was presumed he would understand what was meant when he was desired "to be good to concealed poets" !<sup>1</sup>

Of this same metaphysical school was the learned poet, John Donne, a Cambridge man, who had been admitted to Lincoln's Inn, and accompanied the Earl of Essex on his expedition to Cadiz in 1596, and against the Islands in 1597, and, on his return to England, became the chief secretary of Lord Chancellor Egerton (Ellesmere), and an inmate of his family ; whence it is hardly possible he should not have been well acquainted with Francis Bacon. He afterwards took orders and became Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and subsequently Dean of St. Paul's ; but there seems to be no particular mention of his acquaintance with Bacon, beyond the statement of Nichols, that on the 24th of March 1617-18, the Lord Chancellor Bacon (whom Ellesmere had recommended for his successor), the Earl of Southampton, Secretary Winwood, and others, attended St. Paul's to hear a sermon from Dr. Donne.

It is pretty certain, however, that, in the list of these associates, there were some other persons, Essex and Southampton among them, who would have understood this letter equally well. In a familiar letter addressed to Essex, in January 1595, while the question of the Solicitorship was still pending, Bacon throws in a similar allusion, thus : "Desiring your good Lordship nevertheless not to con-

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Prog. K. James I.*, I. 52 ; II. 198 n. (1), London, 1823 ; Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, II. 400 ; Chalmers' *Eng. Poets*, V. 75.



lived in his imagination. It appears in the epistle dedicatory of the "Venus and Adonis," thus: "I know not how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen." In a letter to the King, we find this expression: "For in that other poor prop of my estate, which is the farming of the petty writs;" so, in Shakespeare, we have like expressions:—

"Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon."—*3 Henry VI.*

"Two props of virtue for a Christian."—*Richard III., Act II. Sc. 7.*

And again, —

"*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?"—*Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 4.*

And again, —

"You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house."—*Ibid., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

And speaking of those "illustrative examples" and that "true art," in which there was to be some departure from "the customary fashion," Bacon remarks in the Scaling Ladder, that "the industry and happiness of man" are not to be "indissolubly bound, as it were, to a single pillar"; and in his "Observations on a Libel," he uses the expression, "*their ancient pillar of lying wonders being decayed.*" And this same pillar is a frequent figure in Shakespeare, as thus:—

"And call them pillars that will stand to us."  
*3 Henry VI., Act II. Sc. 5.*

And again, —

"I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment."

*Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. 1.*

By itself alone, this use of a single word, or figure, might very well be deemed a trivial coincidence, or the mere result of common use; but when it is found that this is a

favorite metaphor in both, and only one of innumerable similitudes of like or even much stronger kind in these writings, it may come to have some significance. In the Dedication to the "Rape of Lucrece," the writer says: "What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours;" — a declaration which is at least consistent enough with the plan of the supposed arrangement.

## CHAPTER III.

### FURTHER PROOFS.

"Now for the Athenian question; you discourse well, *Quid igitur agendum est?* I will shoot my fool's bolt, since you will have it so." — BACON TO ESSEX (1598).

"*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt is soon shot." — *Henry V., Act III. Sc. 7.* (1599).

#### § 1. PARALLEL WORKS.

FRANCIS BACON was engaged, during the same period and afterwards, in writing and publishing works in prose on kindred and parallel subjects, as for instance, in particular, his *Masques*, the *Essays*, the *Fable of Cupid*, the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, the *New Atlantis*, the *Happy Memory*, the *Discourse in Praise of the Queen*, the *Characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar*, the *Histories of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.*, the *Advancement of Learning*, his *Speeches*, and the *Great Instauration of Science and Philosophy*; indeed, the whole of his works may come into the comparison, not excepting the *Novum Organum* itself. He was sounding all the depths and hidden mysteries of Nature, threading the labyrinth of all philosophy, and scaling with ladders the heights of the empyrean. A critical comparison of these writings with the plays and poems in question, it is firmly believed, will be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind, at all competent to judge of such a matter, not merely of that general resemblance which has been long ago frequently observed, and always attributed to the common usage and style of that age, but of such close similitudes in the thought, style, and diction as to leave no room for doubt of the absolute identity of the

authorship. The Essays, the Wisdom of the Ancients, the Letters, the Advancement of Learning, the Henry VII., and the New Atlantis, especially, abound in parallel topics, similar peculiarities of idea, like diction, and identical expressions; and the same solidity, brevity, and beauty of style and manner, and a like power of imagination, pervades them all. It is scarcely possible to doubt, for instance, that the Essay on Masques and Triumphs came from the same mind as Hamlet's instructions to the players, nor that the "Winter's Tale" came from the same source as the Essay on Gardens.

The "New Atlantis" was written as one of his feigned histories, or natural stories, or types and models, and with a main purpose of illustrating the new doctrines and methods, which the author was endeavoring to institute, and to present, as it were, a model of his idea of a College of the Universal Science. It is said to have given origin to the Royal Society of London, which is, however, an institution of somewhat different kind and scope.

On a general comparison of this work with the "Tempest," the similitude of the one to the other, in many points of the story, the leading ideas, the scene and conception of the whole, is very evident; and some parts of it may be traced in the "Timon of Athens." Like the island of Atlantis, Prospero's isle is situated afar off in the midst of the ocean, somewhere near "the still vex'd Bermoothes," but hitherto remote from all visitation of civilized men. Prospero, in his "full poor cell," where all the mysteries of science and the secrets of Nature are unfolded to him, attended by his master-spirit, Ariel, the genius of knowledge, is but another Solomon, with "an aspect as if he pitied men," in his House or College of the Six Days Works, in the island of Atlantis. Prospero, like Democritus and Anaxagoras, seems to have believed that "the truth of nature lieth hid in certain deep mines and caves,"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learning, Works* (Mont.), II. 131.

and his oracles, like those delivered to the Indian Prince in the Masque, came out of "one of the holiest vaults";<sup>1</sup> as Polonius says, in the play:—

"If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre." — *Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.*

Bacon frequently alludes to that "feigned supposition that Plato maketh of the cave."<sup>2</sup> Indeed, the cave, as we know, was a traditional source of the divinest wisdom with the ancient philosophers and poets. Plato takes his disciple into a dark cave, in order to bring to light some of the abstrusest doctrines and innermost secrets of his divine philosophy. Tasso's learned magician, Ubaldo, who was born a Pagan, but was regenerated by divine grace, also had his secret seat in a hidden cave, wherein he was yet not far from heaven; nor were his wonderful works done in virtue of infernal spirits, but of the study of Nature:—

"Ma splando men vo da lor vestigi,  
Qual in se virtù celi o l'erba o 'l fonte:  
E gli altri arcani di Natura ignoti  
Contemplo, e delle stelle i varii moti.  
XLIII. Perocche no ognor lunge dal' cielo  
Tra sotterranei chiostri e la mia stanza."

*Giur. Lib. XIV. 42-3.*

In the conception of Caliban, the author clearly intends to shadow forth his views of the savage island races, ethnologically considered, and he discloses the idea, which was doubtless Bacon's opinion, as it was that of Plato, that these savages were indigenous to the soil on which they were found, and that the races of men, like the rest of the animal kingdom, were created in distinct centres, or had a separate development, on different continents, and on a graduated scale of ascending types of form, rising by degrees,

<sup>1</sup> *Masque*; Spedding's *Letters and Life*, I. 388.

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learning*, Bk. II.

in the course of "a length and infinity of time,"<sup>1</sup> from apes to savages, and from savages to the higher types of civilized men ; as the science of paleontology now more clearly demonstrates, according to the principles of zoölogy, and according to the Transcendental Architectonic of the Divine Idea ; — of all which he had been able to obtain something more than a mere hint even from Plato. And so he writes down Caliban

"A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick." — *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

The "Midsummer-Night's Dream" is a work somewhat like in character, in which the writer evidently means to exhibit, not merely the invisible spirit of Nature under various forms of fable, but also the first dawnings of a human intelligence, even in the lower animals, and the effect of Orpheus' music and "universal philosophy" upon them, when "they all stood about him gently and sociably, as in a theatre, listening only to the concords of his lyre," which could "draw the wild beasts and the woods"; — for "Orpheus himself, — a man admirable and truly divine, who being master of all harmony, subdued and drew all things after him by sweet and gentle measures, — may pass by an easy metaphor for philosophy personified";<sup>2</sup> — and also the universal nature of love, after the accounts which Bacon says are "given by the poets of Cupid or Love," which "are not properly applicable to the same person," the ancient Cupid being different from the younger Cupid, the son of Venus; "yet the discrepancy is such that one may see where the confusion is and where the similitude, and reject the one and receive the other."<sup>3</sup> And so Titania says to "Bottom with an ass' head," —

"I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers doth sleep:

<sup>1</sup> Plato.    <sup>2</sup> *Wisd. of the Anc.* (Orpheus), *Works* (Boston), XIII. 110.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* (Cupid), 122.



And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

And again :

*Til.* What, wilt thou hear some music, sweet love ?

*Bot.* I have a reasonably good ear in music: let us have the  
tongs and bones.

*Til.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Ober.* There lies your love.

*Til.* How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

*Ober.* Silence, a while. — Robin, take off his head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five, the sense.

*Til.* Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"For," continues Bacon, "as the works of wisdom surpass in dignity and power the works of strength, so the labours of Orpheus surpass the labours of Hercules. . . . And all this went on for some time with happy success and great admiration; till at last certain Thracian women, under the stimulation and excitement of Bacchus, came where he was; and first they blew such a hoarse and hideous blast upon a horn, that the sound of his music could no longer be heard for the din: whereupon the charm being broken that had been the bond of that order and good-fellowship, confusion began again; the beasts returned each to his several nature and preyed one upon the other as before; the stones and woods stayed no longer in their places: while Orpheus himself was torn to pieces by the women in their fury, and his limbs scattered about the fields: at whose death, Helicon (river sacred to the Muses) in grief and indignation buried his waters under the earth, to reappear elsewhere."<sup>1</sup> With which compare these allusions in the play,<sup>2</sup> in which Hercules, Bacchus, Orpheus, and the Thracian women crop out in the same order, thus: —

<sup>1</sup> *Wisd. of the Anc.* (Orpheus), *Works* (Boston), XIII. 111.

<sup>2</sup> The italics are those of the play.

"Phil. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;  
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

*Lys.* [Reads.] '*The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*'

*Thes.* We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*Lys.* '*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*'

*Thes.* That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*Lys.* '*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*'

*Thes.* That is some satire, keen and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*Lys.* '*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.*'

*Thes.* Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!  
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord? " — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

How shall we discover "where the confusion is and where  
the similitude"!

The younger Cupid, however, according to Bacon, "applied the appetite to an individual object. From Venus, therefore, comes the general disposition, from Cupid the more exact sympathy. Now the general disposition depends upon causes near at hand, the particular sympathy upon principles more deep and fatal, and as if derived from that ancient Cupid, who is the source of all exquisite sympathy."<sup>1</sup>  
And so, we have it in the play, thus: —

"*Lys.* [Hermia], for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood, —

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years; —

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of merit: —

*Her.* O Hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

<sup>1</sup> *Wisd. of the Anc.* (Cupid), *Works* (Boston), XIII. 125.

Making it momentary as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say,—‘Behold!’  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
 So quick bright things come to *confusion*.

*Her.* If, then, true lovers have been ever crossed,  
 It stands as an *edict in destiny*.” — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

Wherein we have a repetition of this same *confusion*, this *sympathy*, and these *principles more deep and fatal*. And for this play, the scene shall be “Athens; and a wood not far from it.” It is very much such a scene as that of “the Forest of Arden,” in the “As You Like It,” or that of the “Timon,” which was “Athens; and the woods adjoining”; but the object, in this play, is “the culture and cure of the mind,” in respect of this matter of love, and not now “in points of fortune.” And the subject compasses the entire scale of being, and stretches, in like manner as in the “Timon,” from “the woodlands, as it were, of nature,” even into the commonwealth of Athens, and endeavors “to climb by regular succession to the height of things, like so many tops of mountains.”<sup>1</sup> At least, the writer will himself view the subject from these tops and these “uppermost elevations of nature, where his station will be serene” and his “prospects delightful,” as from that cliff of Plato, which, says Bacon, was “raised above the confusion of things:” —

“We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain’s top,  
 And mark the musical confusion  
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* . . . . I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.” — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

But the scene is, for the most part, in “a wood near Athens,” where fairies and spirits “do wander everywhere, for

“Our intent  
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might

<sup>1</sup> Scaling-ladder.

Without the peril of the Athenian law —

*Ege.* Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough.  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

And we are now to be taken into the very region of this Love, which is "the appetite or instinct of primal matter," says Bacon, "or, to speak more plainly, *the natural motion of the atom*; which is indeed the original and unique force that constitutes and fashions all things out of matter;" as in the imagery of these lines of the "As You Like It," thus: —

"*Phœbe*. . . . Thou tell'st me there is murder in my eye;  
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!" — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

"For," continues the philosopher, "the summary law of nature, that impulse of desire impressed by God upon the primary particles of matter which makes them come together, and which by repetition and multiplication produces all the variety of nature, is a thing which mortal thought may glance at, but can hardly take in":<sup>1</sup> —

"*Tit.* . . . Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.<sup>2</sup>  
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist; the female ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

And again, in the "As You Like It": —

"*Ros.* There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Even the animals partake of the universal enchantment in this play: —

"When in that moment (so it came to pass),  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> *Wisd. of the Anc.* (Cupid), *Works* (Boston), XIII. 123.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. White reads, "be a while away," adopting one of Collier's forgeries, which is too tame: it was of the very nature of these fairies, representing the spirit of universal Nature, to be "all ways away."

But, says the philosopher again, "the fable relates to the cradle and infancy of nature, and pierces deep," and we shall have a play, now, which shall be

"As the remembrance of an idle gawd,  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon";—

and things

"More strange than true: I never may believe  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact":— *Act V. Sc. 1.*

like a child; for Cupid "is described with great elegance as a little child, and a child forever; for things compounded are larger and are affected by age; whereas the primary seeds of things, or atoms, are minute, and remain in perpetual infancy." — <sup>1</sup>

"*Thea.* Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most, to my capacity." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

And therefore, we will have here a dumb show of "Wall and Moonshine," and a mere piece of child's play:—

"*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

"*Thea.* The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worse are no worse, if imagination amend them." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"*Dem.* These things seem small, and undistinguishable,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

"*Her.* Methinks I see things with parted eye,  
When every thing seems double.

"*Hel.* So methinks:  
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

"*Dem.* It seems to me  
That yet we sleep, we dream." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Very like; but, nevertheless, "all compounds (to one that considers them rightly) are masked and clothed. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Wisd. of the Anc.* (Cupid), *Works* (Boston), XIII. 124.

The blindness, likewise, of Cupid, has an allegorical meaning full of wisdom. For it seems that this Cupid, whatever he be, has very little providence; but directs his course, like a blind man groping, by whatever he finds nearest; which makes the supreme divine Providence all the more to be admired, as that which contrives out of subjects peculiarly empty and destitute 'of providence, and as it were blind, to educe by a fatal and necessary law all the order and beauty of the universe":<sup>1</sup>

"*Hel.* Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity:  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he often is beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere."—*Act I. Sc. 2.*

And,

"When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end."  
*Act III. Sc. 2.*

And the whole thing,

"Such tricks hath strong imagination,"

shall pierce so deep, that "it shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom"; for this Cupid is, "next to God, the cause of causes—itself without a cause."<sup>2</sup> And such certainly is the judgment of the sacred philosopher, when he says, "He hath made all things beautiful according to their seasons; also he hath submitted the world to man's inquiry, yet so that men cannot find out the work which God worketh from the beginning to the end."<sup>3</sup> And again, we have a touch of this same deep-sounding philosophy, in the "As You Like It," thus:—

<sup>1</sup> *Wisd. of the Anc.* (Cupid), 125.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* (Cupid), 123.

<sup>3</sup> *Essay of the Vicissitude of Things.*

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love." — *Act I V. Sc. 1.*

The object and purpose of these plays may receive some further illustration from the following account of Orpheus' Theatre, where, says Bacon, "all beasts and birds assembled, and forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening to the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was *drowned* by some louder noise, but every heart returned to his own nature: wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or that sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion."<sup>1</sup>

This last expression may call to mind the "Tempest," in which all things were *to dissolve* and "leave not a rack behind," and "deeper than did ever plummet sound," he would *drown* his book; which word *drown*, having got much into use with the writer, will drop out occasionally even in much graver works: as when he speaks of the Lord Chancellor Morton, who proposed a law against conspiring the death of a King's Counsellor, as "drowning the envy of it in a general law."<sup>2</sup>

And this same teaching, drawn from "Orpheus' Theatre," reappears more largely in the "Merchant of Venice," thus: —

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learn. ; Works* (Mont.), II. 177.

<sup>2</sup> *History of Henry VII. ; Works* (Boston), XI. 131.

*"Lor.* How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
*Sit, Jessica:* look, how the floor of Heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter MUSICIANS.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
 And draw her home with music. *[Music.]*

*Jess.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
 If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand.  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus.  
 Let no such man be trusted. — *Mark the music.* — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

Here, we have not only the same general scope of thought, ideas, and imagery, but certain particular and unmistakable earmarks by which we may know the identity of the writer; as for instance, in the use of the phrases "sweet power of music" and "concord of sweet sounds," "sweetly touched" and "sweetest touches," the words "savage" and "silent," the sound of "a trumpet" heard and a "hideous blast upon



a horn," the "motions of his spirit" and "the natural motion of the atom," and the discourse running on "the affections"; and in the prose, when the music ceases, every heart returns "to his own nature"; but in the poetry, "music for the time doth change his nature." And indeed the careful reader, who is familiar with his style and manner and diction, cannot fail to recognize him in every line.

Similar ideas touching the history of the human race and the order of divine providence in the creation are contained elsewhere in the writings of Bacon. Concerning the countries of the New World, then lately discovered, he says, "the great winding-sheets that bury all things in oblivion are two: deluges and earthquakes."<sup>1</sup> He thought it probable that the people of the West Indies were "a newer and younger people than the people of the old world"; and he says, "it is much more likely that the destruction that hath heretofore been there was not by earthquakes (as the Egyptian priest told Solon concerning the Island of Atlantis, *that it was swallowed by an earthquake*), but rather that it was desolated by a particular deluge. . . . Their Andes, likewise, or mountains, are far higher than those with us; whereby it seems that the remnants of *generation of men* [*'reliquias stirpis hominum'*] were in such a particular deluge saved":<sup>2</sup>

<p>"Gon. I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should say, I saw such islanders, (For certes, these are people of the island) Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of <i>Our human generation</i> you shall find Many, nay, almost any.</p>	<p>If in Naples Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present, Are worse than devils." — <i>Tempest</i>, Act III. Sc. 3.</p>
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He thus distinctly intimates an opinion that the races of

<sup>1</sup> *Essay of the Vicissitude of Things*.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays*, Works (Mont.), I. 187-9; Works (Boston), XII. 274.





According to the gift which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men."

*Macbeth, Act III. Sc. 1.*

These learned investigations, together with the Summary (or Higher) Philosophy, of which Bacon had some knowledge, but of which such a man as William Shakespeare could have had but little notion, might lead up the author of the "Tempest" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," beyond the Scriptural allegories of Noah's Ark and the Garden of Eden, to those more comprehensive and more profoundly philosophical conceptions of things, which are distinctly imaged forth in these beautiful dramas. At the same time, it will be borne in mind that the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written as early as 1594, and the "Tempest" in 1611, while the "New Atlantis" was not written until after 1620, and the "Wisdom of the Ancients" was first printed (in Latin) in 1610; and this effectually excludes all possibility that William Shakespeare could have borrowed from Bacon in the writing of these plays. And the like is true in many other instances. On the other hand, like instances will be given to show, that Francis Bacon could not have borrowed from Shakespeare, otherwise than from himself.

Furthermore, it may be observed, in this connection, that those remarkable passages, which are most frequently quoted by the great lights of modern literature in proof of the deep insight of Shakespeare and his superiority as a poet, may be taken as evidence that the writer had attained to those deeply metaphysical ideas concerning the constitution of the universe and the nature and destiny of man in it, which have been entertained in any age, as they now are, by a small number of the profoundest thinkers and most rare and learned men only. The writings of Bacon, carefully studied, will show that he was familiar with these heights and depths, and that, having lighted his torch at

the glorious sun of Plato (not neglecting Aristotle), he was, with that illumination and the help of his own newer methods, exploring "the universal world," and endeavoring to instaurate, as it were in advance, not the experimental science merely, but the higher philosophy of the XIXth century. Without the help of such studies, there is no possibility, now, for any man to attain to this philosophy; much less William Shakespeare, or even Bacon himself, in that age. That Shakespeare had ever turned his attention at all to studies which lay in that direction, we have no other proof than what the plays themselves afford; but, on the contrary, we have pretty decisive evidence, in his personal history, that he could never have done so. There was no other man of that time but Bacon that we know of, who had done so to the same extent as he; for even that Platonic thinker and poet, George Herbert, is not to be excepted; or if there be any exception, he will be found to have been, like Sidney, Greville, Sackville, Raleigh, Herbert, Hooker, Selden, Donne, or Cudworth, a child of the University, that could bring to his work as an author the discipline and finish of accurate and thorough scholarship, the rich spoils of classic antiquity, and the fruits of years of learned research, in the course of which the depths of Plato must have been sounded. But no other man can be named, who is not, upon considerations of another kind, completely excluded from the question of this authorship; and hence a ground of argument of no little weight, that Bacon must have been the man.

The Wisdom of the Ancients, and the Characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, may show the direction of his studies, and they disclose the source of that familiar acquaintance with the Grecian mythology and the Roman history, and with the ancient manners and customs, which is so distinctly displayed in these poetical works, and particularly in the "Troilus and Cressida," the "Timon of Athens," the "Antony and Cleopatra," the "Coriolanus," and the

"Julius Cæsar." The Memory and Discourse of Queen Elizabeth find a parallel in Cranmer's Speech in compliment to King James and "the maiden phoenix," his predecessor; the History of Henry VII. in the tragedy of Richard III. and the other plays founded on English history and the Wars of the Roses; the intended History of Henry VIII., in the tragedy of that name; the New Atlantis, in prose, in these types and models in verse; and the Essays, the Advancement, the Natural History, and the Novum Organum, may render the civil and moral maxims, the natural science, and the metaphysical philosophy of the plays possible for their author, if he be taken to have been Francis Bacon.

## § 2. BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson must have been in the secret of this arrangement. Steevens thought the Dedication and Preface of Heming and Condell's Folio must have been written by him. He certainly took a large part in bringing this marvellous volume to light, and in parading in the frontispiece the stolid effigies of this mountebank, which probably needed no disguise from the burin of Droeshout to make it a veritable mask of Momus, in imperturbable mock-seriousness, shaking his lance at the eyes of ignorance, "martial in the warlike sound of his surname, *Hastivibrans*,"<sup>1</sup> says garrulous old Fuller; while, at the same time, he slyly inserts, on the opposite page, that significant advice, —

"Reader, looke,  
Not on his picture, but his booke."

The style, manner, and diction of this Dedication and Preface are much more nearly that of Bacon; but it may very well have been Jonson. The story of the players, that Shakespeare never blotted out a line, has already been alluded to; but when it is remembered that Ben Jonson

<sup>1</sup> *Worthies of England*, III. 284.

was an intimate friend and great admirer of Bacon, deeming him "by his works one of the greatest of men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages"; that he wrote a poem in honor of "England's High Chancellor," for the festivities at York House on the anniversary of his sixtieth birthday, in which he speaks of him as one

" Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool; "

that he was certainly present, if he did not take an active part, in bringing out the "Henry VIII." at the Globe, in 1613; that he was one of those "good pens" whose learned service Bacon employed in the translation of his English works into Latin; that even "in his adversity," after his fall from power, he could not "condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest"; and that he was himself a scholar, a critic, and a judge of men; it can scarcely be doubted, either that this anecdote of the players would be in the possession of Bacon, and as likely to be used by him as by Jonson himself, or that Jonson would have the sagacity and the means to discover the secret of this authorship, as well as the honor and good faith to keep it. He knew the cast of Bacon's mind and character. He had read his prose compositions, had translated some of them into Latin, and must have been familiar with his mode of thinking and his style of writing. And it is scarcely credible that he should not have recognized in the plays of Shakespeare, the hand and genius of the master whom he so much admired. That he appreciated this poetry in as high a degree as the critics of later times, even down to our day, may be clearly seen in his poetical "Eulogy" on Shakespeare. It is carefully dedicated to the "Memory" of Shakespeare "and what he hath left us"; and the whole tenor of it is such as to fix the attention of the reader more on the writings than on the man. It was certainly his

opinion, that the great poet had not been merely born, but made : —

“For a good poet's made as well as born,  
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines,  
In his well-turned and true-fil'd lines;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.”

And the concluding lines of this “Eulogy,” in which the volume itself still makes the principal figure, may be applied with force and equal appropriateness to the other : —

“Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,  
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy Volumes' light.”

There are some vague traditions that Ben Jonson severely criticized the productions of Shakespeare, and was envious of his superiority and his fame. They seem to be founded on the writings of Jonson himself; and from these, it should rather be inferred that Jonson could not really have believed that William Shakespeare was the actual author of the works which were produced in his name. His account of the anecdote of the players runs thus : — “I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted out line.” Now, no man knew better than Jonson, not even Pope, the utter impossibility of such works as these dramas being dashed off, in a rapid first draught, at once finished and complete, without a line blotted. That the players thought so, must have been a fine joke for him and Bacon; that the players said so, may be taken as evidence that they thought it a pretty good jest themselves. Bacon transcribed the “*Novum Organum*” some twelve times, before it was finished to his satisfaction. Burke copied his “*French Revolution*” six times, before he would suffer it to receive the final stamp of the press. Smaller poems



may have been sometimes composed and written down at once complete. Goethe tells us, that, sometimes, when he had conceived a sonnet, or a song, he immediately ran to paper, and jotted it down, before it should vanish from his memory. Alfieri wrote his tragedies first in brief prose, then in extended form, and lastly, put them into verse; and Virgil, about to die, after many years of toil, is said to have commended the "*Æneid*" to the flames as not yet finished to his liking. Where is the record in all literary history of extended compositions like these dramas having been spun out in this Arachne-like fashion? The very proposition is well-nigh absurd. Common actors might possibly believe, or imagine, that their facetious manager, amidst the daily bustle of the theatre, and in the few hours of leisure which he could snatch from business, or from sleep, out of his miraculous invention, and with the inspired pen of born genius, could dash off a Hamlet, or a Lear, perfect to a syllable, as easily as twinkle his eye. But the learned and judicious critic, or any capable judge of the matter, will rather turn his search to the retired chambers of Gray's Inn, or to the embowered lodge of Twickenham Park, or to the blooming gardens of Gorhambury, where sat brooding in silence and in private the great soul that had taken all knowledge for his province, hopefully murmuring, "Sir, I lack advancement," and "I eat the air, promise-crammed," yet diligently pursuing his "vast contemplative ends," with plenty of leisure and little business, leading a life "so private" that he had "had no means" to do the Lord Burghley "service,"<sup>1</sup> thin and pale with "inward secret grief," and continually sickly "by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep"; and that onward, nearly so, for the space of thirty long years, publicly looking for promotion in the state, while privately elaborating, and doubtless with the most scrupulous care, the great works in prose and verse, which were to carry his name and memory to foreign

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Burghley.

nations and the next ages. No doubt, the original manuscripts which came to the hands of William Shakespeare, or the copies that came into the hands of the players, would be clean and complete, with never a line blotted, — a wonderful miracle, indeed, to the players ! And so, the sonnet sings :—

“How like a Winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year?  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?  
 What old December's bareness everywhere?  
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,  
 The teeming Autumn big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease:  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of Orphans, and unfather'd fruit,  
 For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And thou away, the very birds are mute,  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter's near.”

*Sonnet xcviil.*<sup>1</sup>

The remainder of Ben Jonson's account of Shakespeare is much in keeping with this hypothesis. He says further: “My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted out a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour, for I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to

<sup>1</sup> Sonnets (Fac-simile of the ed. of 1609), London, 1862.

him, 'Caesar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause;' and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."<sup>1</sup>

This line, it seems, is not correctly quoted from any known edition of the play; the statement may refer to Shakespeare's mode of speaking the passage as an actor on the stage; and the whole account carries with it an air of irony, and the appearance of a constrained vindication of himself from a malevolent and ridiculous complaint of ignorant persons. His observations relate, in part, to the person of Shakespeare, and, in part, to his supposed productions, perhaps; though in this, he is equivocal and indefinite. If he knew the secret, he certainly meant to keep it. His intimation, that the rule of his wit was not sufficiently in his power, and that he sometimes made himself ridiculous, probably had some foundation in fact. He could not well refrain from rebuking the folly of the players, nor from vindicating himself from the charge of malevolence towards Shakespeare. With regard to the personal qualities of the man, his opinion may be taken as coming near the truth. These are the qualities of an agreeable companion, a facetious fellow, and a prosperous manager; but they do not account for these plays, nor for that excellent appreciation of their quality, which we find in Ben Jonson's "Eulogy."

The traditions handed down by Fuller are of like import. "Jonson," says he, "was built far higher in learning, solid but slow; but Shakespeare lesser in bulk, but lighter for sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his art and invention." All this is a mere afterthought, and a tale of mythical growth, like his other old saw of *Poeta nascitur*, and his Cornish diamonds, that were not polished by any lapidary; and they may illustrate how "Nature itself was all

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*.

the art which was used" upon William Shakespeare; but they do not explain the origin of these very extraordinary compositions.

Another, traditionary document may be mentioned, which was published in 1643-5, and was believed by Sir Egerton Bridges to have been the work of George Withers, the poet. Withers was born in 1588, and died in 1667, and he may be considered as a contemporary. This document will show, that Lord Bacon, in the opinion of Withers, at least, was entitled to high rank among his contemporaries in the kingdom of Apollo. It is entitled "The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours, at which are arraigned Mercurius Brittanicus, Mercurius Aulicus," &c., (periodical publications of that time). It proceeds thus:

"The Members of the Parnassian Court are as follows:—

#### APOLLO.

THE LORD VERULAM, Chancellor of Parnassus.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, High Constable of Parnassus.

WILLIAM BUDÆUS, High Treasurer.

JOHN PICUS, EARL OF MIRANDULA, High Chamberlaine.

JULIUS CÆSAR SCALIGER. ISAAC CASAUBON.

ERASMUS ROTERODAM. JOHN SELDEN.

JUSTUS LIPSIUS. HUGO GROTIUS.

JOHN BARCKLAY. DANIEL HEINSIUS.

JOHN BODINE. CONRADUS VORSTIUS.

ADRIAN TURNEBUS. AUGUSTINE MASCARDUS.

#### *The Jurors.*

GEORGE WITHERS. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THOMAS CARY. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THOMAS MAY. JOHN FLETCHER.

WILLIAM DAVENANT. THOMAS HAYWOOD.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

GEORGE SANDERS. PHILIP MASSINGER.

#### *The Malefactors [as in the title.]*

JOSEPH SCALIGER, the Censour of Manners in Parnassus

BEN JONSON, Keeper of the Trophonian Denne.

JOHN TAYLOUR, Cryer of the Court.

EDMUND SPENSER, Clerk of the Assizes."

Then follows a poetical account of the empanelling of the jury, the arraignment of the malefactors, and the proceedings generally, "soure Ben," all the while, having the culprits in custody in "the Trophonian Denne."<sup>1</sup>

### § 3. MATTHEW'S POSTSCRIPT.

Another very remarkable piece of evidence is Mr. Tobie Matthew's postscript. It is appended to a letter to Bacon, which is itself without date, but is addressed to the Viscount St. Alban, and must therefore necessarily have been subsequent to the 27th day of January, 1621, when his Lordship was invested with that title. The letter is found in the collection of Birch, and is placed by him among those "wanting both dates and circumstances to determine the date."<sup>2</sup> It appears to be in answer to a letter from Lord Bacon dated "the 9th of April" (year not given), accompanying some "great and noble token" of his "Lordship's favour," which was, in all probability, a newly printed book; for Bacon, as we know from the Letters, was in the habit of sending to Mr. Matthew a copy of his books as they were published; and much of their correspondence had relation more or less to the books and writings on which Bacon was at the time engaged. We know that the works published by Lord Bacon, after 1620, were the History of Henry VII., in March, 1622; the De Augmentis, in October, 1623, the Apothegms, in December, 1624, and the Essays and Psalms, in 1625; and there is reason to believe that the Folio of 1623, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in November of that year, was issued from the press in the spring of that year, — there being a copy now in existence bearing the date of 1622 on the title-page, showing that a part of the edition was actually struck off before the end of 1622. In like manner, the first edition of the Apothegms bears date 1625, though in fact pub-

<sup>1</sup> Bridges' *Brit. Bibliographer*, I. 513.

<sup>2</sup> *Works* (Mont.) XII. 468; (Philad.) III. 160.

lished in December, 1624.<sup>1</sup> We know, also, from the Letters, that Mr. Matthew resided in London in the years 1621-2, and down to the 18th day of April, 1623, the date of a letter of Bacon, which he was to carry with him into Spain to the Duke of Buckingham, in whose service he was to be there employed; and he returned to England with the Duke and the Prince in October, 1623, and received from the King at Royston the honor of knighthood on the 10th day of that month.<sup>2</sup> He remained a few years in London, and then went to Ireland. In a letter to the Duke, dated at Gorhambury, March 20th, 1621-2, Bacon says: "I am bold to present your Lordship with a book of my History of King Henry VII., and now that, in summer that was twelve months, I dedicated a book to his Majesty, and this last summer, this book to the Prince, your Lordship's turn is next; and this summer that cometh, if I live to it, shall be yours." The *Novum Organum* had been dedicated to the King in 1620, and if we count the summers, we shall see that the summer of 1621 was devoted to the History of Henry VII., and that of 1622 to the *De Augmentis*, which was to be dedicated to Buckingham, but was not published until October, 1623, just after the Duke's return from Spain. On the 20th of March, 1622, copies of the History of Henry VII. were presented to the King and Buckingham, and on the 20th of April following, one to the Queen of Bohemia, as we see by the Letters.<sup>3</sup> And it is not improbable, that on the 9th of April of the same year, a copy may have been sent to Mr. Matthew also, and that this may have been the "noble token" referred to. Neither is there anything at all in the way of the supposition that this date may actually have been the 9th of April, 1623; and there was no publication of any work of Bacon, during that spring, which he would

<sup>1</sup> *Spedding's Pref. Works* (Boston), XIII. 314.

<sup>2</sup> *Nichols' Prog. James I.*, III. 930 n.

<sup>3</sup> *Works* (Mont.) XII. 430; XIII. 38, 39.

be sending to Mr. Matthew, unless it were precisely this Folio of 1623: nor does anything appear on record to indicate a later date than this for this very notable postscript. And considering that it was this same Mr. Tobie Matthew, who personated the "Squire" in the masque at Essex's house; that he was "one of the most eccentric characters of that age," an intimate literary friend of Bacon, and a correspondent of long standing, to whom he was in the habit of sending his books as they came out, making him, too, sometimes, his critical "inquisitor"<sup>1</sup> beforehand; that, at this very time, the closest relations of friendship and correspondence subsisted between them, "being," says Bacon, not long after, in a letter to Cottington, "as true a friend as any you or I have;"<sup>2</sup> and that he was himself a scholar, and a son of the Archbishop of York, with whom also Bacon corresponded, and was particularly familiar with Bacon's writings, mind, and character; we shall be prepared not to be so greatly surprised at the intimation given in this postscript, that he knew a secret, respecting which he could not forbear to compliment his Lordship on this occasion; and the more especially, if we may suppose that it was the new Folio that he had before him. The letter runs thus:—

*"To the Lord Viscount St. Alban:—*

"MOST HONORED LORD,—I have received your great and noble token and favour of the 9th of April, and can but return the humblest of my thanks for your Lordship's vouchsafing so to visit this poorest and unworthiest of your servants. It doth me good at heart, that, although I be not where I was in place, yet I am in the fortune of your Lordship's favour, if I may call that fortune, which I observe to be so unchangeable. I pray hard that it may once come in my power to serve you for it; and who can tell but that, as *fortis imaginatio generat casum*, so strong desires may do as much? Sure I am that mine are ever waiting on your

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to Matthew.*

<sup>2</sup> *Letter 1623, Works (Mont.), XII. 445.*

Lordship; and wishing as much happiness as is due to your incomparable virtue, I humbly do your Lordship reverence.

"Your Lordship's most obliged and humble servant,

"TOBIE MATTHEW.

"P. S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." (1)

Now, who else but this same Shakespeare could have been considered by Mr. Matthew to be a cover for the most prodigious wit of all England, at that day? or what else could have more naturally prompted this unique postscript than the new History of Henry VII., all sparkling with Shakespearean diamonds, or indeed this Folio, all blazing with the Baconian wit, power, and beauty? It could not have been Bacon as philosopher, statesman, or eminent prose-writer; for all his known works were published under his own name. Neither could the word *wit* have been used here in the more general sense of that day as meaning genius and ability in general; for in this sense, it could only have been applied to these same acknowledged works. It must therefore have been intended in the special sense of the word as now used. That Bacon was a great wit in every sense of the word, needs no demonstration here. We have direct and satisfactory evidence of it in his own writings everywhere; and it has been proverbial with all who have written concerning him, from Ben Jonson to Macaulay. Queen Elizabeth said he "had a great wit and much learning"; Ben Jonson, that he could not "spare or pass by a jest"; Sir Robert Naunton, a contemporary, says of Sir Nicholas Bacon, that he was "an arch-peece of wit, and of wisdom," and "abundantly facetious; which tooke much with the queene"; and he adds that "he was father to that refined wit, which since hath acted a disastrous part on the publique stage, and of late sate in his

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XII. 468; (III., Philad. 160).



father's roome as lord chancellor";<sup>1</sup> and this testimony of Mr. Matthew that he was a "most prodigious wit" may be taken as settling the question. Clearly, somebody was shining in borrowed feathers, which not only belonged to Bacon, but made him the most prodigious wit of that side of the sea; and of this, Mr. Matthew was unquestionably a competent judge. It could have been no other than that "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," that the incredulous Greene knew for "a *Johannes factotum*" and "the only Shake-scene in a country."

Mr. Matthew was much in the habit of adding postscripts to his letters to Bacon. In one, he asks his lordship to send him "some of his philosophical labours"; and in a letter to Mr. Matthew, Bacon writes: "I have sent you some copies of my book of the 'Advancement,' which you desired, and a little work of my recreation, which you desired not."<sup>2</sup> What this "little work" was, there is no intimation; and it might be altogether too great a stretch of the imagination to suppose it may have been a quarto play. Nevertheless, it may not be unreasonable to believe that these little recreations of his other studies may have helped to furnish the key, by which the secret had been unlocked. In fact, it would be well-nigh incredible, that a scholar, who was so familiar with Bacon and his writings as Ben Jonson, or Sir Tobie Matthew, must have been, should not have discovered the hand and soul of Francis Bacon in these plays of Shakespeare as certainly as a Bernouilli the genius of Newton in the anonymous solution of a mathematical problem, — *ex ungue Leonem*: — especially, when he ventured to write in this manner in the Sonnets: —

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride?  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods, and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,

<sup>1</sup> *Fragmenta Regalia*, 75, (London, 1824).

<sup>2</sup> Letter, *Works* (Philad.), III. 71; (Mont.), XVI., Note A A A. (1605).

And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ? ”

*Sonnet lxxvi.*

Which wonder shall find an echo in his Prayers, thus : —  
“ The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been  
precious in mine eyes : I have hated all cruelty and hard-  
ness of heart : I have, though in a despised weed, procured  
the good of all men.” <sup>1</sup>

#### § 4. CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

A critical comparison of these poetical works with the writings of contemporary authors will result always in a complete exclusion of them all from any competition for this authorship. Question has been made by some critics as to some few of the earlier and less conspicuous plays, but of the greater ones, and especially of those which have a more philosophical character, as also of the sonnets and poems, no well-grounded doubt has ever been entertained, that they were all the work of one and the same writer. In these, as indeed in all the rest, the style and manner of the genuine Shakespeare are so distinctly marked and so peculiar as at once to distinguish them from the productions of any other writer of that or any other age. The style and genius of Shakespeare have ever been considered, if not unapproachable, at least perfectly *sui generis*. In this comparison, in respect of philosophic depth of insight, knowledge of art, and the fundamental principles of dramatic composition, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Marlowe, Drayton, and the rest, sink to the level of ordinary writers : their range in the world of thought and knowledge lay far below him. Bacon's prose, compared with that of other writers of his own or any other age, is no less distinguishable, nor less decidedly characteristic of the individual man.

<sup>1</sup> Prayer, *Works*, (Philad.), II. 405

Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have been considered, by at least one writer,<sup>1</sup> to have been equal to a share in this work. He was indeed a polished courtier, a learned man for that day, and a patron of learning and art, himself a distinguished author in prose and verse, a scientific investigator and a somewhat philosophical thinker. He was thirty-seven years of age when the "Titus Andronicus" appeared, in 1589. His youth was spent abroad in the wars; and, after his introduction at Court, in 1582, his time and attention must have been more or less exclusively occupied with his courtly company, his parliamentary duties, his military expeditions, his voyages of discovery, and his various business transactions, down to the death of the Queen and the beginning of his troubles in 1603; and the "History of the World" and other writings on which he is known to have been employed, while a prisoner in the Tower, will scarcely leave room for the prosecution of a work of this kind. Any theory that these works were the product of a society, or club, or partnership, of two or more individuals, will have to be given up as wholly untenable: it is utterly inadmissible. The earlier part of Raleigh's life was outwardly active, full of personal display, great exploit, and stirring events. He took trunks of books on his voyages, and experimented in chemistry at home; but, on the whole, his time for study must have been small, and his range of thought and knowledge limited, in comparison with Bacon. It is plain from his writings, that his studies in the ancient learning and philosophy, and his acquirements generally, were rather superficial than profound in this comparison. His "Treatise on the Soul" may be taken as a fair test of his philosophic depth; and, compared with Bacon and Shakespeare, it shrinks into the dimensions of a very small affair. And what is still more conclusive of him, as of the rest of his contemporaries, his writings, in prose and verse, exhibit another style and man altogether.

<sup>1</sup> *Phil. of Shaks. Plays Unfolded*, by Delia Bacon, 1857.

## § 5. REASONS FOR CONCEALMENT.

With Bacon himself, a desire to rise in the profession of the law, or his ambition for high place in the State, the plan of life he had chosen to follow, the low reputation of a play-writer, in that age, and the mean condition and estate of all poor poets, the need of a larger liberty and a more daring freedom of thought and expression than he could have ventured to take, without some danger to his fortunes, or even to his personal liberty, at times, if it had been known that he was the author of these plays, and more especially, perhaps, a desire that his reputation, both with his contemporaries and with after times, should finally rest upon his acknowledged writings and his philosophical works in particular, as of greater dignity and better becoming his station and the civil honors he sought to attain, in accordance with the ideas of that age, — these, not to dwell upon other reasons of a philosophical and critical nature, and of a higher and more disinterested character, — are of themselves, perhaps, a sufficient explanation of his wish to cover this authorship, and to remain a concealed poet, in his own time; and especially in the earlier part of his career, when the private arrangement, if it existed, must have been made. In his dedication of the “*Colours of Good and Evil*” to Lord Mountjoy, in 1595–7, he expressly tells us, that it was his “manner and rule to keep state in contemplative matters.” Lord Coke was not alone among those in high places, at that day, whose opinion was, that play-writers and stage-players were fit subjects for the grand jury as “vagrants,” and that “the fatal end of these five is beggary, — the alchemyst, the monopolist, the concealer, the informer, and the poetaster”;<sup>1</sup> and as it was, Coke and the like of him took “the liberty to disgrace and disable his law,” and constantly sneered at his “book-learning.” Even the Queen herself seized upon it as an excuse

<sup>1</sup> Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, I. 279.

for refusing him promotion, that "Bacon," as she said, "had a great wit, and much learning, but that in law he could show to the uttermost of his knowledge, and was not deep;" as if inferring the one thing from the other, or as if a man could not know law, and, at the same time, know anything else. In general, it may be admitted that he was in some degree unsuited for a life of executive activity in the administration of affairs. At a later day, he confessed as among the errors of his life "this great one which led the rest, that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than play a part I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by preoccupation of mind."<sup>1</sup> In the state of things that existed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. (to be illustrated in the particular history of the play of Richard II.), it will not be difficult to see, that an open avowal of this authorship might have been fatal to all his prospects of elevation in the State, on which he considered the success of his efforts for the advancement of science and the benefit of mankind in a great measure to depend. "But power to do good," he says, "is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be, without power and place as the vantage and commanding ground."<sup>2</sup> The *Novum Organum* by the Lord Verulam, Lord High Chancellor of England, magnificently dedicated to the King, (having passed "the file of his Majesty's judgment," and been found to be "like the wisdom of God that passeth all understanding,") would attract the attention of Europe; but these plays, the "wanton burthen of the prime," which could never pass the royal file, must be thrown upon the stage as

"But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit."

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to Bodley.*

<sup>2</sup> *Essay of Great Place.*

They had to take their place, and stand trial upon their own merits, in the open theatre; and this he knew they would do, safely enough, and work out their own salvation, at least for the present.

Towards the close of his life, the scene would be changed, and the matter is to be considered as it would then stand in his view. He is now working in good earnest for the next ages. He will first revise, finish, and republish his former works, and then devote the remainder of life to his greater philosophical labors. He renounces all worldly honors, and mere fame with his contemporaries loses nearly all attraction for him. He seeks a full pardon of his sentence, and a restoration to his seat in the House of Lords, that "a cloud" may be lifted from his name; but when, finally, the summons comes, his answer is: "I have done with such vanities." We have a very distinct intimation in his own words as to what his opinion then was, in respect to fame of this kind; for in his dedicatory epistle to Bishop Andrews, his "ancient and private acquaintance," whom he held "in special reverence," prefixed to that Shakespearean "Dialogue touching an Holy War," written in 1622, he gives an explicit account of his writings and purposes. He compares his fortunes to those of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Seneca, and chooses for himself the example of Seneca, like himself, a learned poet, moralist, statesman and philosopher, who, being banished into a solitary island, "spent his time in writing books of excellent argument and use for all ages," having determined, as he says, "(whereunto I was otherwise inclined) to spend my time wholly in writing; and to put forth that poor talent, or half talent, or what it is, that God hath given me, not as heretofore to particular exchanges, but to banks and mounts of perpetuity, which will not break. Therefore, having not long since set forth a part of my Instauration, which is the work, that in mine own judgment (*si nunquam fallit imago*) I do most esteem, I think to proceed in some new parts thereof.

. . . . . I have a purpose therefore (though I break the order of time) to draw it down to the sense, by some patterns of a Natural Story or Inquisition." But besides these natural stories, which were probably to be something like the "New Atlantis," and some other works particularly named, there was still another class, for which the world might "scramble" and "set up a new English *inquisition*," and upon which he continues in these words:—

"As for my Essays and some other particulars of that nature, I count them but as the recreations of my other studies, and in that sort purpose to continue them; though I am not ignorant that those kind of writings would with less pains and embracement (perhaps) yield more lustre and reputation to my name than those other which I have in hand. But I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death, to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, and not to go along with him."<sup>1</sup>

Again, speaking of his philosophy in general, he says:—  
"For myself, nothing which is external to the establishment of its principles is of any interest to me. For neither am I a hungerer after fame, nor have I, after the manner of heresiarchs, any ambition to originate a sect; and, as for deriving any private emolument from such labours, I should hold the thought as base as it is ridiculous. Enough for me the consciousness of desert, and that coming accomplishment of real effects which fortune itself shall not be able to intercept."<sup>2</sup>

He cares little now for any mere lustre of reputation. It is very possible, of course, that all these expressions had reference only to some other prose compositions of a popular character. They do not necessarily amount to any positive allusion to these plays; but when considered with reference to the entire mass of evidence, which will be pro-

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XIII. 188.

<sup>2</sup> *Prooemium*, Craik's *Bacon*, 814.

duced to prove the fact that he was the author of them, it must strike the mind of any reader with the force of a very pregnant suggestion, that he intended (in his own mind, at least,) to include them in the same category with the Essays as among those other unnamed particulars. The work of revising the Essays was continued, and the new and enlarged edition appeared, in 1625. If the Folio of 1623 were printed under his supervision, his part of the work must have been still in progress, if not entirely completed, at the date of this epistle to Bishop Andrews.

His poetical works were in the possession of the world as "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," and as "Shakespeare's Sonnets and Poems;" and so he would let them remain. They had had their trial already and stood out all appeals, and the wit that was in them could no more be hid than it could be lost. These "feigned histories or speaking pictures," which had for one object, perhaps, "to draw down to the sense" of the theatre and the popular mind things which "flew too high over men's heads" in general, in other forms of delivery, would effectually do their own proper work; and they might be left to take care of themselves. "And there we hope," says the Preface, "to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you." For him, not to be understood would be all the same as not to be known: "Read him, therefore, and again and again: And, if then, you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." It is certainly conceivable, that a mind like his should care but little for any lustre that might be added to his name, or his memory, by these writings; or, at least, that he should be willing to wait until it should shine forth with an illumination sufficiently brilliant and clear to reveal by its own light the soul and genius of himself. In the mean time, he would take care to keep "the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive," as this "our Shakespeare" had come to be. The following son-



net, perhaps, may represent the true state of his mind and feeling, near the close of his life : —

“ Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross :  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And death once dead, there 's no more dying then.”

*Sonnet cxlvi.*

#### § 6. BACON A POET.

Of course, if this theory be established, there will be no further question that Francis Bacon was a poet ; but the business here will be to consider of the extraneous evidences of the fact, and also of those further proofs out of the writings themselves, more immediately connected with this part of the inquiry, which go to establish that fact. We have already seen in his personal history that he was, in the earlier part of his career, much in the habit of writing sonnets. Some of them were addressed to the Queen, some were written for Essex to be addressed to her in his name, and one, at least, was commended by great persons ; for, as he writes in the Apology concerning Essex, “ a little before that time, being about the middle of Michaelmas term [1599], her majesty had a purpose to dine at my lodge at Twickenham Park, at which time I had, though I profess not to be a poet, prepared a sonnet, directly tending and alluding to draw on her majesty's reconciliation to my lord ; which, I remember, also, I showed to a great person and one of my lord's nearest

friends [Southampton?], who commended it."<sup>1</sup> In the letter of advice addressed by the Earl of Essex to Sir Fulke Greville on his studies, first printed by Mr. Spedding as written by Bacon, and palpably one of the numerous papers drafted by him for his patron's use, the Earl is made to say: "For poets, I can commend none, being resolved to be ever a stranger to them."<sup>2</sup> However this may have been intended to be seriously spoken in character by the Earl to the Knight (who was himself a poet), when considered with reference to the actual facts now known concerning them both, it may be taken as a pretty good joke. Nor need there be any wonder that his sonnets were commended by the great, when we know, by acknowledged specimens of his skill in the art, that he was capable of writing very excellent poetry. Upon a review of his poetical works, Mr. Spedding ventures to express the opinion, that "Bacon was not without the fine phrensy of the poet," and that, if it had taken the ordinary direction, "it would have carried him to a place among the great poets."<sup>3</sup>

His metrical versions of the Psalms of David, which were dedicated to his friend, the learned and pious poet, George Herbert, as "the best judge of Divinity and Poesy met," were the amusement of his idle hours, during a time of impaired health, in the spring of 1625, and within a year of his death. Certainly, nothing great, or very brilliant, should be looked for in these mere translations into verse. In idea and sentiment, he was absolutely limited to the original psalm: nor could he have much latitude in the expression; besides that large allowance must be made for the necessary difference between the young and "strong imagination" of

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,"

of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" of the man of thirty-

<sup>1</sup> *Apology, Works* (Phila.), II. 336.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, II. 25.

<sup>3</sup> *Works* (Boston), XIV. 118.

three, and the more compounded age and the lassitude of the sick old man of sixty-five. Nevertheless, in elegance, ease of rhythmic flow, and pathetic sweetness, in many passages, they are not unworthy of the master himself, and in the expression and use of words, there are many similitudes with Shakespeare, and some striking parallel passages may be found in them: as, for instance, this one from the translation of the XCth Psalm, —

“As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,  
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end :”

which may be compared with the following lines from the “King John” :—

“Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.” — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

And again, in the same Psalm, we have these lines :—

“O Lord, thou art our home, to whom we fly,  
And so hast always been from age to age :  
Before the hills did intercept the eye,  
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,  
One God thou wert, and art, and still shall be;  
The line of Time, it doth not measure thee.  
Both death and life obey thy holy lore,  
And visit in their turns, as they are sent;  
A thousand years with thee, they are no more  
Than yesterday, which, ere it is, is spent:  
Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,  
And goes, and comes, unwares to them that sleep.”<sup>1</sup>

And in the CIVth Psalm, we have this line :—

“The greater navies look like walking woods.”

Now, compare this with the following lines from the “Macbeth” :—

“*Mac.* I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move. . . .

“*Mac.* To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. — Out, out, brief candle!

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XIV. 125.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

It has scarcely ever been doubted, among critics, that the sonnets, smaller poems, and plays were the work of one and the same author; though many have experienced insurmountable difficulties in the attempt to reconcile the sonnets with the life of the man, William Shakespeare. The similitudes of thought, style, and diction, are such as to put at rest all question on that head. Mr. Boswell doubted whether any true intimations could be drawn from the Sonnets of Shakespeare, respecting the life and feelings of the author: certainly no such doubt could have arisen in his mind, if he had considered them as the work of Francis Bacon. In respect of ideas, opinions, modes of thinking and feeling, style, manner, and language, they bear the impress of Bacon's mind, especially in the first half of his life; and they exhibit states of mind and feeling, which will find an explanation nowhere better than in his personal history. Many of them show the strongest internal evidence of their having been addressed to the Queen, as they no doubt were. Bacon tells us, that "she was very willing to be courted, wooed, and to have sonnets made in her commendation";<sup>1</sup> and, as we know, he was himself notoriously given to the writing of sonnets to this "mistress' eyebrow." Some of them may have been addressed to his young friend, Mr. William Herbert (Earl of Pembroke), and others may find a fitting interpretation in the circumstances and events of his own actual life, in his own inward thought and feeling, and in his own enterprises of love, which continued to a late day, though this Petrarch worshipped no particular Laura. The first small collection of sonnets and minor poems was published by Jaggard, in 1599, under the title of the "Passionate Pilgrim," but the full edition of the

<sup>1</sup> *In Mem. Elis., Works (Mont.), III. 477.*

Sonnets was dedicated to "Mr. W. H." in 1609, when Shakespeare was in his forty-sixth, and Bacon in the forty-ninth year of his age. Even the difficulty of Mr. Boswell, however, that a man of forty-five should write such sonnets as the LXXIIIId, may disappear, when it is considered that Bacon was married in his forty-sixth year, and that even in 1609, when so nearly fifty, thoughts of love and "yellow leaves" may very well have come together.

In 1594, the Solicitor's place having become vacant, Bacon's suit for it was urgently pressed by Essex and others of his friends. Without preferment at the age of thirty-three, and still hesitating whether he should not devote himself wholly to studies and a private life, he felt this to be an important crisis in his fortunes; nearly all his hopes looking to a public career were staked upon it. The Queen had been personally well-disposed towards him, but she had conceived a high displeasure at his course in Parliament on the subsidies, and he was now excluded from her presence; and the zeal of Essex in his behalf, insisting upon it as a special favor to himself, and as perhaps affording some countenance to his party, seems still further to have marred the whole business. She was determined not to yield her own will to the pride of Essex, and hesitated, perhaps, to raise to so high a place in the state the known adherent and friend of the great earl, who, although the grandson of her cousin, and a favorite thus far, was yet a descendant in the line of Edward III., whose ambitious head was capable of projects looking to her very throne. So, at last, when he had been "voiced with great expectation," and had had "the honorable testimony of so many counsellors," and "the wishes of most men" even for the higher place of Attorney-General, the Queen "did fly the tilt," says Essex, and it was fixed, that Serjeant Fleming should be made Solicitor; and, as we learn from himself, "no man ever read a more exquisite disgrace" than Francis Bacon. No longer "able to endure the sun," he "fled into the shade" at Twicken-

ham Park, the lovely country-seat of his brother Edward, on the banks of the Thames, where he kept his "lodge," his papers, and his books, and whither he was accustomed to retire whenever he could escape from Gray's Inn, and the bustle of the city, or desired to find the most favored retreat of the Muses. He had resolved thus, if rejected: "I will by God's assistance, with this disgrace of my fortune, and yet with the comfort of the good opinion of so many honorable and worthy persons, retire myself with a couple of men to Cambridge, and there spend my life in studies and contemplations, without looking back."<sup>1</sup>

Something like this same *voicing* appears in the "Hamlet," thus:—

*Ros.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door of your liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

Again, says the "Timon":—

"Is this the Athenian minion whom the world  
Voiced so regardfully?"—*Act IV. Sc. 3.*

The "Hamlet" continues:—

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

So, says Bacon, of the chameleon: "He feedeth not only upon air, (though that be his principal sustenance,) yet some that have kept chameleons a whole year together, would never perceive that ever they fed upon anything else but air";<sup>2</sup> and this idea of the chameleon's *feeding* on air is found in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," thus:—

*Sic.* What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

*Val.* Give me leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

<sup>1</sup> Letter, *Works* (Mont.), XII. 170; Spedding, I. 291.

<sup>2</sup> *Nat. Hist.* § 880.

*Thur.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air." — *Act II. Sc. 4.*

The "Hamlet" continues :—

"*Ham.* My lord, you play'd once in the University, you say?

[*To POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* That I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

And there is something like the sound of a reminiscence in this expression of Bacon: "Nay, even two or three days ago, Bernardinus Telesius mounted the stage, and enacted a new play."<sup>1</sup>

Further, when Hamlet had instructed the players how to speak the speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which he would set down and insert in the play, and the speech had taken effect, according to his expectation, the first remark that pops into his head is this very curious one :—

"Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?" — *Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 2.*

Is it, then, so very wonderful, that these ideas of the University and a couple of men, and a fellowship with two Provincial roses in his shoes, and a forest of feathers, should be running in the same head, at times not far apart? When Buckingham is about to fleece him of his "forest" at Gorhambury, he replies, "I will not be stripped of my feathers."

In the mean time, the usual tenor of his thoughts had been seriously interrupted, and his whole heart saddened. Deep in debt and Jews' bonds, with his prospect for promotion thus fatally darkened, he was on the point of giving up in despair: even his studies failed to afford relief. It seemed to him, that "the old anthem might never be more truly sung: *Totus mundus in maligno positus est*";<sup>2</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> *Int. of Nat. Works* (Mont.), XV. 100.

<sup>2</sup> Letter.

again he writes: "But casting the worst of my fortune with an honorable friend that had long used me privately, I told his Lordship of this my purpose to travel, accompanying it with these very words, that upon her Majesty's rejecting me with such circumstance, though my heart might be good, yet mine eyes would be sore that I should take no pleasure to look upon my friends; for that I was not an impudent man, that could face out a disgrace; and yet I hoped her Majesty would not be offended, if not being able to endure the sun, I fled into the shade."<sup>1</sup> And thus sings the sonnet:—

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least." — *Sonnet xxix.*

After a short retirement at Essex's house, and within his own private lodge at Twickenham, where, as he says, he "once again enjoyed the blessings of contemplation in that sweet solitariness, which collecteth the mind, as shutting the eyes doth the sight," he began to see and acknowledge "the providence of God" towards him, and concluded that he had taken "duty too exactly" and not "according to the dregs of this age," finding it on the whole most wise and expedient to bear the yoke in his youth — "*tolerare jugum in juventute*";<sup>2</sup> so that at length being called to some service by the Queen, in which he was detained by sickness at Huntingdon, he writes to her Majesty thus: "This present arrest of mine by his Divine Majesty from your Majesty's service, is not the least affliction I have proved; and I hope your Majesty doth conceive, that nothing under mere impossibility could have detained me from earning so

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Cecil (1594-5). Spedding's *Let. and Life*, I. 350.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to the Queen; Spedding's *Let. and Life*, I. 364.



gracious a vail, as it pleased your Majesty to give me.”<sup>1</sup> Again, from the same retreat on the Thames, he entreats her Majesty not to impute his “absence to any weakness of mind or unworthiness.”<sup>2</sup> And much in the same spirit runs this sonnet:—

“Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu.  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of naught,  
Save where you are, how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love, that in your Will,  
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.” — *Sonnet lvii.*

And again, —

“I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,  
Nor blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.” — *Sonnet lviii.*

His comfort was, however, that he knew (as he had written to Essex) that her Majesty took “delight and contentment in executing this disgrace upon him”; nor did he think that “after a quintessence of wormwood” her Majesty would take “so large a draft of poppy” as to pass “many summers without all feeling of his sufferings”;<sup>3</sup> —

“*Ham.* [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood. . . .

And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?” — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

as when the king in the play threatened to let loose upon Bertram his revenge and hate, —

“Without all terms of pity.” — *All's Well, Act II. Sc. 2.*

And again the sonnet sings: —

“What potions have I drunk of siren tears,  
Distill’d from limbeckes foul as hell within,

<sup>1</sup> Letter, July 20, 1594; *Works* (Mont.), XIII. 81.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to the Queen; *Works* (Mont.), XII. 170.

<sup>3</sup> Letter; *Works* (Mont.), XII. 167.

Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win?" — *Sonnet cxix.*

And thus, again : —

"O for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Potions of eyself, 'gainst my strong infection.  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance to correct correction." — *Sonnet cxi.*

"Your love and pity doth the impression fill,  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow." — *Sonnet cxii.*

"I told her," writes Essex to Bacon, (26th March, 1594.)  
"how much you were thrown down with the correction she  
had already given you."

About this time (1595), we find him writing again :  
"For to be as I told you, like a child following a bird,  
which, when he is nearest, flieth away and lighteth a little  
before, and then the child after it again, and so *in infinitum* ; I am weary of it."<sup>1</sup> So moaned the "tired seasick  
suitor," as he describes himself in another letter ;<sup>2</sup> and very  
like, again, is the tone of the sonnet, —

"Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry, —  
As to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Greville, *Works* (Mont.), XII. 161; *Letters and Life*, Spedding, I. 359.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Burghley (21 March, 1594-5), (Mont.), XII. 475; Spedding, I. 360.

And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive Good attending captain Ill.  
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone." — *Sonnet lxxvi.*

And the same expression creeps into the "Richard II.," written soon afterwards, thus : —

"Patience is stale, and I am weary of it." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

But lest an unfavorable impression should get abroad, and even become fixed in her Majesty's mind, on account of his unwonted absence from court, in these years, he writes again an express letter to the Lord Keeper, dated May 25th, 1595, from his retreat at Twickenham Park, desiring his Lordship to explain matters in that quarter, which runs thus : —

"I thought good to step aside for nine days, which is the durance of a wonder, and not for any dislike in the world ; for I think her Majesty hath done me as great a favour in making an end of this matter, as if she had enlarged me from some restraint. And I humbly pray your Lordship, if it so please you, to deliver to her Majesty from me, that I would have been glad to have done her Majesty service now in the best of my years, and the same mind remains in me still ; and that it may be, when her Majesty hath tried others, she will think of him that she hath cast aside. For I will take it upon that which her Majesty hath often said, that she doth reserve me, and not reject me."<sup>1</sup>

Which same wonder will appear again in the play, thus : —

*Glos.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glos.* By so much is the wonder in extremes."

*3 Hen. VI., Act III. Sc. 2.*

And again, thus, in the "As You Like It" : —

"*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came." — *Act. III. Sc. 2.*

<sup>1</sup> Letter, *Works* (Mont.), XIII. 53 ; Spedd. I. 380.

By November following, this great grief is forgotten, and we find him returned to his better moods, and assisting Essex in getting up a magnificent display, at his own house, for her Majesty's entertainment on the anniversary of her accession. Bacon puts in requisition all the powers of the Muses, and writes a Masque to be exhibited before her. Fleming had received his commission as Solicitor, on the 5th of this month, and twelve days afterwards, the Queen had granted to Bacon, under the Privy Seal, in addition to the princely gifts he had previously received at her hands, the reversion of the lease of Twickenham Park itself, delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames, within sight of her Majesty's palace of Whitehall, with an agreeable mansion, park, and garden, and a goodly expanse of lawn and pasture, lake and orchard, mead and field, — "a home for a prince," says Mr. Dixon.<sup>1</sup> And hither her Majesty comes in person, upon occasion, to dine with her courtly admirer, and have a spice of his wit, in his own Arcadian lodge.

The speeches that were written for this Masque, as any one may see, are conceived in his own best manner and decidedly in the Shakespearean vein. This specimen from the Hermit's speech in the presence will show his conception of "the sweet travelling through universal variety," which will demand our particular attention : —

"For I wish him to leave turning over the book of fortune, which is but a play for children, when there be so many books of truth and knowledge better worthy the revolving, and not fix his view only upon a picture in a little table, where there be so many tables of histories, yea to the life, excellent to behold and admire. Whether he believe me or no, there is no prison to the thoughts, which are free under the greatest tyrants. Shall any man make his conceit as an anchor, mured up within the compass of one beauty or person, that may have the liberty of all

<sup>1</sup> *Pers. Hist.*, 79, 108.

contemplation? Shall he exchange the sweet travelling through the universal variety for one wearisome and endless round or labyrinth? Let thy master, Squire, offer his service to the Muses. It is long since they received any into their court. They give alms continually at their gate, that many come to live upon; but few they have ever admitted into their palace. There shall he find secrets not dangerous to know, sides and parties not factious to hold, precepts and commandments not penal to disobey. The gardens of love wherein he now playeth himself are fresh to-day and fading to-morrow, as the sun comforts them or is turned from them. But the gardens of the Muses keep the privilege of the golden age; they ever flourish and are in league with time. The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power: the verses of the poet endure without a syllable lost, while states and empires pass many periods. Let him not think he shall descend, for he is now upon a hill as a ship is mounted upon the ridge of a wave; but that hill of the Muses is above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times. Yea, in some cliff it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divination of times to come. So that if he will indeed lead *vitam vitalem*, a life that unites safety and dignity, pleasure and merit; if he will win admiration without envy; if he will be in the feast and not in the throng; in the light and not in the heat; let him embrace the life of study and contemplation. And if he will accept of no other reason, yet because the gift of the Muses will enworthy him in his love, and where he now looks on his mistress' outside with the eyes of sense, which are dazzled and amazed, he shall then behold her high perfections and heavenly mind with the eyes of judgment, which grow stronger by more nearly and more directly viewing such an object."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Masque*, Works (Philad.), II. 533; *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 379.

Watching closely, we shall discover traces of this same cliff and hill of the Muses, in several places, in both these writings. Indeed there are many considerations which favor the supposition, that Bacon was privately devoted to the Muses. The cast of his genius was poetical. His prose writings almost everywhere exhibit the highest qualities of the poet, — a philosophic depth of insight, a luminous and powerful imagination, a bold and brilliant grasp of metaphor, a crystalline clearness, brevity, and beauty of expression, and such sovereignty in all the realms of thought and knowledge, and such command of language, as made all nature and the entire compass of the English tongue (which he enlarged from the Latin) tributary to his purposes ; and this is precisely what has always been recognized as one of the wonders of Shakespeare. From the very beginning of his career, he had taken all knowledge to be his province, and he had explored nearly every department of it that was open to him in his day. He had, moreover, attained to very correct ideas of the nature, objects, and uses of poetry : perhaps no man ever had better.

In his *Description of the Intellectual Globe*, he says, "We adopt that division of human learning, which is correlative to the three faculties of the intellect. We therefore set down its parts as three : History, Poesy, and Philosophy : — history has reference to memory ; poesy to imagination ; philosophy to reason. By poesy, in this place, we mean nothing else than feigned history."<sup>1</sup> In the *Advancement*, he makes three divisions of Poesy : Narrative, Representative, and Allusive. The Narrative is "a mere imitation of history, with the excesses before remembered ; choosing for subject commonly wars and love, rarely state, and sometimes pleasure or mirth." The Allusive, or parabolical, applied to some special purpose or conceit, "was much more in use in ancient times, as by the fables of Æsop, and the brief sentences of the Seven, and the

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XII. 150.

use of hieroglyphics may appear." But the Representative "is as a visible history; and is an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature as they are, that is past;"<sup>1</sup> and it is under this head, of course, that we may infer he would bring dramatic poetry: in the *De Augmentis*, he expressly designates the three kinds as "*aut Narrativa, aut Dramatica, aut Parabolica.*"<sup>2</sup>

"Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" are precisely such feigned histories, representative visible histories, or speaking pictures, as are here supposed. Bacon's philosophical, political, and legal writings, were his labors: the Essays and certain "other unnamed particulars of that kind" (in which we may include his tributes to the Muses), were the recreations of his other studies; for, says he, "all science is the labor and handicraft of the mind: poetry can only be considered its recreation."<sup>3</sup> Of poesy in general, he says, "it is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined, and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things: *Pictoribus atque poetis, &c.*" So, we remember, —

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact."

In respect of words, again, it is but "one of the arts of speech," but in respect of matter, "it is one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse. The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learn.*, Book II.

<sup>2</sup> *Lib. II. c. 13.*

<sup>3</sup> *Int. Globe, Works* (Mont.), XV. 150.

inferior to the soul ; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical : because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence : because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary, and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations : so as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind ; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. And we see, that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded." <sup>1</sup>

Surely, this is such an account of the true nature, scope, and use of poetry, as might be expected to come from the author of those illustrative and imperishable examples of these very doctrines, the plays of Shakespeare. The excellent critical judgment of Professor Gervinus did not fail to discover, that "Shakespeare appears to have entertained the same views with Lord Bacon." <sup>2</sup> Delia Bacon made the same discovery. In fact, these plays constitute a new and altogether superior kind of dramatic writing. "They are," says Coleridge, "in the ancient sense, neither tragedies, nor comedies, nor both in one, but a different *genus*,

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learn.*, Book II.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakes. Com.*, II. 548.



diverse in kind, and not merely different in degree. They may be called romantic dramas, or dramatic romances.”<sup>1</sup> We may as well call them, at once, representative visible histories, or speaking pictures, illustrative examples, or types and models of the whole process of the mind and the continuous frame and order of discovery in particular subjects, the most dignified, selected for their variety and importance, after the manner of Francis Bacon, and in the most consummate style of the art which mends nature. Verily, this critical exposition by Bacon himself would seem to furnish an explicit and satisfactory interpretation of his own actual meaning (first propounded by Delia Bacon), when he speaks, in the introduction to the Fourth Part of the Great Instauration, of those “illustrative examples” and “actual types and models” in immediate connection with the subject of that “true art” which “is always capable of advancing.”

He also understood that further use of poetry allusive or parabolical, one object of which was, “to retire and obscure,” as well as “to demonstrate and illustrate,” what is “to be taught or delivered;” that is, “when the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, or philosophy, are involved in fables or parables.” This use of poetry is certainly not without ample illustration in the greater plays of Shakespeare. Some of them teach things never dreamed of in the ordinary philosophy, much less in any that can well be ascribed to William Shakespeare, or any man that ever lived with a personal history like his; not to speak of the many lesser heresies, Arian or other, for which sundry Bartholomew Legates were burned at a stake, in those days, and, for the like of which, in plain prose, the Royal Thunderer would hurl his fulminations against Vorstius, even across the English Channel. No man knew better than Bacon how few persons in his own age, or perhaps in almost any other, would be found capable of appreciating, or even understanding at all, the

<sup>1</sup> *Progress of the Drama*, Works of Coleridge, IV. 35.

Novum Organum and his deeper philosophical works. The secrets contained in these were sufficiently obscured from the vulgar by the very character of the writings themselves. But he was also, not only fully aware of the great value of the poetical form of delivery, but able to make good and effectual use of it, for the purpose of withdrawing opinions, doctrines, secrets, and mysteries from the reach of vulgar censure and public persecution, while yet communicating them with sufficient clearness to the initiated, who might have an eye to see, and, at the same time, with a certain prophetic indistinctness and general effect, to the common mind of the theatre, which might thereby be instructed, until, at length, it should find its old errors and superstitions undermined, without knowing that they had been attacked ; somewhat in the same manner as Euripides and other ancient poets, and even Dante, Milton, and Goethe, among the moderns, assailed the superstitious mythology and erroneous popular notions of the ages in which they lived. Indeed, we learn from himself, that "born in an age when religion was in no very prosperous state," he had endeavored to rise to civil dignities, for one thing, in order that, by the exercise of his genius, he might the better "effect something which would be profitable for the salvation of souls." He dreaded "no incursions of barbarians" in his time, but he foresaw that "civil wars" were about to arise, involving many countries, and "that from the malignity of religious sects, and from those compendious systems of artifice and caution" which had "crept into the place of erudition," no less "a tempest" was impending "over literature and science." <sup>1</sup>

He kept this general purpose in view in all his writings. Speaking of the Great Instauration, he says, "yet, nevertheless, I have just cause to doubt, that it flies too high over men's heads ; have a purpose therefore, though I break the order of time, to draw it down to the sense, by some pat-

<sup>1</sup> Proœmium : *Craik's Bacon*, 612-13.

terns of a Natural Story or Inquisition.”<sup>1</sup> Towards the close of his life, was written the “New Atlantis” (published after his death), which was doubtless one of those patterns of a natural story, or feigned history, “devised,” says Dr. Rawley, “to the end that he might exhibit therein a model or description of a College, instituted for the interpreting of nature, and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of men, under the name of Solomon’s House, or College of the Six Day’s Works.”<sup>2</sup> This was one kind; but there may very well have been another class of patterns or models, and the order of time may have been broken, in respect of these, long before. Indeed, we are expressly told, in the introduction to the *Novum Organum*, that the Fourth Part of his great work was to have for its very object and intent to exhibit “some examples” of his method as applied to “the most dignified subjects” of inquiry; “we mean,” says he, “actual types and models, calculated to place, as it were, before our eyes, the whole process of the mind and the continuous frame and order of discovery in particular subjects, selected for their variety and importance.” It is certain that this Fourth Part never appeared as such: it lay under subjection, perhaps, to a fate as inexorable as that Sixth Part itself, which, as he tells us, could not even be undertaken, in his day, though he hoped to be able to make a “no contemptible beginning”; but which would have for its object, not only “contemplative enjoyment,” but “the common affairs and fortune of mankind, and a complete power of action,” and for its end, to raise, at last, upon those preliminary “foundations” which could then be instituted and established, and finally to complete, the superstructure of “Philosophy itself.”<sup>3</sup>

Nor is it necessary to suppose, that these plays were actually intended to constitute that contemplated Fourth Part, or that they were written with that immediate view;

<sup>1</sup> Ded. Epist. to Bishop Andrews.

<sup>2</sup> Pref. to *New Atlantis*.

<sup>3</sup> Intro. to *Nov. Org.*

but that they were written upon the same philosophical theory, and with the same general purpose in view, and that they might finally have been considered as answering very well as a fitting substitute for one part of it, or that they may now be taken as illustrating the general scope, purpose, and intent of that Fourth Part, can scarcely be doubted. Certainly, it must be admitted, that they answer the purpose admirably well. It could not have been any systematic treatise of psychology that was intended: such a treatise would rather belong to the Sixth Part, the *Philosophia Prima* come full circle, or Philosophy itself. It is altogether more probable, that these "illustrative examples" or "types and models" were to participate in that "sweet travelling through universal variety," of which we have a hint in the Hermit's Speech in the Masque.

In another Masque, that which was performed at the Christmas Revels of Gray's Inn, in 1594, and in which he foreshadows something of the general scope of his philosophical schemes, and prefigures our modern scientific libraries, museums, laboratories, and zoölogical and botanical gardens, he gives us this hint of his conception of a *model*: —

"Next, a spacious, wonderful garden, wherein whatsoever plant the sun of divers climates, out of the earth of divers moulds, either wild or by the culture of man brought forth, may be with that care that appertaineth to the good prospering thereof set and cherished. This garden to be built about with rooms to stable in all rare beasts and to cage in all rare birds; with two lakes adjoining, the one of fresh water, the other of salt, for like variety of fishes. And so you may have in small compass a model of universal nature made private."<sup>1</sup> These models were to have a wide range and compass in their application to particular subjects, which were by no means to be confined to physical science merely, but were to comprehend universal nature and all

<sup>1</sup> Masque; *Letters and Life* by Spedding, I. 335.

philosophy. "And for myself," he says again, "I am not raising a capitol or pyramid to the pride of man, but laying a foundation in the human understanding for a holy temple after the model of the world":<sup>1</sup> yet, he continues, again, "may God never permit us to give out the dream of our fancy as a model of the world."<sup>2</sup> And, in the play of Richard II., written a year or two after these Masques, we have from himself (perhaps), in the garden scene, an exemplification of his idea of a model as applied to the state and civil affairs, in these lines:—

"1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law and form, and due proportion,  
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds?" — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

And again, thus:—

"O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!"

*Henry V., Act II., Chor.*

In short, the foundations were to be laid, not of physical science only, but of metaphysical science also. We were to have "a scaling-ladder of the intellect," which, pursuing "the thread of the labyrinth," should disclose "the several degrees of ascent," whereby only it was possible for men to climb up to the top of "the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill" of the great man of the New Atlantis, who wore an aspect "as if he pitied men," as it had been a "*Scala Cæli*" or "ladder to all high designs,"<sup>3</sup>—that hill of the Muses, "above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former

<sup>1</sup> Trans. of the *Nov. Org.* by Spedding, *Works* (Boston), VIII. 151.

<sup>2</sup> *Intro. to Nov. Org.*

<sup>3</sup> *Troilus and Cressida.*

times :— yea, in some cliff it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divination of times to come : ” <sup>1</sup> —

“*Glos.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need: ” — *Lear, Act IV. Sc. 1.*

that same “high and pleasant hill” of the “Timon” that was “conceiv'd to scope” : —

“This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition: ” — *Timon, Act I. Sc. 1.*

and once arrived at the “mountain tops” and “uppermost elevations of nature,” <sup>2</sup> whence might be had some true glimpse of “the top of judgment” <sup>3</sup> and “spring-head” <sup>4</sup> of all science, we might then begin to comprehend “Philosophy itself: ” —

“*Glos.* When shall we come to the top of that same hill? ”

*Lear, Act IV. Sc. 6.*

In the earlier part of his life, he found it safer and better, and perhaps more in accordance with the bent of his genius, to stand upon the hill of the Muses, where he could avail himself of his representative visible histories, speaking pictures, types and models, fables and parables, to demonstrate and illustrate, or retire and obscure, the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, or philosophy, after the manner of all ancient poetry, heathen or sacred, and in a style and form and essence that should equal, if not surpass it altogether.

But in the later part of his life, when he had mounted

<sup>1</sup> *Essex's Masque.*

<sup>2</sup> *Scaling-Ladder.*

<sup>3</sup> *Measure for Measure.*

<sup>4</sup> *Adv. of Lear.*

to the height of power in the state, and become the keeper of the King's conscience and his seals, when his faculties had become more "compounded," and "stiff with age," yet with matured power and vigor of intellect, he would more boldly enter "the judicial palace of the mind," and would venture, by the help of "new found methods and compounds strange"<sup>1</sup> to complete, and by the help of princely dedications to promulgate, a systematic renovation and instauration of science and philosophy; for, as he himself says, this poesy, "being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind [of learning]: but to ascribe unto it that which is due, for the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholden to poets more than to the philosopher's works; and for wit and eloquence, not much less than to orators' harangues. But it is not good to stay too long in the theatre. Let us now pass to the judicial place or palace of the mind, which we are to approach and view with more reverence and attention":—<sup>2</sup>

"Pry'thee, speak:

Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in."—*Per., Act V. Sc. 1.*

For, as we remember, the Muses "give alms continually at their gate; but few they have ever admitted into their palace."

And in 1623, he opens the third book of the *De Augmentis* (taking the elegant and very literal version of Wats) thus:—

"All History, excellent King, treads upon the earth, and performs the office of a guide rather than of a light; and Poesy is, as it were, the dream of Knowledge; a sweet pleasing thing, full of variations, and would be thought to be somewhat inspired with divine rapture; which dreams

<sup>1</sup> *Sonnet.*

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learn., Book II.*

likewise present. But it is time for me to awake, and to raise myself from the earth, cutting the liquid air of Philosophy and Sciences."<sup>1</sup> And the poet in the "Timon" expresses himself much in the same way : —

" My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

But here, it was "*fastigia scilicet rerum tantummodo tractans.*"<sup>2</sup> And before finally taking leave of the stage, he adds, in the *De Augmentis*, the following very remarkable passage to what he had before said in the Advancement on this subject, viz : —

" Dramatic poesy, which takes the theatre for the world, is of excellent use, if it be sane. For the discipline as well as the corruption of the theatre may be very great. And in mischiefs of this kind it abounds : the discipline is plainly neglected in our times. Although in modern states, play-acting is esteemed but as a ludicrous thing, except when it is too satirical and biting ; yet among the ancients, it became a means of forming the souls of men to virtue. Even the wise and prudent, and great philosophers, considered it to be, as it were, the *plectrum* of the mind. And most certainly, what is one of the secrets of nature, the minds of men, when assembled together, are more open to affections and impressions than when they are alone."<sup>3</sup>

#### § 7. GESTA GRAYORUM.

In December, 1594, less than a year before this Masque was written for Essex, Bacon had taken a principal part in the preparations for the Christmas Revels at Gray's Inn,

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug.*, (Craik's *Bacon*, 285).

<sup>2</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, Lib. III. c. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. c. 18.



which were celebrated with especial splendor in that year. A contemporary account of these Revels, drawn up by some unknown author, and entitled "Gesta Grayorum" (first printed in 1688), has been preserved also in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," and it is cited by Mr. Spedding as worthy of credit;<sup>1</sup> from which it appears that Francis Bacon was particularly active and zealous in his efforts to entertain the Queen and her courtiers as well as to sustain the ancient renown of that worshipful society in the field of wit and learned sports. "A still more sumptuous masque was intended," thinks Nichols,<sup>2</sup> "if we may judge from the following letter from the great Bacon," which (according to Spedding) was found in the Lansdown collection of Lord Burghley's papers, and was most probably addressed to him, though on what precise occasion it is not certainly ascertained. It reads thus:—

"It may please your good Lordship,—I am sorry the joint Masque from the Four Inns of Court faileth; wherein I conceive there is no other ground of that event but impossibility. Nevertheless, because it falleth out that at this time Gray's Inn is well furnished of gallant young gentlemen, your Lordship may be pleased to know, that rather than this occasion shall pass without some demonstration of affection from the Inns of Court, there are a dozen gentlemen of Gray's Inn, that, out of the honour which they bear to your Lordship and my Lord Chamberlain, to whom at their last Masque, they were so much bounden, will be ready to furnish a Masque; wishing it were in their power to perform it according to their mind, and so for the present I humbly take my leave, resting your Lordship's very humble and much bounden

"FR. BACON."

The letter is without date or address. Nichols connects it with the masque of 1594. Spedding thinks it might

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Prog. Q. Eliz.* (London, 1823), III. 262; *Letters and Life of Bacon*, by Spedding, I. 325-342, (London, 1861).

<sup>2</sup> *Prog. Q. Eliz.* I. p. xx; Spedd. *Letters and Life*, II. 370.

possibly be referred to the year 1596, when Bacon wrote to the Earl of Shrewsbury from Gray's Inn "to borrow a horse and armour" for some public show. Collier supposes it to have been addressed to Lord Burghley, not long after 1588. He finds that, during the Christmas Revels at Gray's Inn in 1587, a comedy, in which Catiline and the "Dominus de Purpoole" were leading characters, was exhibited by the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn, at their Hall, before Lord Burghley and other courtiers, on the 16th of January (1587-8) and that, on the 28th of February following, a tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur" and certain "dumb-shews" in which "Mr. Francis Bacon" assisted, were presented before the Queen at Greenwich by the Gentlemen of this same Inn;<sup>1</sup> and he assigns this letter to some subsequent occasion; but neither he, nor Mr. Spedding, gives any data on which it can safely be referred to any other time than that supposed by Nichols. However this may be, it is certain that besides this tragedy of Arthur and "certain Devices and Shewes" by the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn, seven plays also were performed before the Queen by the Children of Paul's and "her Majesty's Servants" of the theatre, during these Revels at Greenwich; and the "dumb-shews and additional speeches were partly devised by William Fulbeck, Francis Flower, Christopher Yelverton, Francis Bacon, John Lancaster, and others, who with Master Penroodock and Lancaster directed these proceedings at Court."<sup>2</sup> Here is incontestable proof that Francis Bacon was earnestly engaged in these dramatic entertainments in the same year in which William Shakespeare is supposed to have arrived in London to join the Blackfriars Company as an humble "servitor," as yet wholly unknown to fame as an actor or as an author, but (as some would have us believe) bringing with him pockets full of plays and poems already written. Mr. Knight presumes he

<sup>1</sup> Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, I. 266-8; (London, 1831).

<sup>2</sup> Knight's *Biog. of Shakes.*, 326-7; (London, 1843).

played his part, perhaps furnished plays, for these very Revels; and he indulges in some highly poetic speculations upon this first meeting of the philosopher and the poet, but imagines that the high position of the courtier, Francis Bacon, would forbid him having any acquaintance with the humble actor, though as yet Bacon had no reputation as a philosopher, and Shakespeare none as a poet.

We need not wonder at this letter, whether it belong to this time or to some other, nor that upon this occasion, nevertheless, a magnificent Masque and other superb entertainments were easily forthcoming. Gray's Inn was turned into the court and kingdom of "Henry Prince of Purpoole," with all needful officers of State, not forgetting a Master of the Revels, and the sports continued for twelve days and more. Besides triumphal processions by land and water and various burlesque performances by day, there were certain "grand nights" of plays, masques, dumb-shows, banquets, and dances. The Queen received them at her palace, and the whole court attended on the chief occasions. The account states (as reprinted by Nichols) that on the second night (December 28th) "a Comedy of Errors (like unto Plautus his *Mencæchmus*) was played by the players." Mr. Spedding agrees with others before him that this must have been the Shakespeare play, as no doubt it was. On this occasion, there was a crowded attendance and such a press of ladies, lords, and gentlemen, whose dignity and sex privileged them from interference, that there was scarcely room on the stage for the actors, and when the Templarian ambassador and his train arrived, "at nine o'clock," there was some confusion for want of room, and they "would not stay longer at that time, but retired, in a sort, discontented and displeased;" and so, as the account states, some other "inventions" intended "especially for the gracing the Templarians" had to be dispensed with, but the "dancing and revelling with gentlewomen" proceeded, and after these sports, the night closed with the performance of this play;

so that, as the account continues, "that night begun and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." Mr. Spedding appears to think this play was regarded as "the crowning disgrace of this unfortunate Grand Night;" but this would seem to be altogether a mistake, though it may be true enough, if it be understood that the offence taken was, after all, but a part of the sport, and, so far at least as the play was concerned, simply a mock-serious disgrace. It is plain it was not the play that offended the Templarians. In the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign, a like round of Christmas Revels was celebrated at the Inner Temple with equal splendor and magnificence, in which Lord Robert Dudley was elected "Mighty Palaphilos Prince of Sophie, High Constable, Marshall of the Knight Templars, and Patron of the Honourable Order of Pegasus"; and, on one night, there was a "Lord of Misrule" (a standing character on these occasions), and the banquet ended in mirth, minstrelsy, and wine, and, on the following night, there was a grand mock-trial at which the constable, marshal, and common-serjeant were arraigned for the "disorder" and humorously sent to the Tower.<sup>1</sup> And these later Revels at Gray's Inn seem to have been conducted much after the same model: in fact, this "Prince of Purpoole" appears to have been the standing prince of sports and "Lord of Misrule" at this Inn from 1587 until 1618, when the Students of Gray's Inn honored the Lord Chancellor Bacon with an exhibition before him of the "Tilt of Henry Prince of Purpoole" and the "Masque of Mountebanks," with an installation of the "Honourable Order of the Crescent" and a Song for his special "Entertainment."<sup>2</sup> At any rate, this "Night of Errors" was followed, on the very next night, with a mock-trial of the "sorcerer or conjurer that was supposed to be

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. England*, by G. W. Thornbury, II. 363-9; (London, 1856).

<sup>2</sup> Nichols' *Prog. James I.*, III. 466.

the cause of that confused inconvenience"; and the indictment concluded thus: "And lastly, that he had foisted a company of base and common fellows to make up our disorders with a play of Errors and Confusions, and that night had gained to us discredit and itself a nickname of Errors: All which were against the crown and dignity of our Sovereign Lord the Prince of Purpoole." But the verdict was, that they "were nothing else but vain illusions, fancies, and enchantments, which might be compassed by means of a *poor harmless wretch* that had never heard of such great matters in all his life;" and so, the "sorcerer or conjurer" was pardoned, and the Attorney, Solicitor, and Master of Requests sent to the Tower for making so much ado about law. Of course, this was all in jest, if not a set part of the programme:—

"Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here."  
*Com. of Errors, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And the hint of this conjurer most probably came from the play itself:—

"Along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,  
Cries out I was possess'd." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

Some "graver conceits" were produced on a subsequent night, including a Masque and a formal induction of the Ambassador and twenty-four Templarians into the Honourable Order of the Helmet, together with "divers plots and devices," beginning with a dumb-show, which represented the reconciliation of the offended Templarians; for their displeasure was not so deep but that a grand procession of

all the heroic examples of friendship, Theseus and Perithous, Achilles and Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, Scipio and Laelius, and lastly Graius and Templarius, "arm in arm," before the altar of the Arch-flamen of the Goddess of Amity, surrounded with singing nymphs and fairies, was sufficient to restore and cement the ancient "league of brotherhood and love between the two Inns." The reading of the Articles for the regulation of the Heroical Order of the Helmet was followed with a variety of music and a banquet served by the Knights of the Order. This being over, a table was set on the stage before the royal throne, around which sat six privy counsellors, and the Masque proceeded. The Prince asked their advice, and each answered in succession. The first advised war; the second, the study of philosophy; the third, the eternal fame to be acquired by building; the fourth, the absoluteness of state and treasure; the fifth praised virtue and a gracious government; and the sixth, pastimes and sports. The Prince preferred the last; and the evening ended with dancing.

On this occasion, the Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, and numerous courtiers and great persons, and among them the Earls of Essex and Southampton, were present. The speeches of the Masque are given by Mr. Spedding as unquestionably the work of Bacon; and the presence of these great officers of state may explain why the matter of them is made to point more nearly to those great reforms and improvements which he was so diligently urging upon the attention of his time and country; for he sought, on all occasions, to mingle instruction with amusement.

Mr. Spedding also gives the Articles that were drawn up for the government of the new Order of the Helmet, but he seems to think that these were not written by Bacon; and he tells the story of these Revels in such a manner as to exclude the idea that Bacon was the actual author of anything but the Masque; though he admits, as a probable

conjecture, that he had a hand in the general design, as he had a taste in such things, and did sometimes take part in them. In fact, his hand is also distinctly visible, both in the articles and in the play. The wit of both is of the same order, and decidedly in the Baconian and Shakespearean vein. Being written at nearly the same time and as distinct parts of one and the same series of performances, we should not expect any identity beyond the general style and manner and those minute out-croppings and remote echoes of the same ideas, images, and words, of which the author himself would be almost, if not quite unconscious; but which, nevertheless, are enough to enable an attentive ear to mark his individuality; as in the following instances, compared with the Articles: —

#### ORDER OF THE HELMET.<sup>1</sup>

*Imprimis.* Every Knight of this Honourable Order, whether he be a natural subject or a stranger born, shall promise never to bear arms against his Highness' sacred person, nor his state; but to assist him in all his lawful wars, and maintain all his just pretences and titles; especially his Highness' title to the land of the Amazons and the Cape of Good Hope."

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

*Item.* No Knight of this Order, in point of order, shall resort to any grammar-rules out of the books *De Duello*, or such like; but shall out of his own brave mind and natural courage deliver himself from scorns, as to his own discretion shall seem convenient."

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an 'If.' " — *As You Like It, Act V. Sc. 4. 2*

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 329.

<sup>2</sup> Both passages doubtless allude to the same book "*De Duello*," or "*Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*," by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594. White's *Shakes.* (Notes), IV. 384.

"*Law.* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the Heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.'" — *Mer. of Ven., Act II. Sc. 2.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall be inquisitive towards any lady or gentleman, whether her beauty be English or Italian, or whether with care-taking she have added half a foot to her stature; but shall take all to the best. Neither shall any Knight of the aforesaid order presume to affirm that faces were better twenty years ago than they are at this present time, except such knight have passed three climacteral years."

"*Ege.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother." — *Com. of Err., Act I. Sc. 1.*

"To conclude: no man can by care-taking (as the Scripture saith) add a cubit to his stature, in this little model of a man's body." — *Essay xxix.*

This word "twenty" is used in this manner as an expletive, times almost without number, in both Bacon and Shakespeare: it is one of his words.

"*Item.* Every Knight of this Order is bound to perform all requisite and manly service, be it night-service or otherwise, as the case requireth, to all ladies and gentlemen, beautiful by nature or art, ever offering his aid without any demand thereof, and if in case he fail so to do, he shall be deemed a match of disparagement to any of his Highness' widows or wards-female; and his Excellency shall in justice forbear to make any tender of him to any such ward or widow."

"But to our honour's great disparagement." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

"*Eva.* . . . If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you." — *Mer. Wives, Act I. Sc. 1.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall procure any letters from his Highness to any widow or maid, for his enablement or commendation to be advanced in marriage; but all prerogative, wooing set apart, shall forever cease as to any of those Knights, and shall be left to the common laws of this land, declared by the statute *Quia electiones libera esse debent.*"

"*Dro. S.* I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*



"*Item.* No Knight of this Honourable Order, in case he shall grow into decay, shall procure from his Highness [for his] relief and sustentation any monopolies or privileges, except only these kinds following : that is to say, upon every tobacco-pipe, not being one foot wide. Upon every lock that is worn, not being seven foot long. Upon every health that is drunk, not being of a glass five foot deep. And upon every maid in his Highness' province of Islington, continuing a virgin after the age of fourteen years, contrary to the use and custom in that place always had and observed."

"*Dro. S.* . . . — he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"Against the laws and statutes of this town." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"— the great reverence and formalities given to your laws and customs, in derogation of your absolute prerogatives." — *Masque.*

"And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fadom deep." — *Rom. and Jul., Act I. Sc. 4.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall have any more than one mistress, for whose sake he shall be allowed to wear three colours. But if he will have two mistresses, then must he wear six colours; and so forward, after the rate of three colours to a mistress."

It is probable that in the mind of the writer, these "colours" had some kinship with the "Colours of Good and Evil."

"*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and as a certain Father saith —

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the Father; I do fear colourable colours." — *Love's L. L., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall put out any money upon strange returns or performances to be made by his own person; as to hop up the stairs to the top of St. Paul's without intermission; or any such like agilities or endurances; except it may appear that the same performances or practices do enable him to some service or employment; as if he do undertake to go a journey backward, the same shall be thought to enable him to be an ambassador into Turkey."

"*King.* This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry, Harry." — *2 Hen. IV., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"*Eno.* [Speaking of Cleopatra]. I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street." — *Ant. and Cleo. Act II. Sc. 2.*

"*K. Hen.* . . . Shall not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?" — *Hen. V., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward." — *All's Well, Act I. Sc. 2.*

"— or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of."  
*Ib. Act II. Sc. 3.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order that hath had any license to travel into foreign countries, be it by map, card, sea, or land, and hath returned from thence, shall presume upon the warrant of a traveller to report any extraordinary varieties; as that he hath ridden through Venice on horseback post, or that in December he sailed up the Cape of Norway, or that he hath travelled over the most part of the countries of Geneva, or such like hyperboles, contrary to the statute *Propterea quod diversos terrarum ambitus errant et vagantur, etc.*"

"Extraordinary varieties" is particularly Baconian.

"Could all my travels warrant me they live." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

—"sweet travelling through the universal variety." — *Masque.*

"*Ant. S.* What's her name?"

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

And then, the countries are named much in the same style of hyperbole as in this article, and with even greater freedom of wit, as any one may see by reference to the play; and in the "*Love's Labor's Lost*," written a few years prior to this date, we find his mind running on the same key, as thus:—

"Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,  
Figures pedantical." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

And it is Bacon who says,—

"That the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love." — *Essay x.*

"*Boni.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to set me on; I will fetch you a tooth-plucker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy." — *Much Ado, Act II. Sc. 1.*

"*Item.* Every Knight of this Order shall do his endeavour to be in the books of the worshipful citizens of the principal city next adjoining to the territories of Purpoole; and none shall unlearnedly, or without booking, pay ready money for any wares or other things pertaining to the gallantness of his Honour's Court; to the ill example of others, and utter subversion of credit betwixt man and man."

"*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love us." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

"*Item.* Every Knight of this Order shall apply himself to some or other virtuous quality or ability of learning, honour, or arms: and shall not think it sufficient to come into his Honour's presence-chamber in good apparel only, or to be able to keep company at play or gaming. For such it is already determined that they be put and taken for implements of household, and are placed in his Honour's inventory."

"*Oliv.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will: as, item, too lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth." — *Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5.*

"*Item.* Every Knight of this Order shall endeavour to add conference and experience to reading; and therefore shall not only read and peruse Guizo, the French Academy, Galiatto the Courtier, Plutarch, the Arcadia, and the Neoterical writers, from time to time; but also frequent the theatre and such like places of experience; and resort to the better sort of ordinaries for conference, whereby they may not only become accomplished with civil conversation and able to govern a table with discourse; but also sufficient, if need be, to make epigrams, emblems, and other devices appertaining to his Honour's learned revels."

"Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

"*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"What! nothing but tasks, nothing but working days? No feasting, no music, no dancing, no triumphs, no comedies, no love, no ladies? Let other men's lives be as pilgrimages, because they are tied to divers necessities and duties; but princes' lives are as progresses, dedicated only to variety and solace." — *Musque.*

"In the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;

For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours,  
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers."

*Love's Labor's Lost, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall give out what gracious words the Prince hath given him, nor leave word at his chamber, in case any come to speak with him, that he is above with his Excellency, nor cause his man when he shall be in any public assembly to call him suddenly to go to the Prince, nor cause any packet of letters to be brought at dinner or supper-time, nor say that he had the refusal of some great office, nor satisfy suitors to say his Honour is not in any good disposition, nor make any narrow observation of his Excellency's nature and fashions, as if he were inward privately with his Honour; contrary to the late inhibition of selling of smoke."

"*Adr.* What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?" — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke." — *Meas. for Mens., Act III. Sc. 2.*

"Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs." — *Rom. and J., Act I. Sc. 1.*

"They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears." — *K. John, Act II. Sc. 1.*

"Wherefore, first of all, most virtuous Prince, assure yourself of an inward peace." — *Musque*

"*Bene.* And though you know my inwardness and love  
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio." — *Much Ado, Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"Opinion is a master-wheel in these cases: that courtier who obtained a boon of the emperor, that he might every morning at his coming into the presence merely whisper him in the ear, and say nothing, asked no unprofitable suit for himself." — *Advice to Villiers.*

"*Fal.* . . . If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master." — *2 Hen. IV., Act V. Sc. 1.*

"A servant or a favourite, if he be inward and no apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption." — *Essay of Great Place.*

"Who is most inward with the Duke?" — *Rich. III., Act III. Sc. 4.*

"*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!" — *Love's L. L., Act III. Sc. 1.*

"*Arm.* Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass. . . . By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass." — *Love's L. L., Act V. Sc. 1.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall be armed for the safeguard of his countenance with a poke in his mouth in the nature of a tooth-picker, or

with any weapon in his hand, be it stick, plume, wand, or any such like. Neither shall he draw out of his pocket any book, or paper, to read, for the same intent; neither shall he retain any extraordinary shrug, nod, or any familiar motion or gesture, to the same end; for his Highness of his gracious clemency is disposed to lend his countenance to all such Knights as are out of countenance."

"*Ant. E.* And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Bir.* Because thou hast no face.

Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Bir.* False: we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all." — *Love's L. L., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"*Bast.* . . . Now your traveller, —  
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize  
My picked man of countries. . . .  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.  
But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation;  
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth."

*K. John, Act 1. Sc. 1.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order that weareth fustian cloth, or such statute apparel, for necessity, shall pretend to wear the same for the new fashion's sake."

"*Luc.* Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his.  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deceried."

*Tam. of the Shrew, Act 1. Sc. 1.*

"*Tran.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;  
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd." — *Ibid., Act III. Sc. 2.*

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order in walking the streets or other places of resort, shall bear his hands in his pockets of his great rolled hose with the Spanish wheel, if it be not either to defend his hands from the cold, or else to guard forty shillings sterling, being in the same pockets."

"*Item.* No Knight of this Order shall lay to pawn his Collar of Knighthood for an hundred pounds; and if he do, he shall be *ipso facto* discharged; and it shall be lawful for any man whatsoever that will retain the same Collar for the term aforesaid, forthwith to take upon him the same Knighthood, by reason of a secret virtue in the Collar; for in this order it is holden for a certain rule that the Knighthood followeth the Collar, and not the Collar the Knighthood."

"*Orl.* He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate."

*Henry V., Act III. Sc. 7.*

"*Item.* That no Knight of this Order shall take upon him the person of a malcontent, in going with a more private retinue than appertaineth to his degree, and using but certain special obscure company, and commending none but men disgraced and out of office; and smiling at good news, as if he knew something that were not true; and making odd notes of his Highness' reign, and former governments; or saying that his Highness' sports were well sorted with a play of Errors; and such like pretty speeches of jest, to the end that he may more safely utter his malice against his Excellency's happiness; upon pain to be present at all his Excellency's most glorious triumphs."

Considering that these Revels were got up in imitation of the former occasion, when there was a "Lord of Misrule" and a mock-trial for the "disorders," it is altogether probable that these Articles were prepared beforehand, as the play certainly must have been, and that the humor of "a play of Errors" sorting with "his Highness' sports" was a part of the original programme, and not an afterthought.

—"the difficulties and errors in the conclusion of nature." — *Masque.*

"*Ant. S.* And thereupon these errors all arose." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"*Lew.* And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

—"or in pretty scorn or disdains to those that seemed to doubt of him."  
*Hist. of Hen. VII.*

—"an index and obscure prologue." — *Othello, Act II. Sc. 1.*

—"certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado." — *Love's L. L., Act V. Sc. 1.*

*"Lastly.* All the Knights of this Honourable Order and the renowned Sovereign of the same shall yield all homage, loyalty, unaffected admiration, and all humble service, of what name or condition soever, to the incomparable Empress of the fortunate Island."

The Masque itself alludes both to the Articles and the play in such manner as rather to indicate that the three performances were all of one piece, and came from one and the same source; especially if it be considered, that they must all have been written before the Revels began; and this is further evident from the fact that among the titles of the Prince, on the first day, was that of "Knight and Sovereign of the Honourable Order of the Helmet," in like manner as before, when the Prince was named "Patron of the Honourable Order of Pegasus," and that in the emblazonry of arms the Prince of Purpoole took "for his Highness' crest the glorious planet Sol, coursing through the twelve signs of the Zodiack or celestial globe, whereupon the nod fills Arctick and Antartick, with this motto: *Dum totum peregravent orbem*"; of which there would seem to be a kind of reminiscence in these lines from the "Troilus and Cressida:" —

"Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

And the resemblances between the masque and the play, if less numerous than those between the play and the articles, are not less striking when they occur, as for instance these: —

"No conquest of Julius Caesar made him so renowned as the Calendar."  
*Masque.*

"And you the calendars of their nativity." — *Play, Act V. Sc. 1.*

"Have care that your intelligence, which is the light of your state, do not go out, or burn dim or obscure." — *Masque*.

As a part of the order of the sports, on the day of the Prince's coronation, it is stated that —

"Lucy Negro, Abbess of Clerkenwell, holdeth the nunnery of Clerkenwell with the lands and privileges thereunto belonging of the Prince of Purpoole, by night service in *caudd*, and to find a choir of nuns, with burning lamps, to chaunt Placebo to the gentlemen of the Prince's Privy Chamber on the day of his Excellency's coronation." — *Nichols*, III. 270: *Gesta*.

"*Dro. S.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn." — *Play*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

"That your Excellency be not as a lamp that shineth to others and yet seeth not itself, but as the Eye of the World, that both carrieth and useth light." — *Masque*.

"*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world." — *Play*, Act III. Sc. 2.

And the same ideas and imagery appear again, thus: —

"*Grunt.* My oil-dried lamps and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold Death not let me see my son."

*Rich. II.*, Act I. Sc. 3.

And again, thus: —

"*Fal.* Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. . . . I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, By this fire, [that God's angel]: but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. . . . O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light!" — 1 *Hen. IV.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Again, says Bacon, —

"The spirit of man is the Lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth the inwardness of all secrets." — *Advancement*.



And one of the speeches in the Masque concludes thus:—

“Neither do I, excellent Prince, restrain my speeches to dead buildings only, but intend it also to other foundations, institutions, and creations; wherein I presume the more to speak confidently, because I am warranted herein by your own wisdom, who have made the first fruits of your actions of State to institute the Honourable Order of the Helmet.”

Moreover, there are well-marked traces of the lawyer's hand throughout the play itself: indeed, there is very good internal evidence that the piece was written expressly for this occasion. And it is evident that the writer of this letter had not only invoked the aid of the “dozen young gentlemen of Gray's Inn” and their renowned compeers of the Inner Temple, but had also put in requisition the services of his friend of the Globe theatre, in fulfilment of his engagement, that although “the joint Masque of the Four Inns of Court” had failed, at least Gray's Inn and the courtly Francis Bacon would not fail, upon any occasion, to make an adequate “demonstration of affection” to the Queen, especially when expressly called upon from so high a source as her Majesty's prime minister. And the following passages, in particular, would seem to have been directly aimed at the gowned and wigged assembly, before whom the play was there first produced:—

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair."

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 't would be a bald conclusion." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

The whole interest of the fourth act turns on lawsuits, officers, and arrests. Angelo, the goldsmith, becomes litigious: —

*"Ang.* This touches me in my reputation. —  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had?  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer. —  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail. —  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

And Dromio's description of a "sergeant" (a bailiff), must have been particularly edifying to such an audience: —

*"Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than Hell:  
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
A fiend, a fairy pitiless and rough;  
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands  
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands:  
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;  
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to Hell.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case."

*Act IV. Sc. 2.*

Of course, it is not impossible that William Shakespeare, without any special learning in the law, should have had some vague notion of what was meant by a "fine and recovery," or an action "on the case"; but (what Lord

Campbell has remarked generally on the legal acquirements of this author) the entire accuracy of his use of legal terms and phrases (a kind of free-masonry which it would be dangerous for a novice to undertake to handle), and the subtle continuity and fitness of the legal ideas, analogies, imagery, and expression, which are woven into the very texture of the discourse, in the many places in these plays, where he has occasion to employ them, are of such a nature as to show, beyond the reach of doubt, that the mental habit of this writer was that of a professional lawyer as well as that of the poet, the scholar, and the philosopher.

Further, on Twelfth Night, the Prince ascended his throne, the trumpets sounded, and six Knights of the Helmet entered, dragging three monsters as prisoners, announcing that they had just returned from aiding the Emperor of Russia against the Tartars, and with the help of Virtue and Friendship had taken Envy, Malcontent, and Folly prisoners; and before the Masque concluded, the King at Arms announced an ambassador from the Emperor with letters thanking the Prince and his Knights for their aid in driving away "an army of Bigarian thieves" and "a host of Negro Tartars."<sup>1</sup> And doubtless, it was to the same wit of invention that Dromio in the play was indebted for his "Tartar limbo worse than Hell."

On the first of February following, there was a triumphal procession of fifteen barges on the Thames, with standards, pennants, flags, and streamers, music and trumpets, and firing of ordnance, in honor of the return of the Prince of Purpoole from Russia. The Queen invited him to land and do homage at Greenwich; but he sent two ambassadors with an apologetic letter to decline the honor. At the Tower, a volley of ordnance was fired by the Queen's desire, and he was received at Gray's Inn with music and acclamations.

<sup>1</sup> *Shaks. Eng.*, by G. W. Thornbury (London), II. 350.

At Shrovetide, the Prince and his train went to Court, where another masque was performed before her Majesty. The actors were an Esquire, a Tartar page, Proteus, and two Tritons, Thamesis and Amphitrite; and it began with a hymn to Neptune. The Squire's speech contained these lines in compliment to Elizabeth: —

“Excellent Queen! true adamant of hearts,  
Out of that sacred garland ever grew  
Garlands of virtues, beauties, and perfections,  
That crowns your crown, and dims your fortune's beams.”

The Queen was much pleased, and wished it had been longer. Next day the gentlemen were presented to her by the Lord Chamberlain: she gave them her hand to kiss, commanding Gray's Inn to study such sports for her frequent amusement. The same night, there was fighting in the barriers, the Earl of Essex and the challengers against the Earl of Cumberland and the defendants, the Prince of Purpoole winning the prize, a jewel set with seventeen diamonds and four rubies, which the Queen presented with her own hand.

Surely, we need not wonder to find the young courtier, Francis Bacon, as yet only Queen's Counsel, exerting all the powers of his genius in the invention of these elegant, refined, and intellectual entertainments, in which his great patrons and friends, the Earls of Essex and Southampton, took so large a share, and which received thus the signal countenance and favor of their sovereign mistress. In fact, his contributions to these royal amusements continued far into the next reign and until he became Attorney-General, when, ceasing to be an author in them, he began himself to be the recipient of like honors on special occasions. As a part of the festivities in honor of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine, during the Christmas Revels of 1612-13, it came again “to Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple's turn to come with their Masque whereof Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver,” and

Mr. Phineas Pette was employed, as he says, "by the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn, whereof Sir Francis Bacon was chief, to bring the Masque by water to Whitehall," and "safely landed it at the Privy Stairs." The subject of this Masque, which was written by Francis Beaumont, was "the Marriage of the River of Thames to Rhine."<sup>1</sup> In the next year (Dec. 9th, 1613), Sir Francis Bacon of his own motion, having been made Attorney-General in October preceding, prepares a Masque for his Majesty's entertainment, which, says the account, "will stand him in £2000," declining to accept a contribution towards it "of £500 from Gray's Inn and Mr. Yelverton," and he also "feasts the whole University of Cambridge," at his own expense, now (as Chamberlain writes) "rivaling Woolsey in magnificence"; and the year after (1613-14) on Twelfth Night, the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn, "under the patronage of Sir Francis Bacon" and upon occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Somerset, exhibit a "Masque of Flowers," which was printed, and dedicated by the authors "to the Very Honorable Sir Francis Bacon, His Majesty's Attorney-General."<sup>2</sup>

#### § 8. FRAGMENTS.

Still another Masque, or two fragments (for it breaks into two pieces), has been lately brought to light by the researches of Dixon and Spedding.<sup>3</sup> It comes from the same bundle of the Lambeth MSS., in which were found the speeches for the Essex Masque; but it is a separate paper, in a handwriting of that age, without date, title, heading, or other mark of a strictly historical character, to indicate its origin or purpose. Mr. Spedding evidently believes the piece to have been written by Bacon; and that such was the fact, there is scarcely any room for doubt, for it bears the impress of Bacon's mind and manner in every line of it.

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Progr. James I.*, II. 587.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 734.

<sup>3</sup> *Pers. Hist. of Lord Bacon*, 73; *Letters and Life*, I. 386-391.

There is nothing to show that it was originally designed as a part of the Essex Masque, and the internal evidence is very strong that it belonged to another occasion, as early as 1594. One of the speakers is "the Squire" as usual, and his master Erophilus (Essex) is supposed to be doubting in his love between the Queen and Philautia, the goddess of self-love; and the fragment begins with the Squire's speech, introducing "two wanderers," an "Indian youth," and "the attendant or conductor to the Indian prince," who is son of a mighty monarch in "the most retired part" of the "West Indias, near unto the fountain of the great river of the Amazons," whose "rare happiness in all things else is only eclipsed in the calamity of his son, this young prince, who was born blind." But there was "an ancient prophecy that it should be he that should expel the Castilians, a nation of strangers, which as a scourge hath wound itself about the body of that continent, though it hath not pierced near the heart thereof." And this "fatal glory" had caused the King his father "to visit his temples with continual sacrifices, gifts, and observances, to solicit his son's cure supernaturally." But at last an oracle was delivered "out of one of the holiest vaults," to the effect that he should resort to her Majesty's court and person, and make sacrifice to her, if he would be restored to his sight; and he comes with a "high conceit, aiming directly at" her Majesty's self. — Here the fragment breaks off. When it begins again, her Majesty has "wrought the strangest innovation that ever was in the world": his blindness has been supernaturally cured, and he has become "Seeing-Love." Philautia is several times named in the piece; there are illusions in it to the Squire's master, which could be no other than "Erophilus"; and the whole tenor of the story is strictly in keeping with the frame and character of the Essex Masque. One Latin quotation appears in both, "that which the poet saith was never granted *Amare et sapere*"; which is quoted also in the Essay on Love thus:

*Amare et Sapere vix Deo conceditur*; a circumstance, from which it might be inferred, that this portion had been for some reason laid aside by the writer. And it is curious to observe, that this ancient adage is introduced into the "Troilus and Cressida" in these lines:—

"Cres. But you are wise,  
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwell with gods above."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

Mr. Douce thought Shakespeare must have gotten it from Taverner's Translation of *Publius Syrus*;<sup>1</sup> but it is very certain that this author had no occasion to go to Translations for his Latin proverbs.

This fragment does not in any way appear to have formed a part of the Essex Masque as it was actually exhibited. But whether it were written for this Masque, or some other, the more important thing to be noted here is the fact, that, in it, the Baconian poetical prose actually runs into Shakespearean rhymed verse, under our very eyes, thus:—

"And at last, this present year, out of one of the holiest vaults was delivered to him an oracle in these words:—

Seated between the Old World and the New,  
A land there is no other land may touch,  
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;  
Stories or fables do describe no such.  
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,  
As she, in holding up the world opprest;  
Supplying with her virtue everywhere  
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.  
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,  
And yet she calms them by her majesty:  
No age hath ever wits refined so far,  
And yet she calms them by her policy:  
To her thy son must make his sacrifice,  
If he will have the morning of his eyes.

This oracle hath been both our direction hitherto, and the cause of our wearisome pilgrimage; we do now humbly beseech your Majesty that we make experience whether we be at the end of our journey or not. . . .  
*Masque*, Spedding's *Letters and Life*, I. 388.

<sup>1</sup> See White's *Shakespeare*, IX., *Notes*, 153.

Now, if there be any trace of all this in the plays, we shall expect to find it in one of those which were written at about the same date, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (1594), or the "Romeo and Juliet" (1595), and while the same ideas were fresh in the author's memory, and similar visions of the Indies were still floating in his imagination. Let us go, first, straight to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In the first act, we find no sign of it, but in the second, the following passages come up in their order, in which the careful listener will scarcely fail, at once, to recognize their identities, and catch the ring of the same metal:—

*"Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fairy.* Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Through flood, through fire,  
*I do wander everywhere,*  
Swifter than the moony sphere;—

*Puck.* I am that merry wanderer of the night.

The King doth keep his revels here to-night.  
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, *as her attendant, hath*  
*A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:*  
She never had so sweet a changeling:  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

*Tit.* Why art thou here,  
*Come from the farthest deep of India,*  
*But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,*  
*Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,*  
To Theseus must be wedded?

*Ober.* I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

*Tit.* Set your heart at rest:  
The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot'ress of my order;



And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full oft hath she gossip'd by my side. —

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
Following her womb, (then rich with my young squire,)  
Would imitate, and sail upon the land  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.

Puck. I remember.

Ober. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the Earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the West,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

It is plain we have here the same idea of the "wanderers," the "Indian youth" born blind, or Cupid, "the attendant," and even "the Squire" (cropping out in a curious way), coming from the same "most retired part" or "farthest steep" of the Indies, near the fountains of the Amazon; and the same blind boy, Cupid, "armed after the Indian manner with bow and arrows," or "Cupid all arm'd," in his ordinary habit "an Indian naked," but now "for comeliness clad," has arrived in that land, —

"Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;  
Stories or fables do describe no such.  
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,  
As she, in holding up the world oppress;  
Supplying with her virtue *everywhere*  
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best;" —

and, with "high conceit," he lets fly his love-shaft, "aiming directly at" her Majesty; for he has come to make his sacrifice to "the fair vestal throned by the West," that he may have "the morning of his eyes." And in that "fatal glory" that was laid upon him by "an ancient prophecy," that he should rid his native India of that Castilian scourge,

which had "wound itself about the body of that continent," but had not "*pierced near the heart thereof*," we have another touch of those same "principles more deep and fatal," derived from "the ancient Cupid," which are of such potency as to "*pierce a hundred thousand hearts*," or as when

—"true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an *edict in destiny*."—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

In the style and manner of the versified part, in the Queen reigning "in peace and honour true," and in the particular mention of her "virtue," her "majesty," and her "policy," surpassing all "stories or fables," we are reminded, at once, of the compliment to her memory in the "Henry VIII.," the line ending with "*everywhere*," so often repeated in this very play of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," falls on the ear like the refrain of the same song; and one line is almost repeated from the third part of the "Henry VI.,"—

"Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight";—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

and another, from the "As You Like It,"—

"That every eye, which in this print looks,  
Shall see *thy virtue witness'd everywhere*;"—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

and the last line closes with a clear ring of the true Shakespearean metal. Certainly, both these oracles must have been delivered out of one and the same holiest vault, or cave, and that no other than Prospero's "full, poor cell."

And if this piece as a whole falls far below his higher flights, it is at least equal, in the rhythm and swing of it, to these lines from the "Titus Andronicus," which have been cited by Mr. White as indubitably exhibiting the hand of Shakespeare in that early play:—

"*Tit.* In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,

No voice, but silence and eternal sleep.  
In peace and honour, rest you here, my sons!" — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

Or, to these, again, from the "Love's Labor's Lost": —

"Bir. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not her vassal head, and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the bare ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?" — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

But we have a distinct repetition of almost the same ideas and expression in the following lines from the "Richard II.," written soon afterwards: —

"K. Rich. We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you, your son." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

"Duch. To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

"Gaunt. This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous for their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

"O, forbid it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd,

Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

And in *this seat* of peace tumultuous wars." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Is not this the same land, seat, breed of men, wits refined, majesty? — and the "stories or fables" are merely particularized in the play, with a greater amplification throughout; but the tone, style, and manner are the same. And "the ancient fable of Atlas," says Bacon, "that stood fixed, and bare up the heaven from falling," was "meant of the poles or axletree of heaven; so assuredly men have a desire to have an Atlas or axletree within, to keep them from fluctuation"; and the metaphor is repeated in the play, thus: —

—— " (Strong as the axletree  
On which heaven rides)"; — *Troi. and Cr. Act I, Sc. 3.*

and in the letter to Essex, thus: —

"And this is the axletree whereupon I have turned and shall turn." .

The Masque proceeds thus: —

"Your Majesty's sacred presence hath wrought the strangest innovation that ever was in the world. You have here before you Seeing-Love, a Prince indeed, but of greater territories than all the Indies: *armed after the Indian manner with bow and arrow*, and when he is in his ordinary habit an Indian naked, or attired with feathers, though now for comeliness clad.

[*Bur.* If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self." — *Henry V., Act V. Sc. 2.*]

To procure his pardon for the *stragem* which he hath used, —

[*"Alack, alack! that Heaven should practice stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!"* — *Rom. and J., Act III. Sc. 5.*]

and to show his thankfulness for his sight which he hath by you received, he presents your Majesty with all that is his; his gift *and property to be ever young*;

[*"Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight."*  
*Mid. N. Dr., Act III. Sc. 2.*

"Is there not charms,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused?" — *Oth. Act I. Sc. 1.*

his wings of liberty to fly from one to another; his bow and arrows to wound where it pleaseth you;

["And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

"And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings."

*Rom. and J., Act II. Sc. 5.]*

and withal humbly desireth that, though Philautia hath hitherto so prevailed with your Majesty, as you would never accept him while he was an imperfect piece, yet now he is accomplished by your Majesty's grace and means, that you will vouchsafe him entertainment. For all the challenge that ever hath been made to Love or his band, hath been, if it be rightly interpreted, only to his want of eyesight.

["Nurse. Faith, here 't is. Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you."

*Rom. and J., Act III. Sc. 5.]*

Lovers are charged to aspire too high: it is as the poor dove, which when her eyes are sealed still mounteth up into the air. They are charged with descending too low; it is as the poor mole, which seeing not the clearness of the air diveth into the darkness of the earth.

["Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low! — . . .  
O spite! too old to be engaged to young! — . . .  
O Hell! to choose love by another's eyes! — . . .  
Lys. The jaws of darkness do devour it up."

*Mid. N. Dr., Act I. Sc. 1.]*

They are sometimes charged with presuming too far: it is as the blind man, who looketh in humanity that any seeing man should give him way. They are accused sometimes to be timorous: it is as the blind stalks and lifts high when the way is smooth. They are taxed to be credulous: why the blind are ever led. They are said at other times to be incredulous: the blind must feel that which it sufficeth another to see. How can they know times justly, that go by the clock and not by the sun? And how can they know measure, that see as well a mote as a beam.

["Bir. You found his mote; the King your mote did see;  
But I a beam do find in each of thee."

*Love's L. L., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you." — *Sonnet.]*

This makes poor lovers used as blind horses, ever going round about in a wheel: and this makes them ever unfortunate, for when blind love leads blind fortune, how can they keep out of the ditch?

[*Thisb.* O! — As truest horse, that yet would never tire.

*Pyr.* If I were fair Thisby, I were only thine: —

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, Masters! fly, Masters! help. [*Exeunt Clowns.*]

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn."

*Mid. N. Dr., Act III. Sc. 1.]*

But now that Love hath gotten possession of his sight, there can be no error in policy or dignity to receive him. Nay, Philautia herself will subscribe to his admission. Then your Majesty shall first see your own invaluable value, and thereby discern that the favours you vouchsafe are pure gifts and no exchanges. And if any be so happy as to have his affection accepted, yet your prerogative is such as they stand bound, and your Majesty is free: . . .

[In maiden meditation, fancy-free.]

Your Majesty shall obtain the curious window into hearts of which the ancients speak; thereby you shall discern protestation from fulness of heart, ceremonies and fashions from a habit of mind that can do no other, affection from affection."

[*"Evans.*

Why it is affectations.

But can you affection the 'oman?" — *Mer. Wives, Act I. Sc. 1.*

"*Bir.* Studies my lady? Mistress look on me:

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye." — *Love's L. L., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes." — *Rich. III. Act V. Sc. 3.]*

Again he says:—

"But contrariwise her Majesty, not liking to make windows into men's hearts and secret thoughts" <sup>1</sup>

And this same window of the ancients appears again thus:—

"Let the first precept then (on which the knowledge of others turns) be set down as this: that we obtain (as far as we can) that window which

<sup>1</sup> Letter drafted for Walsingham (1590), Spedd. *Let. and Life*, I. 98.

Momus required; who, seeing in the frame of man's heart such angles and recesses, found fault that there was not a window to look into its mysterious and tortuous windings." <sup>1</sup>

It is very plain that this Masque was written to be exhibited before the Queen. These extracts will be sufficient for the purpose of comparison. William Shakespeare could never have seen this Masque. The "Midsummer Night's Dream," though not printed until 1600, may possibly have been performed on the stage before the Masque was written; but it would be idle to imagine any other kind of plagiarism or imitation to be possible here, than that which one and the same full mind may unconsciously make upon itself; and these outcroppings of the same ideas, words, and expressions, in compositions written at about the same time, are altogether too numerous, striking, palpable, and peculiar to admit of explanation on any supposition of the common usage of the time, or accidental coincidence. And since the "Midsummer Night's Dream" has been assigned, almost by general consent of the critics, to the year 1594, these resemblances to the Masque may be taken as some evidence that these fragments belong to some occasion, which was at least as early as 1594.

<sup>1</sup> Trans. of the *De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 371.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MORE DIRECT PROOFS.

"Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that, which you hear, you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs: . . . the majesty of the creature in remembrance of the mother." — *Winter's Tale*.

#### § 1. THE RICHARD II.

THE statements and allusions contained in Bacon's "Apology" or defence against certain imputations concerning his conduct towards the Earl of Essex, which was addressed to the Earl of Devonshire, and published soon after the death of Essex in 1601, made in relation to an answer which he gave the Queen, towards the close of the year 1599, as he tells us, in "a matter which had some affinity" with Essex's cause, and which was a certain "sedition prelude" then lately dedicated to the factious Earl, being Dr. Hayward's story of the "First Yeare of King Henry IV.," at which the Queen, thinking there was treason in it, was "mightly incensed," when interpreted by the light of the accompanying history and the personal relations of the parties, will be seen to amount to nothing less than a virtually implied admission out of his own mouth that he was himself the author of the play of Richard II.; for it will be made quite certain, that this tragedy was precisely the "matter" alluded to, and no other. It will further appear to be highly probable, that the Queen herself at least strongly suspected, and that even the Lords of the Privy Council had some inkling, that such was the fact. If this be shown to be so, it will be equivalent of itself to a final settlement of the question in hand, and it will require some attention.



That exquisite disgrace which the Queen had been constrained to put upon him, in 1595, had been comfortably solaced in the consideration that her Majesty did but reserve and not reject him, in the princely entertainment and masque at Essex's house, near the close of that year, and in the munificent grant of Twickenham Park immediately following. The tragedy of Richard II. was most probably written after this date, and during the year 1596. There is no mention on record of its existence before it was entered and printed in 1597. Malone and some others have supposed it might have been written as early as 1593-4, and, proceeding upon the assumption that the mention made by Camden and by Bacon of the tragedy of Richard II., in their accounts of the trials of Essex and his co-conspirators, as being an "out-dated" and an "old" play, must have referred to some older play by another author, they were also led to infer, both that some such old play existed, and that it was that older play, and not this of Shakespeare, which was there alluded to. But all this is evidently a mistake; for the Attorney-General, Coke, in his speech on the trial of Merrick, expressly says, that "forty shillings were given to Phillips the player" to play this tragedy before Essex's men. This was no other than Augustine Phillips of Shakespeare's company, and the manager at the Globe and Blackfriars; and it is altogether improbable that any other play of that name would be in use by that company, at that time, and none such is known to have existed. During the year 1595, Daniel published a first and second edition of his "Civil Wars," a poem on the same subject. Mr. White observes some incidents in this second edition, which lead him to infer that Daniel may have used the play to correct his piece; but the inference of Mr. Knight, that the resemblances are due to the fact that the writer of the play had read Daniel's poem, in the course of his preparations for his work, and so, that the play was written after the poem, would seem to be more

probable; or both writers may have drawn from the same historical sources, independently of each other; and this view would limit the production of the play to the year 1596. In that year, Essex is burning the Spanish fleet at Cadiz, and the Pope issues his Bull authorizing Queen Elizabeth's subjects to depose her; but it is not until about 1598, that the Irish kernes under Tyrone and O'Neil begin to be troublesome, and wars arise, to which there might seem to be some allusion in the play, as in these lines:—

“ *K. Rich.*                                      Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant these rough rug-headed kernes ”;

but there were just such rebels and wars in Ireland, in the time of Richard II., and to these, as recorded in Holinshed, it is much more probable, if not quite certain, the allusions in the play were intended to refer: nor is there any ground on which it can safely be concluded that the play was written before 1596. But, in 1594, machinations were on foot among the Jesuits, having for their object the dethronement of Elizabeth, and looking to Essex as in the interest of some successor; for, in that year, a certain book was dedicated to the Earl of Essex, under the sham-name of Doleman (a Jesuit priest); but Parsons, Allen, and Inglefield were the true authors of it.<sup>1</sup> This book set up the title of the Infanta of Spain, and perhaps also gave encouragement to some supposed right of Essex, derived from Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III.; and the pretensions of Essex were already a subject of speculation in the public mind. When Essex visited Bacon, at Twickenham Park, in October 1595, and made him the gift of land in requital of his services, he answered by telling the story of the Duke of Guise, who “had turned all his estate into obligations,” and said: “My Lord, I see I must be your homager and hold land of your gift; but do you know the

<sup>1</sup> Camden's *Ann. of Eng.*; Kennett's *Eng. II.* 578.

manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with a saving of his faith to the king and his other lords; and therefore, my lord, I can be no more yours than I was, and it must be with the ancient savings." There is no certain evidence that the play was produced long before it was printed, in 1597, and the appearance of such a play, on the stage, at this time, could not fail to attract the public attention. Its bearing upon the incipient projects of Essex (though not intended so to refer) could not fail to be perceived; and it is certain that the play received the countenance of Essex, and excited the jealousy of the Queen. When first printed, no name of the author appeared on the title-page, and the entire scene of deposing King Richard, containing one hundred and fifty-four lines (says Malone), was omitted. Malone attributes the omission to fear of the Queen's displeasure, no doubt correctly; but he falls into the mistake of supposing that Dr. Hayward's book was the cause of that fear; whereas that book was not published until the year 1599. Moreover, these lines would very probably be interdicted by the Master of the Revels as censor of the press.

In November 1595, the Queen had taken occasion to show to Essex a certain book (probably that of Doleman) in such manner as greatly to alarm him; but somehow all was made fair again, with the help of a splendid entertainment and the dramatic genius of Bacon. And, in 1596, after the return of Essex from Cadiz, Bacon wrote him an urgent letter of advice "to divert her Majesty from this impression of a martial greatness," for the reason that there could not be "a more dangerous image than this represented to any monarch living, much more to a lady, and of her Majesty's apprehension." In the latter part of 1597, Essex's discontent about the matter of the Earl of Nottingham had been appeased with the office of Earl Marshal of England, and in the next year, the question of sending a general against the Irish rebels came up. The Queen

wished to appoint Sir William Knollys. Essex urged Sir George Carew, and plainly wanted to go himself. In the discussion which arose he was offended, and turned his back on the Queen. Her Majesty marched up and boxed his ears. He was exceedingly wroth, laid his hand on his sword, and, swearing he would not have endured so much from Henry VIII. himself, left the presence in high dudgeon. This eclipse continued from July to October 1598, when the affair was apparently reconciled, and he received the chief command for Ireland, and was commissioned Lord Lieutenant on the 12th of March 1598-9, the Queen reluctantly yielding. Whereupon, Bacon writes him a letter of congratulation in which he says: "That your Lordship is in *statu quo prius*, no man taketh greater gladness than I do; the rather, because I assure myself that of your eclipses, as this has been the longest, it shall be the last. As the comical poet saith, *Neque illam tu satis noveras, neque te illa; hoc ubi fit, ibi non vivitur.*" And in conclusion, he takes care to express himself as bearing unto his Lordship, "after her Majesty, of all public persons the second duty."<sup>1</sup>

Her disposition towards Essex had been kindly and forgiving, but she was doubtful of him, and kept a watchful eye upon his courses. As afterwards it became evident enough, all his movements had reference to a scheme already formed in his mind to depose the Queen by the help of the Catholic party and the Irish rebels. He goes to Ireland in March, 1599, and after various doubtful proceedings and a treasonable truce with Tyrone, he suddenly returns to London in October following, with a select body of friends, without the command, and to the great surprise and indignation of the Queen; and, a few days afterwards, finds himself under arrest, and a quasi-prisoner in the house of the Lord-Keeper. During this year, Dr. Hayward's pamphlet appeared: it was nothing more than a

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life* by Spedding, II. 104.

history of the deposing of King Richard II., says Malone. It was dedicated to the Earl of Essex, without the author's name on the title-page; but that of John Hayward was signed to the dedication. This Hayward was a Doctor of Civil Law, a scholar, and a distinguished historian of that age, who afterwards held an office in Chancery under Bacon. This pamphlet followed on the heels of the play, and it may have been suggested by the popularity of the play on the stage, or by the suppression of the deposing scene in the printed copy. According to Mr. Dixon, "it was a singular and mendacious tract, which, under ancient names and dates, gives a false and disloyal account of things and persons in his own age; the childless sovereign; the association of defence; the heavy burden of taxation; the levy of double subsidies; the prosecution of an Irish war, ending in a general discontent; the outbreak of blood; the solemn deposition and final murder of the prince." Bolingbroke is the hero of the tale, and the existence of a title to the throne superior to that of the Queen is openly affirmed in it. A second edition of the "Richard II." had been printed in 1598, under the name of Shakespeare, but with the obnoxious scene still omitted; and it is not until 1608, in the established quiet of the next reign, that the omitted scene is restored in print. It is plain that, during the reign of Elizabeth, it would have been dangerous to have printed it in full; nevertheless, it had had a great run on the stage during these years.

Now, Camden speaks of both the book of Hayward and the tragedy of Richard II. He states that, on the first informal inquiry, held at the Lord Keeper's house, in June 1600, concerning the conduct of Essex, besides the general charges of disobedience and contempt, "they likewise charged him with some heads and articles taken out of a certain book, dedicated to him, about the deposing Richard II." This was doubtless Hayward's book. But in his account of the trial of Merrick (commander at Essex's house),

he says, he was indicted also, among other things, "for having procured the out-dated tragedy of Richard II. to be publicly acted, at his own charge, for the entertainment of the conspirators," on the day before the attack on the Queen's palace. "This," he continues, "the lawyers construed as done by him, with a design to intimate that they were now giving the representation of a scene upon the stage, which was the next day to be acted in reality upon the person of the Queen. And the same judgment they passed upon a book, which had been written sometime before, by one Hayward, a man of sense and learning, and dedicated to the Earl of Essex, viz: That 't was penned on purpose as a copy and an encouragement for deposing the Queen." He further informs us that the judges, in their opinion, "produced likewise several instances from the Chronicles of England, as of Edward II. and Richard II., who, being once betrayed into the hands of their subjects, were soon deposed and murdered." And when Southampton asked the Attorney-General, on his trial, what he supposed they intended to do with the Queen when they should have seized her, Coke replied: "The same that Henry of Lancaster did with Richard II., . . . when he had once got the King in his clutches, he robbed him of his crown and life." This account of Camden may be considered the more reliable in that, as we know from a MSS. copy of his Annals, which (according to Mr. Spedding) still remains in the Cottonian Library, containing additions and corrections in the handwriting of Bacon, it had certainly passed under his critical revision before it was printed in 1627. And this may help us to a more certain understanding of the allusions, which Bacon himself makes to these same matters, in his Apology and in his account of the trial of Merrick; for, while in the latter he expressly names the tragedy of Richard II., in the former, as also in the Apothegms, the book of Dr. Hayward only is mentioned by name, while there is, at the same time, a

covert (yet very palpable) allusion in them both to the tragedy also, and to his personal connection with it.

The lawyers as well as the judges, Bacon himself included, appear to have made a great handle of this matter of King Richard II. and the tragedy —

“For the deposing of a rightful king.” — *Rich. II., Act V. Sc. 1.*

Coke says, in his speech on the trial of Blount, “The story of Richard II., the act of 1 Henry IV., calling a Parliament, putting the king in Pomfret Castle, and the king’s death following, are dangerous precedents, and too fitting these indictments”; and again, on the trial of Merrick, he says, “The story of Henry IV., being set forth in a play, there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly, and some others of the earl’s train, having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of Henry IV. The players told them that was stale: they should get nothing by playing of that; but no play else would serve; and Sir Gilly gives forty shillings to Phillips the player to play this, besides whatever he could get.”<sup>1</sup> The grave and crabbed Attorney-General, who had probably never visited a theatre in his life, is evidently more intent upon his points of law than upon any accuracy of names and detail in these theatrical matters; but, while it is clear from the whole context, that the play spoken of was this same tragedy of Richard II., being correctly styled in other places, the passage shows how easily the names were confounded. Bacon makes no such mistake; for, in his speech, it is called “the play of deposing King Richard II.”<sup>2</sup> And he further proceeds to cite the example of Richard III., “who (though he were king in possession, and the rightful inheritors but infants) would never sleep quiet in his bed till they were made away; much less is it to be expected that a Catilinarian knot and combination of rebels (who have made an insurrection

<sup>1</sup> Howell’s *State Trials*, 1422-5; 1411-2.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*





Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant."

*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"*K. Rich.* Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
To speak with you: may it please you to come down?

*King Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaeton,  
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down King!"

*Act III. Sc. 2.*

Here, we have, in Bacon, *rightful inheritors, apparent theft, and garland or ornament*; and in the play, *rightful king, apparent guilt, and undeck*; an identity in the use of words particularly to be noted, as well as the thought, style, and manner.

While Essex was yet in the custody of the Lord Keeper, or under arrest, between October of 1599 and the summer of 1600, and before his treasonable plot had come to a head, or to a decisive and clear breach with the Queen, Bacon, who had warned him against aspiring to a military greatness, who was not in the secret of his scheme, and doubtless believed his wayward courses were due to errors of judgment rather than to any disloyalty at heart, had exhausted all his wit and invention, and at last the patience of the Queen, in his efforts to palliate the conduct of Essex, to assure her of his loyalty, and to obtain for him a restoration to her favor; until, at length, about the month of September of that year (1600), "Essex, drawing now towards the catastrophe," says Bacon, "or last part of that tragedy, for which he came upon the stage in Ireland, his treasons grew to a farther ripeness," and the case became desperate. The Queen, remembering the "continual, incessant, and confident speeches and courses" that he had held, became "utterly alienated" from him, turned her

back upon him, and would scarcely speak to him for three months after, nor until he had made the most passionate appeal to her justice and affection, that whereas he had lost many friends on account of his opposition to Essex, he was now to lose her favor on account of his friendship and zeal in his behalf, and to find himself in the condition of what "the Frenchmen call *enfants perdus*." Whereupon her Majesty was "exceedingly moved," and willed him "to rest upon this, '*gratia mea sufficit*,'" and "a number of other sensible and tender words and demonstrations, such as more could not be"; but, as touching Essex, "*ne verbum quidem*," not a word more.

Meantime, this play of Richard II. has had a great run upon the stage; it has had the open countenance of Essex and his crew, who have been constant auditors at the Globe and Blackfriars; the public mind has caught his drift and understood the application that was being made of it; and even the groundlings have not failed to perceive its bearing upon Essex's disloyal schemes. Hayward's book also comes in, with its express dedication to Essex, its still clearer drift, and its more palpable treason, to add to the general agitation and "put in the people's heads boldness and faction," and still more to inflame the anger and excite the alarm of the Queen. Hayward was seized and sent straight to the Tower, and some months afterwards (August 4th, 1601)<sup>1</sup> when Lambard, Keeper of the Records, waited upon her Majesty at the palace, she exclaimed: "I am Richard, know you not that!" And referring to Essex, she continued: "He that will forget God will also forget his benefactors: this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses."<sup>2</sup> Plainly, this was the play, and not the book.

Now, it was late in the year 1599, and as Bacon says, "about the middle of Michaelmas term," (that is, about the

<sup>1</sup> Dixon's *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, (London, 1862), 156.

<sup>2</sup> Knight's *Biography of Shakespeare*, 411.

middle of November,) while Essex was under arrest at the Lord-Keeper's house, he himself having free access to her Majesty, not only as courtier but as counsel in her legal business, and not long after the time when her Majesty had dined at his lodge at Twickenham Park, when, though professing not to be a poet, he had prepared a sonnet "directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation" with Essex, that he had the interviews of which he speaks in this Apology and relates the anecdotes which follow. After telling this story of the Sonnet, he proceeds thus :—

"But I could never prevail with her, though I am persuaded she saw plainly whereat I levelled; and she plainly had me in jealousy, that I was not hers entirely, but still had inward and deep respect towards my lord, more than stood at that time with her will and pleasure. About the same time, I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my lord's cause, which, though it grew from me, went after about in other's names. For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry IV., thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's head boldness and faction, said, she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it which might be drawn within case of treason: whereto I answered: For treason, surely I found none; but for felony, very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me, Wherein? I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text."

In this Apology, Bacon is vindicating himself from unjust aspersions touching his conduct towards Essex, and he is giving here an account of his intercessions with the Queen in his behalf; and this anecdote, as well as that which follows, is lugged in by way of showing his zeal for Essex, and

they are for the most part digressions ; and having related them, he returns again to the main thread of his subject. After distinctly stating that the Queen plainly had himself in jealousy, that he was not entirely hers, but still had more inward and deep respect towards Essex than stood with her will and pleasure, he introduces the anecdote as consisting in an answer of his in a matter which had some affinity with Essex's cause, which answer grew from himself, and went after about in others' names. He then turns upon Dr. Hayward's book as the thing which had mightily incensed her Majesty ; but that was not the only "matter" he had in mind. That book went only in the name of Hayward himself ; his name was signed to the dedication of it ; he was sent to the Tower for it ; he confessed himself the author of it, in an apologetical letter ; it was attributed to no one else ; and there is no reason to doubt that he was the author of it, nor that the fact was well known both to Bacon and the Queen. Nor is it to be imagined that Bacon himself could have been suspected of having written such a book at that time or any other. But considering the character of that book, its near affinity with the tragedy of Richard II. as well as with Essex's cause, and the personal relations of Essex, Bacon, and the Queen, it becomes highly probable, if not quite certain, that in thus bringing up this matter against Bacon's intercession, with the suggestion that there was treason in it, she either knew, or strongly suspected, that Bacon himself was the author of that play, and meant to throw it up at him in this manner. Bacon sees her drift, and endeavors to parry the blow with a jest. This is further manifest in the allusion to the theft upon Tacitus. The play, as we have seen, was as notorious in this same connection as Dr. Hayward's book ; but being a mere historical drama, written without any reference to Essex's treason, though perverted to his uses, it could not so well be laid hold of. The play did grow from him, and went about afterwards in others' names : Hayward's book

never went in any other name: but his own. Bacon himself also tells us, in this same tract, that "in the heat of all the ill news from Ireland" and the agitations going on, while the Council were in session concerning Essex, in November, 1599, "there did fly about in London streets and theatres divers seditious libels, and Paul's and ordinaries were full of bold and factious discourses," to the Earl's disadvantage; and yet the Queen, in her clemency, only "thought herself of a mean to right her own honor, and yet spare the Earl's ruin." The theatre is thus distinctly brought in for a share in the business.

So capital a joke did this piece of wit appear to Bacon, that he could not spare to record it among his Apothegms, thus: —

"58. The book of deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr. Bacon, being of her learned counsel, Whether there was any treason contained in it? Mr. Bacon intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, 'No Madam, for treason I cannot deliver an opinion that there is any, but very much felony.' The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked, How? and Wherein? Mr. Bacon answered, "Because he had stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."

The designation here given to the book comes much nearer to a correct naming of the play than it does to the title of Dr. Hayward's pamphlet, and the suggestion that the Doctor was committed to the Tower for only being *supposed* to be the author, and that he, in his answer, intended to do the Doctor a pleasure, looks very much like an attempt at a cover, and is, to say the least, a little curious in itself. That Dr. Hayward had translated out of Tacitus was, of course, a mere pretence; but that the play drew largely upon the "sentences and conceits of Cornelius Tacitus," will be shown to be quite certain.

This was not the end of the matter: it came up again upon a similar occasion, not long afterwards, for the Apology proceeds thus: —

"And another time, when the Queen could not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author; and said with great indignation, That she would have him racked to produce his author: I replied; 'Nay, Madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no.'"

Now, why this question of the authorship of Dr. Hayward's book, when it was published under his own name, and he was confessedly and notoriously the writer of it? But of the author of this tragedy, though printed with the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page, there might have been more room for question; and the racking of his person to produce his author might have been more suggestive to the wit of "Mr. Bacon" than he was willing more openly to confess. The Queen suspected that this matter which grew from him, but went after about in others' names, here supposed to be Dr. Hayward's book (it not being his intention to state more expressly what that "matter" was), had some more mischievous author than even Dr. Hayward; and who, then, was it? certainly, not Essex, to whom it was dedicated, for she doubtless knew very well that he had employed the pen of Francis Bacon in all lengthy papers which he had had occasion to write; and perhaps she thought, or intended to insinuate, if not that it came from the same source as the play itself, at least that it was countenanced by a patronage equally mischievous as that which had encouraged the play; and this threat, that she would have the ostensible writer racked to produce the real author, looks very much like a home thrust at Bacon himself. Again, he averts the blow with a jest; and a very curious jest it was. It will be remembered that the play had been printed in 1598 under the name of William Shakespeare, and that the story of it, the history of the Wars of the Roses, had already been continued in the first and second parts of the "Henry IV." (the deposition of Richard and the usurpation of Henry occurring in the

middle of the play of Richard II.) and in the "Henry V.," which last must have been then (in 1599) actually in hand, or but lately finished; for the following lines of the fifth chorus would seem to have been written before the return of Essex from Ireland, in September of that year:—

*"Chor.* As by a lower but loving likelihood,  
Were now the General of our gracious Empress  
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him." — *Act V. Chorus.*

And the dancer in the epilogue to the second part of the "Henry IV." is made to say, "our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with the fair Katherine of France"; and in the concluding chorus of the "Henry V.," the writer addresses himself to the audience in these words:—

*"Chor.* Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursued the story";—

that is to say, the story of the Wars of the Roses, which began with the "Richard II."—

"Containing the deposing of a king."

In like manner, the Prince Hal of the "Henry IV." is predicted in the "Richard II.," in the "unthrifty son" of Bolingbroke, thus:—

*"Bol.* Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
For these, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions;  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew." — *Act V. Sc. 8.*

But in these subsequent pieces, instead of the aspiring Henry Bolingbroke usurping a throne, deposing an anointed king, cherishing rebellion, putting in the people's head boldness and faction, and furnishing a dangerous example,

"too fitting" to these times, of a tragedy which may be transferred from the stage to the state, we have now the facetious Sir John only treasonably corrupting the true prince; and at length the "fat knight" and his author have so grown into favor with the offended Queen, that, as the traditions say, she had herself commanded the story to be continued in another piece; which was done in this same year 1599-1600, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." And if this tradition can be relied on, it may give still further point to the wit of Bacon's answer. This suggestion, that the reputed author should be required to continue the story, and that he would himself undertake to judge, by collating the styles, whether he were the author or no, may possibly be understood to apply to Dr. Hayward's history; but it would thereby lose the best part of the wit: certainly no one was better prepared than himself to judge, by the styles, of the identity of the authorship, if it were the play which he had in his mind. And upon this hint, we also may undertake to judge, by collating the styles, whether or no he were the author of these plays.

Nor was this all. But when the informal inquiry came on, before the Lords Commissioners, in the summer of 1600, Bacon, in a letter to the Queen, desired to be spared from taking any part in it as Queen's Counsel, out of consideration of his personal obligations to his former patron and friend. But the Queen would listen to no excuse, and his request was peremptorily refused. It will be borne in mind that the Queen's object in this inquiry was, to vindicate her own course and the honor of the crown, without subjecting Essex to the dangers of a formal trial for high treason, and that her intention then was to check and reprove him, but not to ruin his fortunes. Bacon made up his mind at once to meet the issue thus intentionally forced upon him, and he resolved to show to her, as he says, that he "knew the degrees of duties"; that he could discharge the highest duty of the subject to the sovereign, against all obligations



of private friendship towards an erring friend ; wherein, says Fuller, very justly, " he was not the worse friend for being the better subject " ;<sup>1</sup> and that if he must renounce either, it should be Essex, rather than the Queen, who had been, on the whole, personally, perhaps, the better friend of the two to him : — well knowing, doubtless, that conduct is oftentimes explained equally well by the basest as by the loftiest motives, and that the latter are generally the most difficult of appreciation. The next thing he heard was, that the Lords, in making distribution of the parts, had assigned to him, " by the conclusion binding upon the Queen's pleasure directly, *nolens volens*," that part of the charges which related to this same " seditious prelude " ; at which he was very much annoyed. And they determined, he says, " that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before-mentioned of King Henry IV. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their Lordships, that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and thereupon that I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more ; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales." What bruits ? What tales ? The Lords, evidently relishing the joke, insisted that this part was fittest for him, as " all the rest was matter of charge and accusation," but this only " matter of *caveat* and admonition : " wherewith he was but " little satisfied," as he adds, " because I knew well a man were better to be charged with some faults, than admonished of some others." Evidently, here was an admonition which he did not like, and it is plain that he took it as personal to himself. Nevertheless he did actually swallow this pill ; for we learn from other history that on the hearing before the Lords Commissioners " the second part of Master Bacon's

<sup>1</sup> *Worthies of England*, II. 422.

accusation was, that a certain dangerous seditious pamphlet was of late put forth into print concerning the first year of the reign of Henry the Fourth, but indeed the end of Richard the Second, and that my lord of Essex, who thought fit to be patron of that book, after the book had been out a week, wrote a cold formal letter to my lord of Canterbury to call it in again, knowing belike that forbidden things are most sought after.”<sup>1</sup>

As to what these “bruits” were, some light may be gained from certain letters<sup>2</sup> which were written about the month of December 1599. Bacon himself informs us in the Apology that he had several times dissuaded the Queen from taking proceedings in the Star Chamber against Essex, in consequence of which her Majesty’s “face and manner” had not been “so clear and open” to him as before, and when he happened one day to be absent from the Star Chamber, there was “a deep silence” from her to him; and, it seems, he addresses a letter to her, in which he entreated her Majesty “not to impute his absence to any weakness of mind or unworthiness,” and complains that all the world was against him, and that his “life had been threatened and his name libelled.” He also writes letters to Lord Howard and Sir Robert Cecil, in which he defends himself against certain false aspersions touching his conduct towards Essex, and says, “There is shaped a tale in London’s forge,” that he had delivered opinion to the Queen that Essex’s cause came within case of *præmunire* and high treason; and he denounces these reports as “libels and lies,” having their “root in some light-headed envy at his accessses,” and suggests that “these courses and *bruits* hurt Essex more than all.” No doubt these were the “bruits,” which had been raised against him before; but there is nowhere allusion to any tales, of which it could be said he gave in evidence his own, unless it were this same “matter.”

<sup>1</sup> Morrison's *Itinerary*, Works XVI. (Mont.), Note 4c. Part II.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, II. 160-3.

And so, as he had been wronged before by these bruits, this part, now, would expose him still more to "libels and lies" of the same kind, and it would also be said he gave in evidence his own tales!

Thus we see how Essex had been compelled to disclaim this dedication; and Bacon was now made to swallow his part in that business (whatever it was) by an express conclusion of the Queen's pleasure. His first objection to the allotment is, that this part of the charge was an "old matter." But this dedication was not so very old a matter, not older than the matters of Ireland, being scarcely a year old; but the play was somewhat older, and he might very well urge that this tragedy had nothing to do with Essex's treason in Ireland, which was of later date than the play. There had been bruits to his prejudice before, and this "old matter" would expose him to them still more, and it would be said he gave in evidence his own tales! As to these tales and this "matter" which grew from himself, he still preferred to go about in others' names. According to Mr. Tobie Matthew, it had been just so with the most prodigious wit in all England, whose name was Francis Bacon, though known by another. And as some further proof that this play of Richard II. made an equal figure with Hayward's book in all these troubles and in the public mind, and was precisely that very same "old matter," and none other, we may take Bacon's own construction (wherein the old matter becomes the *old play*) from his account of the trial of Merrick, which runs thus:—

"The afternoon before the rebellion, Merrick, with a great number of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard the Second; neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merrick, and not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to see it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given

to play, and so, thereupon, played it was. So earnest was he to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lordship should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads." <sup>1</sup>

Again, this account of the tragedy of Richard II. may throw some light on the behaviour of the Queen towards Bacon (and Essex) in the matter of his promotion. As we have seen, the name of Essex had been used publicly in connection with the schemes of the Jesuits as early as 1594. Bacon was avowedly the confidential counsellor and a known adherent of Essex and his party. Essex's countenance of this play and of Hayward's book had been viewed by her in the light of undutiful carriage toward his sovereign; and when an opportunity occurred, it was made a ground of formal accusation against him. The unfortunate subsidy speech may not have been the only objection to Bacon's advancement. He had never actually repented of that error, but rather justified his course; an offence which might easily be pardoned and forgotten. It had been so far overlooked that she had continued to employ him in her legal business, though without a regular appointment as Queen's Counsel, and she had rewarded his services with various gifts and grants, and bestowed upon him many marks of her favor. But this matter of a persistent adherence to the fortunes of Essex, even in his wayward courses, while these machinations were abroad using his name and his title from Edward III. in a way that tended to her dethronement, being an affair of high political import as well as personal to herself, was neither to be countenanced nor forgotten, though it might be endured. It was plain to the actors themselves, in the repeated efforts made for his advancement, during these years, that some secret and inexplicable quirk had got possession of her mind: she held fast to the Cecils and resisted all solicitations in his

<sup>1</sup> *Declaration of the Treason of Robert Earl of Essex, Works* (Philad.) 365.

behalf. During her whole reign, her mind had been disturbed with anxieties about her title to the throne. The several successive conspiracies of Campion, Throckmorton, and Parry and Babington, down to the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots, in 1587, had been contrived and suppressed; and still, in 1594, Parsons and Inglefield were at work. Essex, though a kinsman and favorite, was a great noble and the leader of a powerful party, which it was not safe to allow to become too powerful. Her latest days were disquieted by doubts of her own ministers; and it need not appear surprising that she was unwilling to place Essex's confidential adviser in the line of promotion to the highest offices in the State, nor that an apprehension so secret and profound should not appear on the surface of things. So, when the question of the Solicitorship came up, she was in no haste "in determining of the place," as we learn from the Letters. She answered Essex that "Bacon had a great wit and much learning, but that in law he could show to the uttermost of his knowledge, and was not deep"; and that had to be taken for an answer. It was not always the jealousy of the Cecils that stood in his way; both Lord Burghley and Sir Robert Cecil now urged his suit. It was laid to Lord-Keeper Puckering; but the Queen was "never peremptory but to my lord of Essex." When Essex was "passionate" for him, she was "passionate against him"; and bid Essex "go to bed, if he could think of nothing else." She said to Essex, "she showed her mislike to the suit" as well as he "his affection for it"; and that "if there were to be a yielding, it was fitter to be" of his side. Did she fear that he would put in the people's head boldness and faction, with his seditious preludes? Did she know that Essex was even aspiring to her crown, or, at least, looking to be her successor?

"And you that do abet him in this kind,

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all."—*Rich. II., Act II. Sc. 3.*

So, the honorable offender in the "Timon" had been known

— “to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions;”

as Bacon says of M. Portius Cato, that “he had a bitter tongue, and loved to cherish factions.”

He writes to his brother Anthony : “This is Essex, and she is more angry with him than with me. . . . My conceit is, that I am the least part of my own matter ; . . . for I know her Majesty’s nature, that she neither careth though the whole surname of Bacons travelled, nor the Cecils neither.” And he adds, “But what the secret of it is, *oculus aquilæ non penetravit*.” The secret of it, or at least one rational explanation of it, and that not beyond the reach of an eagle eye, would seem to be clearly revealed in course of the progress of this Essex drama. In the very next act of it, now in 1599–1600, Essex’s schemes are brought to a head and final issue. Bacon is forced decisively and once for all to choose between him and her : he cannot serve two masters. In the next act, he is compelled to prosecute his old friend and patron, no excuse admitted, on that particular part of the charge which related to those “factious and seditious preludes which had been flying about the streets and theatres of London,” and which “had a near affinity with Essex’s cause, including that tragedy, which had been “played forty times in London streets and houses,” — that very “matter” which grew from him, “and went after about in others’ names.” And in the last act, her Majesty’s learned counsel adduces as proof of treason against Merrick, late “Commander over Essex’s House,” that he had specially procured the play of Richard II. to be enacted before Essex’s men, thinking his lordship was about to bring that tragedy from the stage to the state, even at the risk of giving in evidence his own tales !

After this significant hint from Bacon himself, that whole “sentences and conceits” had been transferred from Tacitus into the play, it should be expected, if this interpretation be correct, that some traces of them would be found in

it; and herein we have a remarkable confirmation of the truth of the supposition. Tacitus was a favorite author with Bacon. Much of the brevity and neatness of the style of both Bacon and the plays may be due, in some degree, to the model of Tacitus. "Of all stories," says he, "I think Tacitus simply the best." And in the speech on the King's Messages (1609), he alludes to Tacitus's account of Nerva and Nero, in these words:—

"If the king's sovereignty receive diminution, or any degree of contempt, . . . . we shall be a meteor, or '*corpus imperfectè mistum*,' which kind of bodies come speedily to confusion and dissolution. And herein it is our happiness, that we may make the same judgment of the king, which Tacitus made of Nerva: '*Divus Nerva res olim dissociabiles miscuit, imperium et libertatem*.' Nerva did temper things that before were thought incompatible, or insociable, sovereignty and liberty." And again, in the Advance-ment: "What was the cause of Nero's fall or overthrow? Apollonius answered again: Nero could tune the harp well; but in government he always either wound up the pins too high, and strained the strings too far; or let them down too low, and slackened the strings too much.

["Iago. [*Aside.*] O! you are well tun'd now;  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music."

*Oth., Act II. Sc. 1.]*

Here we see the difference between regular and able princes, and irregular and incapable, Nerva and Nero. The one tempers and mingles the sovereignty with the liberty of the subject wisely; and the other doth interchange it, and vary it unequally and absurdly." In Tacitus we find these words: "*Nerva Cæsar res olim dissociabiles miscuerit, Principatum ac libertatem*"; and again: "*Sed imperaturus es hominibus, qui nec totam servitutem pati possunt, nec totam libertatem.*"<sup>1</sup> And the same ideas and imagery are clearly discernible in the following passages from the play:—

<sup>1</sup> Tac. *Hist.* I. 16.

"*K. Rich.* For I have given here my soul's consent,  
T' undeck the pompous body of a king;  
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud Majesty a subject, state a peasant." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums."  
*Act I. Sc. 3.*

"*North.* His tongue is now a stringless instrument."  
*Act II. Sc. 1.*

"*Norf.* And now my tongue's use is to me no more,  
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

"*K. Rich.* This music made me: let it sound no more,  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad."  
*Act V. Sc. 5.*

Wherewith the following sentences from Tacitus concerning Nero and his devotion to music and the harp (*cithera*), may also be compared: —

"*Vetus illi cum erat, curriculo quadrigarum insistere; nec minus sœdum stadium, cithera ludicum in modum canere, cum cœnaret; quid Regibus et antiquis Ducibus factitatum memorabat.*" — *Tac. Ann. XIV. 14.*

"*Ingredditur theatrum, cum cithæræ legere obtemperans.*" — *ib. XVI. 4.*

"*Postremo ipse scenam incedit, multa cura tentans citheram.*" — *ib. XIV. 15.*

"*Quia est Nero cithera, ita Plao tragico ornatu, canebat.*" — *ib. XV. 32.*

In the letter of "Advice to the Earl of Rutland on his Travels," written for Essex in 1596, the same year with this play, there are some expressions which may remind the reader of the character of Richard, and also of certain lines of the play: —

"But if there be not in nature some partner to this active strength, it can never be obtained by any industry; for the virtues which are proper unto it are liberality or magnificence, and fortitude or magnanimity; and some are by nature so covetous or cowardly, as it is as much in vain to seek to enlarge or inflame their minds as to go about to plough the rocks.

["And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbor's swords."  
*Act I. Sc. 3.*]



Clearness of judgment makes men liberal, for it teacheth men to esteem of the goods of fortune not for themselves, for so they are but jailors to them, but for their use, for so they are lords over them; and it makes us to know that it is *beatius dare, quam accipere*, the one being a badge of sovereignty, the other of subjection . . . . The observation of *proportion* or likeness between one person or one thing and another makes nothing without example, nor nothing new: and although *exempla illustrant, non probant*, examples may make things plain that are proved, but prove not themselves; yet, when circumstances agree, and *proportion is kept*, that which is probable in one case is probable in a thousand, and that which is reason once is reason ever": —

" Why should we in the compass of a pale,  
Keep *law* and *form* and *due proportion*,  
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate? "

*Act III. Sc. 4.*

The judgment of Apollonius (an author much cited by Bacon) upon the cause of Nero's fall, "that he could tune the harp well," but, in government, "wound up the pins too high," or "let them down too low," that is, "knew no touch to tune the harmony," was an anecdote that had been impressed upon Bacon's mind; and this imagery, derived from the tuning of instruments, and from the harp, as well as the ideas, must have gone by the same road into the play. Bacon could not have derived these stories from the play, and there is not the remotest probability that Shakespeare could have been familiar, at once, with the writings of Tacitus and these sayings of Apollonius; and it is certain he could have borrowed nothing for this play from the Speech, or from the Advancement. And the same imagery shows itself again in the *De Augmentis*, thus:

"This variable and subtle composition and structure of man's body has made it as a musical instrument of much and exquisite workmanship, which is easily put out of tune. And therefore the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo; because the genius of both these arts is almost the same; for the office of the physician is but to know how to stretch and tune the harp of man's body, that the harmony may be without all harshness or discord."<sup>1</sup>

Again he writes:

"And in music, I ever loved easy airs, that go full all the parts together; and not these strange points of accord and discord."

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Tran. of the De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX., 25.

Compare, again, these "conceits" from Tacitus with the lines cited from the play, as follows:—

"Præter multiplices rerum humanarum casus, cœlo terroque prodigia et fulminarum monitus et futurarum pœsagia, læta, tristia, ambigua, manifesta.<sup>1</sup> . . . . Prodigia, . . . . vis fulgarum, . . . . sidus cometes, sanguine, . . . . vitulus cui caput in crure esset.<sup>2</sup> Vidisse civium moestos vultus.<sup>3</sup> Nero, . . . . rumor ipso tempore, flagrantis urbis, inesse cum domesticam scenam et cecinisse Trojanum excidium.<sup>4</sup> Finis Neronis, . . . . evulgato Imperii arcanò, posse Principem alibi, quam Romæ fieri."<sup>5</sup>

*Capt.* 'T is thought the King is dead: we will not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the Earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap:

These signs forerun the death or fall of Kings.

*Sal.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament."—*Act II. Sc. 4.*

The identity of the ideas and imagery here is so clear and palpable as to need no comment. Some trace may also be observed in these lines of the author's reading of Holinshed's history of Richard II., in which it is related that "in this year (1399), in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie-trees withered, and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight, and supposed to impart some unknown event";<sup>6</sup> but Holinshed makes no mention of meteors, the fixed stars of heaven, the pale-faced moon, prophets whispering fearful change, rich men looking sad, the unstrung viol and the harp, nor ruffians dancing and leaping: these come from Tacitus.

So, also, Bacon says in the *Essay of Seditions and Troubles*:—

"When discords, and quarrels, and factions, are carried openly and audaciously, it is a sign the reverence of government is lost; for the

<sup>1</sup> *Tac. Hist. I. 3.*

<sup>2</sup> *Tac. Ann. XII. 47.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ib. XV. 36.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ib. XV. 39.*

<sup>5</sup> *Tac. Hist. I. 4.*

<sup>6</sup> *Chron. of Eng. II. 850.*

motions of the greatest persons in a government ought to be as the motions of the planets under *primum mobile* (according to the old opinion), which is that every of them is carried swiftly by the highest motion, and softly in their own motion; and therefore, when great ones in their own particular motion move violently, and, as Tacitus expresseth it well, '*liberius quam ut imperantium meminissent*,' it is a sign the orbs are out of frame."

"*K. Henry.* Will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred war,  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?"

1 *Hen. IV.*; *Act V. Sc. 1.*

It will be borne in mind that this Essay first appeared in the edition of 1625, and of course William Shakespeare could never have borrowed anything from it for these plays, otherwise than as they came through the mind of Bacon himself. This Essay, like many others of them, is full of quotations from Tacitus, and the ideas, imagery, and very language of the Essay may be distinctly recognized by a careful reader throughout the play. When the sentences and conceits are wrenched from their contexts, the resemblances are less striking; but a few instances will be sufficient to show that there is ample ground for this assertion:—

"Libels and licentious discourses against the State, when they are frequent and open; and in the like sort false news often running up and down, to the disadvantage of the State, and hastily embraced, are among the signs of troubles."

"*Act III. Sc. 4.—Duke of York's Garden.*

"*Queen.* But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—  
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of State; for every one doth so  
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe."

"Shepherds of people had need to know the calendars and tempests in State, which are commonly greatest when things grow to equality:"—

"*Gard.* Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

1 *Servt.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds?"

The talk of the gardeners then goes on about Richard's "disordered spring" and those "weeds," the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green, that he had suffered to grow up in his untrimmed garden, and Bolingbroke, who had "seized the wasteful king," ending thus:—

"1 *Servt.* What! think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,

'T is doubt, he will be."

"For high *conceits* do come streaming into the imaginations of base persons; especially when they are drunk with news and talk of the people."

*History of Henry VII.*

"*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!

[*Coming forward.*

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this displeasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why do'st thou say King Richard is depos'd?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,

Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? Speak, thou wretch."

"Also, as Machiavel noteth, when princes that ought to be common parents, make themselves as a party, and lean to one side, it is as a boat that is overthrown by uneven weight on the one side."

"*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,

To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,

And some few vanities that make him light;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Besides himself, are all the English peers,

And with that odds he weighs King Richard down."

"So when any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken, or



"And as there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swelling of seas before a tempest, so are there in states:" —

"This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

"*Aum.* How brooks your grace the air,  
After late tossing on the breaking seas?" — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

"For it is true that every vapour, or fume, doth not turn into a storm, so it is nevertheless true, that storms, though they blow over divers times, may come at last:" —

"*Scroop.* Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, —" . . . . . *Act III Sc. 2.*

"*Sal.* Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest." — *Act II. Sc. 4.*

"*North.* But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

"*Ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus*

*Sæpe monet, fraudesque operta tumescere bella.*" — *Essay xv.*

"Were it, that before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself before a tempest." — *Holinshed's History of Richard III., Vol. III., 379.*

"3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm."

*Richard III., Act II. Sc. 3.*

"For when the authority of princes is made but an accessory to a cause, and that there be other bands that tie faster than the band of sovereignty, kings begin to be put almost out of possession:" —

"*Queen.* I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
While false hope lingers in extremity." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

"*Fils.* — there is my bond of faith  
To tie thee to my strong correction." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"Certainly, the politic and artificial nourishing and entertainment of hopes, and carrying men from hopes to hopes, is one of the best antidotes against the poison of discontents; and it is a certain sign of a wise government and proceeding, when it can hold men's hearts by hopes, when it cannot by satisfaction; and when it can handle things in such manner as no evil shall appear so peremptory but that it hath some outlet of hope:" —

*"K. Rich.*                   What comfort have we now?  
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint Castle; there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let 'em go  
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

"To give moderate liberty for griefs and discontentments to evaporate (so it be without too great insolency or bravery), is a safe way. For he that turneth the humors back, and maketh the wound bleed inwards endangereth malign ulcers and pernicious imposthumations: " —

*"K. Rich.* For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
With that dear blood which it hath foster'd,  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's swords: " — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

*"Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? " — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

*"Gaunt.* And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

"This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,  
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without  
Why the man dies." — *Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 4.*

"I understand a fit head to be one that hath greatness and reputation: " —

*"Gaunt.* Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

*"Nor.* The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

"For I see sometimes the profounder sort of wits, in handling some particular argument, will now and then draw a bucket of water out of this well for their present use; but the spring-head thereof seemeth to me not to have been visited." — *Adv. of Learning, II.*

*"Bol.* That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring."  
*Act I. Sc. 1.*

*"K. Rich.* Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
That owes two buckets, filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen, and full of water:  
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high."  
*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"Surely princes had need in tender matters and ticklish times to beware what they say, especially in these short speeches, which fly abroad like darts, and are thought to be shot out of their secret intentions:" —

"K. Rich. And darts his light through every guilty hole."

Act III. Sc. 2.

"York. While all tongues cried, — 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage." — Act V. Sc. 2.

"Such men in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon everything that is raw." — *Essay*, xiii.

"K. Rich. O, villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!" — Act III. Sc. 2.

These passages may be left to speak for themselves. It is also worthy of notice that the word *instrument* is much used by both Bacon and Shakespeare, in a metaphorical way, and peculiarly in the Latin sense of Tacitus; as for instance, we have, in Tacitus, "*mathematicos, . . . . pessimum Principalis matrimonii instrumentum*," and "*ut haberet instrumenta servitutis et Reges*," and "*sed sola instrumenta vitiorum*"; and in the plays, "the instruments of darkness," "the mortal instruments," "a serving man and instrument," and "that hath to instrument this lower world"; and, in Bacon, "the wicked instruments only of other men's malice," and "the actors and instruments," "the organs and instruments," "the fittest instrument to do good to the state," and "practised by subtile instruments to draw them on," and "but as a divine instrument, though a mortal man." And the favorite metaphor of both Bacon and the plays, derived from instruments of music and the tuning of instruments, appears in the Advancement, thus: —

"Being at some pause looking back into that I have passed through, this writing seemeth to me, '*si numquam fallit imago*,' as far as a man can judge of his own work, not much better than the noise, or sound, which musicians make, while they are tuning their instruments, which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards: so have I been content to tune the instruments of the muses, that they may play that have better hands:" —



"His tongue is now a stringless instrument." — *Rich. II.*

It is true, the author of this play, in the historical part, very closely followed the history of Holinshed; as for one instance, in Holinshed, the Earl of Arundel, turning to Sir John Bushie, says, "not the King's faithful commons require this, but thou, and what thou art I know"; and in the "*Richard II.*," it appears thus:—

"*Norf.* No Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the Book of Life,  
And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence!  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

So Holinshed speaks of Richard lamenting his miserable state, "when now it was too late:"—

"One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

But the parallel ideas, expressions, and allusions in these writings of Bacon, as well as that particular allusion to the Salic law, in the Apothegms, in reference to which the speech in the "*Henry V.*" is almost literally versified out of Holinshed, with a like allusion to the book of Numbers and to the French gloss as in the Apothegms, not to mention many other similar instances, would seem to furnish pretty satisfactory evidence that Holinshed was transferred to the play, through the mind of Francis Bacon and not of William Shakespeare. Indeed, the critical reader, who shall diligently compare the entire play with the writings of Bacon and Tacitus, can scarcely fail to discover translations and similitudes enough, not only to justify the expectation of traces in it of the "sentences and conceits of Cornelius Tacitus," but to convince him of the fact, that they passed into the play through the limbec of Bacon's brain.

## § 2. THE HENRY VIII.

The tragedy of Henry VIII. has been supposed by some critics to have been written as early as the year 1602, but there is no evidence concerning it, nor any certain trace of its existence, before it was produced in great splendor at the Globe Theatre, on the 30th of June, 1613, when the theatre took fire, during the performance, and was burned down. Ben Jonson appears to have taken an active part in bringing out the play ; and some have entertained the opinion, on internal evidence merely, that the prologue and the lines in compliment to King James were written by him and added to the old play, at this time. But there is no good ground for this supposition : on the contrary, it is far more probable that the play was entirely a new one, as Mr. White believes, and that the speech of Cranmer in praise of Elizabeth and James, as well as the scenes in which Anne Bullen, the mother of Elizabeth, is introduced in terms of high commendation, was intended to be a special compliment to the King. It was never entered, nor printed, until it appeared in the Folio of 1623. It is true, however, that, in the year 1602, the kingdom was agitated on the subject of abuses of the King's prerogative in the matter of taxes, and that there were loud complaints of oppressive exactions. The subject was debated in Parliament, and a petition of grievances was sent up to the King by the Commons. Bacon presented it, and made his speech to the King touching purveyors ; in which allusion is made to the fact, that similar grievances had existed in the reign of Henry VIII., who had made "some laws or law against this kind of offenders." And in this play, the author makes Queen Katherine present to King Henry a like petition of grievances. A comparison of this speech with the second scene of the first act will scarcely leave room for doubt in the mind of the critical reader, that both proceeded from the same pen. Observe these passages, in particular : —

"Wherein it may please your majesty to vouchsafe me leave, first, to set forth unto you the dutiful and respective carriage of our proceeding; next the substance of our petition":—

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed."

"For there is no grievance so sensible, and so bitter unto the common subject, as this whereof we now speak. . . . The commissions they bring down are against the law, and because they know so much they will not show them. . . . For all these grievances are committed in your majesty's name."

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,  
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,  
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil, even he escapes not  
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion."

"For instead of takers they become taxers. . . . I do set apart these commodities, wool, wool-fels, and leather, . . . because the custom upon them is *antiqua costuma*:"—["their spinners, carders, fullers, weavers."

*Holin. III. 709].*

*Norf.* Not almost appears;  
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,"—

*K. Hen.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?"

"Again, they use a strange and unjust exaction, in causing the subjects to pay poundage of their own debts, due from your majesty unto them."

*Q. Kath.* . . . . These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. . . .

*K. Hen.*

Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let 's know,  
Is this exaction?"

"By law they ought to show their commission, and the form of commission is by law set down."

"For the second point, most gracious sovereign, touching the quantity which they take, far above that which is answered by your majesty's use; they are the only multipliers in the world; they have the art of multiplication. For it is true, that there is no pound profit, which redoundeth to your majesty in this course, but induceth and begetteth three pounds damage upon your subjects, besides this discontent."

*Q. Kath.* . . . . The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd — your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them. . . . .

*K. Hen.*

Have you a precedent

Of this commission? I believe not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd, send our letters with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission."

"Again, they take trees, which by law they cannot do; timber trees, which are the beauty, countenance, and shelter of men's houses. . . . And if a gentleman be too hard for them, while he is at home, they will watch their time, when there is but a bailiff or servant remaining, and put the axe to the root of the tree, ere ever the master can stop it": —

"We set the axe to thy usurping root." — 3 *Hen. VI., Act II. Sc. 2.*

This speech was delivered in 1604, and it is not impossible that William Shakespeare may have known something about these exactions and complaints. The resemblances are not those of plagiarism, or direct imitation: they are rather such as would naturally come from the same mind, on a kindred subject, in writings so different in



Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself,  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd":

["And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood." — *Sonnet xix.*]

"A prince whom we hold and behold as an excellent pattern and example  
 to imitate in many her royal virtues." — *Proclamation.*

"She shall be  
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)  
 A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed."

["For beauty's pattern to succeeding men." — *Sonnet xix.*]

"I see your majesty is a star that hath benevolent aspect and gracious  
 influence upon all things that tend to a general good: —

*Astrum quo segetes gauderent frugibus, et quo  
 Duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem.*

This work, which is for the bettering of men's bread and wine, which are  
 the characters of temporal blessings and sacraments of eternal, I hope, by  
 God's holy providence, will be ripened by Caesar's star." — *Letter to King.*

"And maintain every several estate in a happy and flourishing condi-  
 tion." — *Proc.*

[Solomon's] "natural history of all verdure from the mountain cedar to  
 the moss upon the wall." — *Adv.*

"The sappy cedars tall like stately towers." — *Psalms.*

"Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him."

["And when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being  
 dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly  
 grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and  
 flourish in peace and plenty." — *Cymb., Act V. Sc. 4.*]

"Time is her best commander, which never brought forth such a prince.  
 . . . No praise of magnanimity, nor of love, nor of knowledge, can inter-  
 cept her praise."

[ 'Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.

'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall find room,  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom." — *Sonnet lv.*]

"Yea, both roses, white and red, do as well flourish in her nobility as in her beauty." . . .

"For the beauty and many graces of her presence," —

"— that which I did reserve for a garland of her honour," — . . .

— "as he shall never cease to wonder at such a Queen."

["So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise." — *Sonnet cvi.*]

"Beauty and honour in her are so mingled." — *Act II. Sc. 3.*

Further, that the author had a special intent to make this play acceptable to King James, is also evident in the studiously complimentary manner in which he speaks of Anne Bullen in the several passages in which she is brought upon the scene; as for instance, in that of the maskers habited like shepherds: —

"*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O, beauty!  
'Till now I never knew thee. . . .

. . . . My Lord Chamberlain,  
Pry'thee come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter, —  
The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' women.

*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you." — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

And again, thus, after he has made her his queen:

"2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee! [*Looking on the QUEEN.*]  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —  
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:  
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more and richer when he strains that lady:  
I cannot blame his conscience." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

The story of the maskers habited like shepherds is taken from Holinshed, whose account is pretty closely followed in the play, but with the very notable exception, that in Holinshed there is no allusion whatever to Anne Bullen, while in the play, she makes a prominent figure in the scene; and in all these passages, her beauty and honor are the subject of particular remark, very much after the style of Bacon when speaking of Queen Elizabeth herself, in the *Felicities*, thus :—

"Now to pass to the excellences of her person: the view of them wholly, and not severally, do make so sweet a wonder, as I fear to divide them. Again nobility extracted out of the royal and virtuous line of the kings of England; yea, both roses, white and red, do as well flourish in her nobility as in her beauty. . . For the beauty and many graces of her presence, what colours are fine enough for such a portraiture?"

"To speak of her fortune, that which I did reserve for a garland of her honour; and that is, that she liveth a virgin, and hath no children: so it is that which maketh all her other virtues and acts more sacred, more august, more divine."

"As for her memory, it hath gotten such life in the mouths and hearts of men, as that envy being put out by her death, and her fame lighted, I cannot say whether the felicity of her life, or the felicity of her memory be the greater."

"Another principal thing I cast into Queen Elizabeth's felicity, was the time and period of her reign; not only for that it was long, but because it fell in that season of her life, which was most active and fittest for the swaying of a sceptre, for she was fully five and twenty years old (at which age the civil law freeth from a curator) when she came to the crown, and reigned to the seventieth year of her life; so that she never suffered the detriments of pupillage and check of an overawing power, or the inconveniences of an impotent and unwieldy old age; and old age is not without a competent portion of miseries, even to private men; but to kings, besides the common burden of years, it brings for the most part a declining in the estates they govern, and a conclusion of their lives without honour, . . . Contrariwise, Queen Elizabeth's fortune was so constant and deeply rooted, that no disaster in any of her dominions accompanied her indeed declining but still able years."

And very like is the tone of the conclusion of Cranmer's prophetic speech : —

*K. Henry.*

Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.



Would I had known no more! but she must die,—  
 She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,  
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

*Act V. Sc. 4.*

Another instance may be added here of those numerous resemblances in thought and word, which, though not amounting in themselves to any absolute certainty of proof, yet strike the mind, as it were, like the sound of a voice from the world of spirits. In the History of Henry VII., Bacon speaks of Queen Katherine thus:—

"And the lady Katherine herself (a sad and religious woman), long after, when King Henry the Eighth his resolution of a divorce from her was first made known to her, used some words, that she had not offended, but it was a judgment of God, for that her former marriage was made in blood; meaning that of the Earl of Warwick."<sup>1</sup>

And thus she is represented in the play:—

*Q. Kath.* Alas, sir,  
 In what have I offended you? . . . .

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
 . . . . Thou art, alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, would speak thee out,  
 The queen of earthly queens." . . . .

*Act II. Sc. 4.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles:  
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working."—*Act III. Sc. 1.*

*K. Hen.* I' th' progress of the business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. . . . .

. . . . . First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceived a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to 't than  
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XII. 306.

Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' th' world, should not  
Be gladdened in 't by me."—*Act II. Sc. 4.*

This last circumstance of the judgment of God is mentioned by Holinshed; but inasmuch as other particulars, and among them, the fact of Katherine being a "saint-like," "pious," and "sad" woman, or "a sad and religious woman," are not noticed in Holinshed, there is the more reason to infer, what the whole style and manner would seem fully to warrant, that it was Bacon, rather than another, who built upon that author. Neither could Shakespeare have had any help from the History of Henry VII., nor from the Felicities of Queen Elizabeth, which were not published until after the play appeared.

Whether or not the appearance of this play had any bearing upon the expected vacancy in the Attorney-General's place, is only matter of probability; but it is certain that, during the preceding year, Bacon had written several letters to the King, plaintively urging that he had served "above a prenticehood," now "full seven years" in "one of the painfulest places" in the kingdom (that of Solicitor), and entreating his majesty's "royal promise to succeed," if he lived, "unto the other place." And he said, "I did conceive your majesty may think it rather a kind of dullness, or want of faith, than modesty, if I should not come with my pitcher to Jacob's well as others do": like the fault of Cordelia, it might be deemed "a tardiness in nature." He went so far as to suggest, that "since God had brought his own years to fifty-two, it were better for him, otherwise, then, while he had "some little reputation in the world," to give over the course he was in, and "make proof to do his majesty some honor by his pen"; and the boon prayed for had been granted "on the word of a king." As the play was not printed until 1623, it is, of course, impossible to ascertain with positive certainty,

whether anything, or how much, may have been added to it, after the date of its first appearance. Some critics have observed such differences in the style and versification of different parts of it as to raise a doubt whether it were all the work of the same author. But in this matter of versification, it may be well to remember Bacon's remark, that "some men's behaviour is like a verse, wherein every syllable is measured; how can a man comprehend great matters, that breaketh his mind too much to small observations?"<sup>1</sup> And his remarks on verse, generally, in the *De Augmentis*, may justly claim attention in any criticism of the verse of Shakespeare:—

"The ancients used hexameter for histories and eulogies; elegiac for complaints; iambic for invectives; lyric for odes and hymns. Nor have the modern poets been wanting in this wisdom, so far as their own languages are concerned. The fault has been, that some of them, out of too much zeal for antiquity, have tried to train the modern languages into the ancient measures (hexameter, elegiac, saphic, etc.); measures incompatible with the structures of the languages themselves, and no less offensive to the ear. In these things the judgment of the sense is to be preferred to the precepts of art,—as the poet says,—

Coense fercula nostræ

Mallem convivis quam placuisse cocis.

And it is not art, but abuse of art, when, instead of perfecting nature, it perverts it."

Indeed, it is not improbable, that this play received some considerable additions and emendations from the matured experience of the master's hand, after his own fall from power, when he had bidden farewell to all his "greatness,"—when he had "done with such vanities" as the House of Lords, and had found, at last, "the blessedness of being little." At least, this celebrated speech of Wolsey to Cromwell is not to be found in Holinshed, from whose history the matter of the play is chiefly taken, and much of it merely turned into verse: it has been remarked, too, that a certain twang of pulpit eloquence is audible in it; and truly enough, if it be understood that the preacher was this

<sup>1</sup> Essay, lii.

same high priest of Nature, Justice, and Truth, on whom the wall had fallen, though not the greatest sinner in Israel, and who now confessed himself to have been "humbled as a Christian, but not dejected as a worldling": —

"Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

And this conclusion sounds very much like the Essay on Truth: —

"Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth."

At any rate, it is a most positive and indubitable fact, that on the fifth of September, 1621, whether he were then engaged upon a revision of these plays or not, he writes a letter to the King, from his retreat at Gorhambury, to which he appends a remarkable postscript, by which it appears that the similarity of his own case to that of the fallen Cardinal in the play had very forcibly come to his mind; and he seems to have been struggling with his own conscience to avert the parallel, thus: —

"Cardinal Wolsey said that if he had pleased God as he pleased the king he had not been ruined. My conscience saith no such thing; for I know not but in serving you, I served God in one. But it may be if I had pleased God, as I had pleased you, it would have been better for me."<sup>1</sup>

The play reads thus: —

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to the King, Works* (Mont.), XII. 411; *Works* (Philad.), III. 186.



would have an opportunity to consult one of the MSS. copies of Cavendish. Holinshed's statement of this saying of the dying Cardinal, drawn from Cavendish, is as follows :—

"Sir, (quoth he,) I tarrie but the pleasure of God to render up my poore soule into his hands. I see the matter, how it is framed : but if I had served God as diligentlie as I have doone the King, he would not have given me over in my greie haire: but it is the just reward that I must receive for the diligent pains and studie that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but onlie to satisfie his pleasure."<sup>1</sup>

The word *pleased* is not used, nor is anything said, in the play, about the king's "pleasure : " while in the letter of Bacon, *pleased* is the leading word. This shows that Bacon wrote rather from his remembrance of Holinshed than of the play. At the same time, the word *served* is also used by Bacon as in Holinshed, and it is made the leading word in the play, as more suitable than *pleased* for the few lines of verse which were required. And this tends strongly to the conclusion, that the saying passed into the play through the mind of Bacon. Furthermore, this word *please* is much in use, in the same manner, both in Bacon and the plays ; as for instance, in the Julius Cæsar, thus :—

"*Cass.* I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the Players in the theatre, I am no true man." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

And in the "Christian Paradoxes" of Bacon, we have this :—

"He knoweth if he please man, he cannot be the servant of Christ ; yet, for Christ's sake, he pleaseth all men in all things."

In like manner, the story of King Henry the Sixth's prophecy, about young Henry Earl of Richmond, passes from Holinshed into the play of Henry VI., pretty certainly through the head of Bacon ; for, in the Essay of Prophecies, he says, "Henry the Sixth of England said of Henry the Seventh, when he was a lad, and gave him water, *This is the lad that shall enjoy the crown for which we strive.*"

<sup>1</sup> *Chron. of Eng.* (Lond. 1808), III. 755.

And it is thus related in the play : —

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers

*[Lays his hand on his head.]*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

*This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.*

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne."

*3 Hen. VI., Act IV. Sc. 6.*

### § 3. JULIUS CÆSAR.

As we have seen, there is satisfactory evidence, that Bacon had made a special study of the life and times of Julius Cæsar. The play of this name was not printed until it appeared in the Folio, but it seems to have been written about the year 1607, just when Bacon was engaged upon his Characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar (written in Latin), in which allusion is made to Cæsar's ambition for a crown, in these words of the translation : —

"For aiming at a real power, he was content to pass by all vain pomp and outward shows of power throughout his whole life; till at the last, whether high-flown with the continual exercise of power, or corrupted with flatteries, he affected the ensigns of power (the style and diadem of a king), which was the bait which wrought his overthrow."

The Advancement contains a critical account of the merits of Julius Cæsar as a writer, and also this passage, which may be compared with the following lines of the play : —

"Cæsar did extremely affect the name of king; and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation to salute him king; whereupon finding the cry weak and poor, he put it off thus, in a kind of jest, as if they had mistaken his surname: *Non rex sum, sed Cæsar.*"

The play reads thus . —

"*Cæsar.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Cas.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Cas.* Why for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

*Cas.* Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Cas.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Cas.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Anthony offer him a crown: — yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. . . . .

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Cas.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. . . . . When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said, anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. . . . .

*Cas.* . . . . . I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

Here, it is not possible that Bacon could have followed Shakespeare, the Advancement being older than the play; but, on the other hand, it is possible, so far as the date is concerned, that Shakespeare may have seen the Advancement as well as Plutarch's Antony (in North's translation<sup>1</sup>), from which some part of the story seems to have been taken. But the play follows the ideas of Bacon rather

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans*, translated out of French into English by Thomas North, Knight (dedicated to Q. Eliz. 16 Jan. 1579) London ed. 1631, p. 917.



than those of Plutarch, and adopts the very peculiarities of Bacon's expressions, wherein they differ from North's Plutarch; as, for instance, in these: "*he put it by with the back of his hand, thus,*" in the play, and "*he put it off thus,*" in Bacon; "*what was that last cry for?*" and "*finding the cry weak and poor*"; "*it was mere foolery*" and "*in a kind of jest*"; "*he was very loath to lay his fingers off it,*" and "*he put it off thus*"; while these particular expressions are not used in North's Plutarch.

Again, North's Plutarch speaks of "a laurell crowne" having "a royal band or diademe wreathed about it, which in old time was the ancient marke and token of a king"; in the play, it is called "a crown," or "one of these coronets," but never a diadem; while in Bacon, it is "the style and diadem of a king": whence it would seem clear that Bacon followed Plutarch rather than the play.

Again, the phrase "*tell us the manner of it*" finds a repetition in this from Bacon, "*the bed we call a hot bed, and the manner of it is this.*" Casca can "as well be hanged as tell the manner of it"; and then, they "*uttered such a deal of stinking breath,*" also not in Plutarch; which sounds very much like Bacon's saying of the crowd and throng that attended the procession when he took his seat in Chancery, that "*there was much ado and a great deal of world, . . . . hell to me, or purgatory, at least.*"

Indeed, the whole style and manner of the scene, and the thought, expression, language, and manner of the whole play, are so decidedly Baconian, that it is scarcely possible to doubt, either that the story of Plutarch passed through his pen into this scene, or that the play was written by him; a conclusion that is especially confirmed by the purely classical character of the piece, and by the consideration that William Shakespeare could have had but little pretensions to learning and skill in that kind. But if there be a lingering doubt in any mind, it must certainly be removed by a comparison of these further passages from the

**Essay of Friendship (first printed in 1612) with the second act of the play : —**

"With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream."

*Cæs.* But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.  
*Dec.* Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'ersway him. . . . .  
Let me work;  
For I can give his humour the true bent;  
And I will bring him to the Capitol." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will; I will not come:  
That is enough to satisfy the Senate;  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amies interpreted:  
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood: and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance:  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way you have well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:  
 And know it now. The Senate have concluded  
 To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar:  
 If you shall send them word you will not come,  
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
 'Break up the Senate till another time,  
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'"

*Act II. Sc. 2.*

The Essay continues : —

"And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica, witch*; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. . . . . The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the Senate, by these words : *I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me.*"

And the same thing appears in the play thus : —

"*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,  
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
 Should outlive Cæsar." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

#### § 4. THE SOOTHSAYER.

In the Natural History (*Sylva Sylvarum*), Bacon goes into some curious investigations of "the force of imagination," and of the means whereby one mind may be affected by another through the imagination; and, in the course of the work, he gives some illustrations of his experiments "touching the emission of immateriate virtues from the minds and spirits of men," as in jugglers, soothsayers, witches, and the like.

He begins by saying that "imagination is of three kinds: the first joined with belief of that which is to come"; and under this head he proceeds thus: "The problem therefore is, whether a man constantly and strongly believing that such a thing shall be, . . . . it doth help anything to the effecting of the thing itself. And here again one must warily distinguish; for it is not meant, as hath been partly said before, that it should help by making a man more stout, or

more industrious, in which kind a constant belief doth much, but merely by a secret operation, or binding, or changing the spirit of another; . . . . for whatsoever a man imagineth doubtingly, or with fear, must needs do hurt, if imagination hath any power at all." And of all this we have an exemplification in the "Julius Cæsar," where Cæsar bids the soothsayer come forward and repeat his warning, confronting him face to face, as if to try the courage and faith of the soothsayer himself in his own prophecy, thus:—

*"Sooth. Cæsar!*

*Cæs. Ha! Who calls?*

*Cæsa. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again!*

*[Music ceases.]*

*Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?*

*I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,*

*Cry, Cæsar! Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.*

*Sooth. Beware the ides of March.*

*Cæs. What man is that?*

*Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.*

*Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.*

*Cæsa. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.*

*Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.*

*Sooth. Beware the ides of March.*

*Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass."*

*Act I. Sc. 2.*

The resemblance here might appear to be somewhat far-fetched, if it were not confirmed by the more direct allusion, and more explicit identity, afforded in the play of Antony and Cleopatra, in reference to this same overmastering spirit and another soothsayer. In the *Natural History* (not printed until after his death), he tells the story of Cleopatra's soothsayer, thus:—

"940. There was an Egyptian soothsayer, that made Antonius believe that his genius (which otherwise was brave and confident) was, in the presence of Octavianus Cæsar, poor and cowardly; and therefore, he advised him to absent himself as much as he could and remove far from him. This soothsayer was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra, to make him live in Egypt, and other remote places from Rome. Howsoever, the conceit of a predominant or mastering spirit of one man over another, is ancient, and received still, even in vulgar opinion."

And again, in the *De Augmentis*, he speaks of "those conceits (now become as it were popular) of the mastering spirit, of men unlucky and ill-omened, of the glances of love, envy, and the like."

And the story reappears in the play, thus : —

*Ant.* Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt?

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet his you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar is not; but near him, thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou 'rt sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.  
But, he away, 't is noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone." — *Act II. Sc. 3.*

The "Antony and Cleopatra," first printed in the Folio, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1608, and was most probably written not long before. Of course, Shakespeare could not have borrowed this story from Bacon. There is more in Bacon's story than is said by the soothsayer in the play; and this proves that Bacon drew from some other source than the play. Bacon states that this soothsayer was thought to have been suborned by Cleopatra to make Antony live in Egypt, but this circumstance is not mentioned in the play. A similar story was to be found in North's translation of Plutarch's life of Antony, which Shakespeare may have seen as well as Bacon; and it is true that some parts of it are very closely followed in the

play. There is little doubt that the writer had read Plutarch. But Plutarch makes the soothsayer a member of the household of Antony at Rome: "With Antonius there was a Soothsayer or Astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them."<sup>1</sup> But the play, like Bacon's story, makes him not only an Egyptian, but one of the household of Cleopatra; and in the play, he is sent by Cleopatra as one of her numerous messengers from Egypt to Antony at Rome to induce him to return to Egypt; and in this he is successful; all which is in exact keeping with Bacon's statement that he was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra to make Antony live in Egypt; but of this there is not the least hint in Plutarch. All this goes strongly to show, that this story, together with the doctrine of a predominant or mastering spirit of one man over another, went into the play through the Baconian strainer; for it is next to incredible, that both Bacon and Shakespeare should make the same variations upon the common original.

Again, in this same Natural History, considering of the substances that produce death with least pain, he records his conclusions upon the poison of the asp, in these words:—

"643. The death that is most without pain, hath been noted to be upon the taking of the potion of hemlock; which in humanity was the form of execution of capital offenders in Athens. The poison of the asp, that Cleopatra used, hath some affinity with it. The cause is, for that the torments of death are chiefly raised by the strife of the spirits; and these vapours quench the spirits by degrees; like to the death of an extreme old man. I conceive it is less painful than opium, because opium hath parts of heat mixed."

And, that the writer of this play had the same scientific knowledge and the same opinions of the quality and effect of this poison, will be seen in these lines of the play:—

"*Cleo.* Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?"

<sup>1</sup> North's *Plutarch*, 926.

*Cleon.* Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

*Cleo.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie,—as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty;—how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* *IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. . . .

. . . . Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. . . .

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O, Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too. — [*Another asp.*]

What should I stay — [*Falls and dies.*]

*Char.* In this wide world?—So, fare thee well. —

*Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves  
Have alime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Caes.* Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

And there is no doubt, that she was somehow thoroughly instructed in natural history, and well acquainted with "the death that is most without pain," or as gentle "as a lover's pinch," and those "vapours" that "quench the spirits by degrees, like to the death of an extreme old man"; nor that the great Magician himself had "pursued conclusions infinite of easy ways to die."

Though the Natural History was chiefly composed during the last five years of his life, yet we know that he had been collecting materials for it for many years before ; and it is very probable that he was making notes on the poisonous qualities of plants and animals, and on easy ways to die, about the same time that he was engaged in writing this play, and so the asp, that Cleopatra used, is noted with the hemlock, and finds its way into the same section of this work, in connection with the same subject, "the death that is most without pain." This inference is still further confirmed by the actual out-cropping, in rather a singular manner, of this same word *vapour*, a little above, in the same scene of the play, thus : —

"Cleo. . . . . — in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour."

Bacon, as we know, towards the close of his career, collected and digested the results of his observations and studies, through many years, into a scientific history of Life and Death ; and in such a man we may find a comprehensible source of the natural science of these plays, without resorting to the childish and ridiculous notion that a born genius can see through nature at one glance.

#### § 5. MACBETH. — VISIONS.

The tragedy of Macbeth was certainly written between 1605 and 1610. The first notice that we have of it is, that it was performed at the Globe in April 1610 ; and there are some reasons to conjecture that it was written about the year 1607, when Bacon was made Solicitor-General. It may have followed the "Antony and Cleopatra" : at any rate, we find in it an allusion to this same soothsayer, together with some further illustration of the same conceit of a predominant or mastering spirit of one man over another, thus : —



“ *Macb.* Our fears in Banquo  
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'T is much he dares;  
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
 To act in safety. There is none but he,  
 Whose being I do fear; and under him  
 My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,  
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.” — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

And in the lines immediately following these, the same conceit leads to a like use of this same word *predominant*, thus: —

“ *Macb.* Do you find  
 Your patience so predominant in your nature  
 That you can let this go? ”

The same form of expression occurs again in what Bacon writes concerning Henry VII. and his Queen: “ But his aversion towards the house of York was so predominant in him, as it found place not only in his wars and counsels, but in his chamber and bed ”; and again, in this same History, he uses the expression, “ and were predominant in the King's nature and mind.”

The incantation and vaticination of the witches, and the prophetic visions also, in this play, bear unmistakable marks of Bacon's inquiries into the natural history of charms and witches, the poisonous plants and animals connected with them in the popular superstitions, and the manner in which the imagination is operated upon by immateriate virtues. Speaking of his third kind of imagination, that which is “ of things not present as if they were present,” and of the power of it upon the spirits of men, he says: —

“ There be three means to fortify belief: the first is experience; the second is reason; and the third is authority; . . . for authority, it is of two kinds, belief in an art, and belief in a man. Therefore, if a man believes in astrology, . . . or believe in natural magic, and that a ring with such a stone, or such a piece of living creature carried, will do good, it may help his imagination. . . . And such are, for the most part, all witches and superstitious persons, whose beliefs, tied to their teachers and traditions, are no

whit controlled either by reason or experience. Therefore if there be any operation upon bodies in absence by nature, it is like to be conveyed from man to man as fame is; as if a witch, by imagination, should hurt any afar off, it cannot be naturally; but by working upon the spirit of some that cometh to the witch." — *Nat. Hist.* c. x.

Accordingly, at the close of the first witch scene, Macbeth comes to the witches, thus : —

"3 Witch,                      A drum! a drum!  
Macbeth doth come." — Act I. Sc. 3.

And at the close of the great incantation of the fourth act, thus : —

"2 *Witch*. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes. —  
Open locks, whoever knocks. [*Enter MACBETH.*]  
"*Hec.* . . . Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' th' morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny." — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

And in the apparition scene immediately following, Bacon's ideas of the nature of prophecy are repeated almost in his own language. The Intellectual Globe must have been written not far from the time when the "Macbeth" first appeared, though not published until afterwards; and it is manifest that Shakespeare could have derived nothing from this work. In the first chapter, he defines his notions of the three several streams of history, poesy, and philosophy, and after giving his meaning of poesy as nothing else but "feigned history," he proceeds to distinguish history from prophecy in the following passage which may be compared with the play:—

“ Wherefore we assert that history itself either consists of sacred history, or divine precepts and doctrines, which are, so to speak, an every day philosophy. And that part which seems to fall without this division, prophecy, is itself a species of history, with the prerogative of deity stamped upon it of making all times one duration, so that the narrative may anticipate the fact; thus also the mode of promulgating vaticination by vision, or the heavenly doctrines by parables, partakes of the nature of poetry ”:—

**" War. There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;**

The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time,  
 And, by the necessary form of this,  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess."

2 *Hen. IV. Act III. Sc. 1.*

And again, in the Advancement, he says : "Prophecy is but divine history ; which hath that prerogative over human, as the narration may be before the fact as well as after." We may note also that this word *anticipate* re-appears in the "Precursors or Anticipations of the Second Philosophy." And in the play, this doctrine of prophecy is introduced in these lines : —

"*Macb.* He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of King upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.  
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding." 2 *Act III. Sc. 1.*

The fourth act opens with the witches' incantation, which is immediately followed by the Vision of future history, with the prerogative of Deity stamped upon it of making all times one duration, thus : —

"Act IV. Sc. 1. — A Dark Cave.

[*Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*]

*Macb.* Tell me thou unknown power, —

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
 Hear his speech, but say thou naught."

The apparitions then rise in succession and deliver their prophetic speeches, when the play proceeds : —

"*Macb.* . . . Tell me, (if your art  
 Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
 Reign in this kingdom ?

*Witch.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know —

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart!  
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings now appear in order.*]

*Macb.* What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet? — A seventh? — I 'll see no more: —  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shows me many more; and some I see,  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.  
Horrible sight! — Ay, now, I see, 't is true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. — What! is this so?"

*Macb.* Time, thou *anticipat'st* my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it."

Surely, this poetry was written to illustrate this philosophy, and that, too, by one who understood, that it belonged to the nature of dramatic poetry to illustrate it very well; for, as Sir Philip Sidney had said, "the Poet is the Monarch of all sciences": at bottom, the Philosopher and the Poet are one.

In the tragedy of Henry VIII., there is another vision, in which another of this author's modes of affecting the imagination is exhibited and equally well illustrated. Compare the following passages: —

"955. The body passive and to be wrought upon, (I mean not of the imaginant,) is better wrought upon, as hath been partly touched, at some time: than others: as if you should prescribe a servant about a sick person, whom you have possessed, that his master shall recover, when his master is fast asleep, to use such a root, or such a root. For imagination is like to work better upon sleeping men than men awake; as we shall show when we handle dreams. . . . It is certain that potions, or things taken into the body; incenses and perfumes taken at the nostrils; and ointments of some parts do naturally work upon the imagination of him that taketh them." . . . The second is the exposition of natural dreams, which discovereth the state of the body by the imaginations of the mind." — *Nat. Hist.* 514.

"Act IV. Sc. 2. — Kimbolton.

[*Enter KATHERINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*]

*Grif.* How does your Grace?

*Kath.* O, Griffith, sick to death: . . .

Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:

I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let 's sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her: — Softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, and then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend courtesies; then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven: and so in their dancing, they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam,

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall  
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy."

And so, the end turns upon dreams as in the extracts from Bacon. Here, as in many other instances, the similitude is more in the idea and matter than in the language; and that similitude is just such as would be most likely to occur, if we suppose the author to have been engaged, at the same time, upon a scientific study of the same subjects. There should be strong resemblance without absolute identity; and that we have, in the sick person, attended by a servant, in a weak and passive state of body and somewhat exalted state of mind, dwelling on the celestial harmonies, the vision

producing the effect on the imagination by the influence of the garlands and dancing, perfumes taken at the nostrils, and the tripping performances, as carefully directed; not roots, this time, but branches of bays, or palm; the imagination more easily worked upon, sleeping than awake; and the conclusion, in both cases, running upon dreams that possess the fancy.

It is certain that Bacon was at work upon this portion of the great Instauration, and kindred topics were in his mind, during the period in which these particular plays were produced. And it may be said to be true, generally, (what is one of the most convincing kinds of proof,) that the most striking parallel passages found in any prose work of his, the date of which can be approximately fixed, are more especially confined to one or two plays, which must have been written, and were, in fact, produced, at about the same time at which that particular work may have been, or was in fact written, though not published until some years afterwards, as is true in some instances.

Still another example may be cited from the "Macbeth." Compare the words and topics of the following sentences, which are to be found within the compass of two or three pages in the Natural History, touching "the secret virtue of sympathy and antipathy,"<sup>1</sup> with the witches' incantation in the opening of the fourth act, thus:—

"There be many things that work upon the spirits of man by secret sympathy and antipathy: . . . tail of a dog or cat; . . . the flesh of the hedge-hog is said to be a great drier":—

"1 *Witch*. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *W*. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *W*. Harpier cries, — 'T is time, 't is time."

"The blood-stone good for bleeding at the nose, by astriction and cooling of the spirits. Query, if the stone taken out of the toad's head be not of the like virtue; for the toad loveth shade and coolness:— for that being poisonous themselves, they draw the venom to them from the spirits":—

<sup>1</sup> *Nat. Hist.*, § 984-998; *Works*, (Boston), V. 149-157.

"1 *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go:  
In the poison'd entrails throw.—  
Toad, that under coldest stone,  
Days and nights hast thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

*All*. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

"The writers of natural magic commend the wearing of the spoil of a snake; . . . The writers of natural magic do attribute much to the virtues that come from the parts of living creatures; so as they be taken from them, the creatures remaining still alive; as if the creatures still living did infuse some immaterial virtue and vigour into the part severed":—

"2 *W*. Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

*All*. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

"The trochisk of vipers,— . . . the guts or skin of a wolf, a beast of great edacity;— Mummy hath great force in staunching of blood;— . . . the white of an egg, or blood, mingled with salt water,— . . . for all life hath a sympathy with salt,— . . . rings of sea-horse teeth,— . . . henbane, hemlock.— The ointment that witches use is reported to be made of the fat of children digged out of their graves,— . . . the moss upon the skull of a dead man unburied.— So to procure easy travails of women, . . . the toad-stone likewise helpeth."

"Pius Quintus, at the very time when that memorable victory was won by the Christians against the Turks, at the naval battle of Lepanto, being then hearing of causes in the consistory, brake off suddenly, and said to those about him, *It is now more time we should give thanks to God for the great victory he has granted us against the Turks*: it is true that victory had a sympathy with his spirit; for it was merely his work to conclude that league. It may be that revelation was divine: but what shall we say then to a number of examples amongst the Grecians and Romans? where the people being in theatres at plays, have had news of victories and overthrows some few days before any messenger could come." — *Essay*.

"3 *W*. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse:  
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab:  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.  
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

"The heart of an ape is said to make dreams also. . . . The skin of a sheep devoured by a wolf moveth itching; . . . by working upon the spirit of some that cometh to the witch":—

"2 *W.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

2 *W.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
 Something wicked this way comes:—  
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

[*Enter MACBETH.*"]

So, in the "As You Like It," we have these lines:—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."—*Act II. Sc. 1.*

And certainly, it is not possible to doubt that this charm was compounded, concocted, and constructed out of this same quarry of materials; nor is it at all probable, if not quite impossible, that William Shakespeare could ever have had access to it.

#### § 6. PARALLELISMS.

These parallelisms in topics and whole passages, in subject, idea, and language, may furnish the most effective and satisfactory kind of proof; for it is evidence that appeals to the most common standard of judgment. Higher and more general grounds of argument may be still more conclusive to minds that are able to appreciate them. To all such any further exhibition of this kind of evidence might seem to be superfluous; but the demonstration must be made as



cicac, perfect, and complete as possible, that every one may be satisfied. That this argument may have full force, all possibility of plagiarism, borrowing, or imitation, must be excluded. In the several instances which have already been stated, the fact has been made to appear, as it will be in many more, that the works of Bacon, in which the most evident parallelism is found, were not printed until after the plays in question had appeared; and this, of course, excludes the possibility that Shakespeare could have drawn from Bacon, in these instances; and this is enough effectually to establish the entire proposition. On the other hand, is it possible that Bacon may have borrowed from William Shakespeare? The very question would seem to be next to absurd. But let us look at the matter. Francis Bacon had been four years at the bar, and was twenty-five years of age, when William Shakespeare is supposed to have come to London, and joined the theatre as an under-actor, in 1586-7, at the age of twenty-two. He was already a finished scholar, well stored in all the learning of the ancients, or of his own time, an accomplished master in English and Latin composition, a skilful observer and interpreter of Nature in all her departments, familiar with the manners of the highest society, and, in a word, well-furnished at all points for a beginning in this kind of writing; and to suppose such a man would have any occasion to borrow resources of thought, art, style, manner, or diction, from an unlearned under-actor of the Globe Theatre, would be to conceive it possible for a rich man to be made richer by plundering a beggar. So, when, as in the story of the soothsayer, the story of Julius Cæsar and the crown, Aristotle's morals, the doctrine of witches, incantations, visions, prophecy, feigned history, and the immateriate virtues and secret sympathies and antipathies of things, in metaphysical ideas and scientific knowledge, in acquaintance with men and manners, with philosophy, history, and poetry, and in acquisitions of every sort, we find more in Bacon than is to

be found in the plays themselves, and more than William Shakespeare could possibly have possessed, together with genius, art, wit, ability, and leisure enough to make the necessary use of his own in the way that pleased him best, it becomes utterly preposterous to imagine he was a plagiarist or an imitator of Shakespeare.

Again, in several instances, as in the case of the "Macbeth" and the "Antony and Cleopatra" as compared with the Natural History and the Intellectual Globe, the "Romeo and Juliet" compared with the Fables of Cupid and Nemesis, the "Comedy of Errors" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" compared with the Masques, and many others, considering the dates of publication and approximate times of composition, it is plain that the author must have been engaged upon the corresponding works, at about the same times, with scarcely a possibility of plagiarism either way ; and as more is found in Bacon's works than in the plays where the resemblances are greatest, it is a necessary conclusion, not only that Bacon did not borrow from Shakespeare, nor Shakespeare from him, otherwise than as Shakespeare was Bacon himself, but also, that he was himself the author of both the poetry and the prose.

These works appeared from time to time, almost yearly, during a period of twenty-five years or more ; and it would be idle to imagine a continuous plagiarism of one author upon another, or a reciprocal exchange between them, for such a length of time, in works of the highest order like these. In both writings, the mode of thinking and the style of composition are incorporate with the man, and completely *sui generis*. No writer of the time, neither Ben Jonson, nor Marlow, nor Raleigh, nor Wotton, Donne, or Herbert, whose poetry approaches nearest, perhaps, of any of that age to the Shakespearean vein, can be brought into any doubtful comparison with this author. Nor are these similitudes any merely borrowed gems set in a meaner gold. And what should be finally conclusive of the whole matter

is, the profound reflection, with which the learned writer, who, in fact, first made this discovery, sums up her very luminous and eloquent view of the subject, namely, that in him, we find "one, at least, furnished for that last and ripest proof of learning, which the drama, in the unmiraculous order of human development, must constitute; that proof of it, in which philosophy returns from history, from its noblest fields, and from her last analysis, with the secret and the material of the creative synthesis, with the secret and material of art."<sup>1</sup>

The following instances of striking resemblances, in particular words and phrases, lying beyond the range of accidental coincidence, or common usage, and not elsewhere made the subject of special comment, have been collated, and will be given here in one body, by way of sample of the innumerable similitudes and identities that everywhere pervade these works; for we, too, "will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."

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"God hath framed the mind of man as a mirrour or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." — *Adv.*, II. 9.<sup>2</sup>

"You do carry two glasses or mirrours of State." — *Speech*, VII. 289.

"If there be a mirrour in the world worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country." — *New Atlantis*, II. 851.

"Give me leave to set before you two glasses, such as certainly the like never met in one age; the glass of France, and the glass of England, . . . And my lords, I cannot let pass, but in these glasses which I speak of, . . . to show you two things." — *Charge*, II. (*Phil.*) 389.

"That which I have propounded to myself is, . . . to show you your true shape in a glass, . . . one made by the reflection of your own words and actions." — *Letter to Coke*, V. 403.

—"whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." — *Ham.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

<sup>1</sup> Delia Bacon; *Putnam's Magazine*, Jan. 1856, p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> The references by figures alone are to Montagu's *Works of Bacon*, Lond., 1825.

—“to make true direction of him his semblable is his mirrour.” — *Ham.*

“Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the wisest.” — *Hen. VIII., Act III. Sc. 2.*

—“two mirrours of his princely semblance.” — *Rich. III., Act III. Sc. 1.*

“You go not, till I set you up a glass

Wherein you may see the inmost part of you.” — *Ham., Act III. Sc. 4.*

“Nor feels not what he owes but by reflexion.” — *Tro. and Cr., Act III. Sc. 2.*

“Good Lord, Madam, how wisely and aptly can you speak and discern of physick ministered to the body, and consider not that there is the like occasion of physick ministered to the mind.” — *Apology.*

—“the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind.” — *II. 82.*

“Let that be a sleeping honour awhile and cure the Queen's mind in that point.” — *Advice to Essex.*

“*Macb.*

Cure her of that:

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd? —

*Doct.* . . . Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.”

*Macb., Act V. Sc. 2.*

“But perhaps you will ask the question whether it be not better, — . . . Yet it is a greater dignity of mind to bear evils by fortitude and judgment, than by a kind of absenting and alienation of the mind from things present to things future, for that it is to hope. . . . For neither is there always matter of hope, and if there be, yet if it fail but in part, it doth wholly overthrow the constancy and resolution of the mind; — . . . that you have out of a watchful and strong discourse of the mind set down the better success, . . . so that this be a work of the understanding and judgment. . . . You have not dwelt upon the very mass and forethought of the good to come.” — *Med. Sac., I. 69.*

“He did now more seriously think of the world to come.” — *Hen. VII.*

—“Owing to the premature and forward haste of the understanding, and its jumping or flying to generalities.” — *Nov. Org., § 64.*

“And first of all it is more than time that there were an end and surcease made of this unmodest and deformed manner of writing, whereby matter of religion is handled in the style of the stage.” — *Church Contr., VII. 22.*

“*Ham.* To be, or not to be; that is the question: —

Whether 't is nobler in the mind — . . .

And makes us rather bear the ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

*Ham., Act III. Sc. 1.*

— "and catch,  
With his surcease, success; but that this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —  
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here." — *Macb., Act I. Sc. 7.*

— "the advancement of unworthy persons." — *Essay, XV.*

— "and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes." — *Ham., Act III. Sc. 1.*

"Cardan saith that weeping and sighing are the chief purgers of grief." — *Sp. VII. 306.*

"If I could purge it of two sorts of errors, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verbiages, the other with blind experiments, and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils." — *Letter, 1591.*

"When the times themselves are set upon waste and spoil." — *XIII. 269.*

— "let 's purge this choler." — *Rich. II., Act I. Sc. 1.*

"The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself." — *Win. Tale, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"To purge him of that humour." — *Win. Tale, Act II. Sc. 3.*

"I can purge myself of many." — *1 Hen. IV., Act III. Sc. 2.*

"We shall be called purgers." — *Jul. Cas., Act II. Sc. 1.*

"Are burnt and purg'd away." — *Ham., Act I. Sc. 5.*

"And make Time's spoils despised everywhere." — *Sonnet c.*

"Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
'T were a perpetual spoil." — *Cor., Act II. Sc. 2.*

"For this giant bestrideth the sea, and I would take and snare him by the foot on this side." — *Duels, VI. 123.*

"Why, man, he doth stride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus." — *Jul. Cas., Act I. Sc. 2.*

"His legs bestride the ocean." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"Nevertheless, since I do perceive that this cloud hangs over the House." — *Speech, VI. 15.*

‘And all the clouds that lower’d upon our house.’ — *Rich. III., Act I. Sc. 1.*

— “times answerable, like waters after a tempest, full of working and swelling, though without extremity of storm.” — *II. 110.*

— “secret swelling of seas before a tempest.” — *Essay, XV.*

— “an unusual swelling in the state.” — *Fel. Q. Eliz., III. 472.*

— “in such a swelling season.” — *Hen. VII.*

— “to such a true and swelling greatness.” — *Letter.*

— “adorned and swelling.” — *I. 269.*

“And all things answerable to this portion.” — *Tam. Shres., Act II. Sc. 1.*

“Why now, blow wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.” — *Jul. Cæs., Act V. Sc. 1.*

— “the swelling scene.” — *Hen. V., Act I. Chor.*

— “upon the swelling tide.” — *K. John, Act II. Sc. 1.*

“The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.” — *Tit. And., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

“The venomous malice of my swelling heart.” — *Tit. And., Act V. Sc. 2.*

“Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens.” — *1 Hen. IV., Act III. Sc. 1.*

— “to the swelling act of the imperial theme.” — *Macb., Act I. Sc. 3.*

[A favorite word in both.]

— “as if one should learn to weigh, or to measure, or to paint the wind.” — *Adv., II.*

“That tears shall drown the wind.” — *Macb., Act I. Sc. 7.*

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily.” — *K. John, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

“I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered.” — *Adv., II. 287.*

“In the third place, I set down character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to be recovered, it being extremely hard to restore a falling reputation.” — *De Aug.*

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.” — *Jul. Cæs., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

—“in the jaws of death.” — *New Atl.*, II. 233.

“Even in the jaws of danger and of death.” — *K. John*, Act V. Sc. 2.

“Another cause may be, because all kind of heat dilates and extends the air, . . . . which produces this breeze as the sun goes forward. . . . . Seeing progression is always from some certain place or bound, inquire diligently, or as well as thou cans't, concerning the place of the first beginning, and, as it were, the spring of any wind. . . . . For the wheeling of the air continues also in the night, but the heat of the sun does not, — . . . Surely, such winds are tired, as it were, that can scarcely break through the thickness of the night air; . . . . and thence, thunders and lightnings and storms, with falling of broken clouds.” — *Nat. Hist. of Winds*.

“*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion  
Ship-wrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells.” — *Macb.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

“Another precept of this knowledge is, to imitate nature.” — *Adv.*, II. 238.

—“and be not carried away with a whirlwind or tempest of ambition.”  
*Ibid.* 291.

“the giddy agitation and whirlwind of argument.”

—“to the use, and, as I may term it, service of my Lord of Essex.”  
II. 248.

“We have taken the loud and vocal, and, as I may call it, streperous carriage.” — VII. 474.

“*Hominis non est apes imitari.*” — *De Ira*, XII. 374.

“*Imitari* is nothing.” — *Love's Labor 's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

—“they imitated humanity so abominably, . . . . that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature, . . . . for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion.” — *Ham.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

—“that afterwards kindled such a fire and combustion.”  
*Henry VII.*, III. 126.

“As dry combustious matter is to fire.” — *Ven. and Adon*.

—“for kindling such a combustion in the state.”  
*Henry VIII.*, Act V. Sc. 2.

—“transported to the mad degree of love.” — *Essay of Love*.

“That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft.” — *Ham.*, Act III. Sc. 4.

“You are transported by calamity  
Thither, where more attends you.” — *Cor.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

"And lastly, to discontinue altogether." — *II.* 133.

—"and so either break it altogether, or defer any other delay."

*Letter, XII.* 245.

—"let a man either avoid the occasion altogether." — *II.* 133.

"O, reform it, altogether." — *Ham., Act III.* Sc. 2.

"Not altogether, sir." — *Lear, Act II.* Sc. 4.

"This is not altogether fool, my lord." — *Lear, Act I.* Sc. 4.

"I perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition."

*Lear, Act III.* Sc. 5.

—"indisposed to actions of great peril and motion." — *Bacon.*

"Enterprises of great pith and moment." — *Ham., Act II.* Sc. 1.

"But when matter comes to be censured or decreed." — *Wisd. of the Anc., III.* 94.

—"it was perused, weighed, censured, altered, and made almost a new writing." — *Apol., VI.* 275.

[A word in the use of the Star-Chamber, meaning to *adjudge.*]

"*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured." — *Lear, Act III.* Sc. 5.

"Censure me in your wisdom,

And awake your senses that you may the better judge."

*Jul. Caesar, Act III.* Sc. 2.

—"we will both our judgments join

In censure of his seeming." — *Ham., Act III.* Sc. 2.

"Hath censur'd him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution." — *Meas. for Meas., Act I.* Sc. 5.

"But enough of these toys." — *Essay.*

"But these things are but toys." — *Letter, XII.* 292.

[A word much used in both.]

"And such like toys as these." — *Richard III., Act I.* Sc. 1.

—"shall we fall foul for toys." — *2 Henry IV., Act II.* Sc. 4.

"These antique fables, nor these fairy toys."

*Mid. Night's Dream, Act V.* Sc. 1.

—"the recreations of my other studies." — *Letter.*

—"some lease of quick revenue." — *Letter to Burgh.*

"But is there no quick recreation granted?" — *Play.*



"There was much ado and a great deal of world; but this matter of pomp, which is heaven to some men, is hell to me, or purgatory, at least." — *Letter to Buck*, 1617.

—"I am in purgatory." — *Letter*.

—"all the vain pomp and outward shows of honour." — *Char. of Cas.*

"That I have much ado to know myself." — *Mer. of Ven.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

"What a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love." — *Rich. II.*, Act I. Sc. 3.

—"such a deal of wonder is broken out." — *Win. Tale*, Act V. Sc. 2.

"For there will be a world of water shed." — 1 *Hen. IV.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

"I should venture purgatory for 't." — *Oth.*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

—"purgatory, torture, hell itself." — *Rom. and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 3.

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate thee."

*Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

"Illuminate the eyes of our mind." — *Prayer*, VII. 6.

"The sun, the eye of the world." — *Ibid.* 107.

—"the eye of this kingdom." — *New Atl.*

"For everything depends upon fixing the mind's eye steadily."

*Intr. to Nov. Org.*

—"mine eye is my mind." — *Sonnet*.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio." — *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

"This is the only justification which I will use." — *Subm.* XVI. 352.

"I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver, . . . .

This only is the witchcraft I have used." — *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 3.

"The states of Italy, they be like little quillets of freehold."

*Dis. of Eliz.*, VII. 163.

"That it was no mystery or quiddity of the common law."

*Arraign.*, VI. 359.

"This construction is no mystery or quiddity of law." — *Speech*.

"That hath been the sconce and fort of all Europe." — *Dis.*, VII. 164.

"Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits, now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?" — *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 1.

"For opening I commend beads or pieces of the roots of *Carduus benedictus* also" — *Nat. Hist.*, § 963.

"To use ale with a little *enula campana*, germander, *Carduus*, sage, &c., to beget a robust health." — *Med. Rem.*

—"spodium, hartshorn, frankincense, dried bull's pistle, gum tragacanth."

*Phys. Rem.*

—"succory, liverwort, wormwood, fennel-root, hart's tongue, daffodilly, Indian nard, holy thistle, camomile, rue, . . . . cordials, rosemary, rind of citron, amber, balm, pimpernel, cardamon, . . . . flowers of heliotrope, penny-royal, seed of nettle, sesamum, . . . . olibanum, civet, juniper, fat of deer, thyme, marigold, . . . . sweet marjoram, violets, mallows, fennel-seeds, &c."—*Med. Rem.*

[The chapters of the Nat. Hist. are called "*centuries*."]

"Get you some of this distill'd Carduus

Benedictus, . . . . it is the only thing for a qualm."

*Much Ado., Act III. Sc. 4.*

"*Fal.* You dried neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stockfish."

*1 Henry, Act IV. Sc. 4.*

—"purge thick amber and plumb-tree gum."—*Ham., Act II. Sc. 2.*

—"eats conger and fennel."—*2 Henry IV.*

"When daffodils begin to peer."—*Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

—"nettles of India."—*Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. 5.*

—"sow it with nettle-seed."—*Tempest, Act I. Sc. 2.*

—"instead of oil and balm."—*Troi. and Cres., Act I.*

"For you there's rosemary and rue."—*Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"There's fennel for you, . . . . there's rue, . . . . there's rosemary."—*Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 5.*

"And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernel,

And twenty more such names as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw."

*Tam. Sh. Intr. II.*

"With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn—a century send forth."

*Lear, Act IV. Sc. 4.*

—"crow-flowers, nettles, daisies."—*Henry IV., Sc. 7.*

—"sesa!"—*Lear, Act III. Sc. 4, 6.*

—"lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;

The marigold that goes to bed"—

*Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"Give the word. Sweet marjoram."—*Lear, Act IV. Sc. 6.*

"Whereby concealed treasures shall be brought into use by the industry of converted penitents, whose wretched carcases the impartial laws have, or shall, dedicate, as untimely feasts, to the worms of the earth, in whose

womb these mineral riches must ever be buried, as lost abortions, unless he made the active medicines to deliver them." — *Phys. Rem.*, VII. 215.

"Cor.

— Whose bones I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men." — *Cor.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

—"Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripp'd." — *Macb.*, Act V. Sc. 7.

"Abortive be it, prodigious, and untimely."

*Rich. III.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

—"food for worms." — 1 *Hen. IV.*, Act V. Sc. 4.

"a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him."

*Ham.*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

"Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rioting hag."

*Rich. III.*, Act I. Sc. 3.

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

*Rich. III.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

"If we simply looked to the fabric of the world." — XII. 73.

"For by this unchangeable way, my lords, have I prepared to erect the academical fabric of this island's Solomon's House, modelled in my New Atlantis." — *Phys. Rems.*, VII.

—"relations of harmony to the fabric and system of the universe." — XV. 200.

—"the conformation and fabric of the universe." — *Nov. Org.*, II. 47.

—"seeing that both the matter and fabric of the world are most truly referred to a Creator." — *Wis. of the Anc.*

—"so to mingle the elements as may conserve the fabric." — *Sp.*, VII. 429.

"You may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

As, or by oath remove, or counsel, shake

The fabric of his folly." — *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2.

"When it stands against a falling fabric." — *Cor.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

"And like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all that it inhegits, shall dissolve." — *Temp.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

—"to the king's infinite honour." — VII. 341.

—"and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness." — *Paradises*, VII. 27.

—"the infinite flight of birds." — *New Atl.*, II. 345.

— "bath cost such an infinite deal of blood and treasure of our realm of England." — VII. 195.

— "sweet travelling through the universal variety."

*Musque*, XIII. 18.

— "but her favour infinite." — *Gent. of Ver.*, Act II. Sc. 1.

— "purchased at an infinite rate." — *Mer. Wives*, Act II. Sc. 2.

— "these fellows of infinite tongue." — *Hen. V.*, Act V. Sc. 2.

— "nor custom stale her infinite variety."

*Ant. and Cleo.* Act II. Sc. 2.

— "how infinite in faculties." — *Ham.*, Act II. Sc. 2.

— "a fellow of infinite jest." — *Ham.*, Act V. Sc. 1.

— "discovery of the infinite flatteries." — *Tim.*, Act V. Sc. 1.

"She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die." — *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act V. Sc. 2.

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read." — *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice." — *Mer. of Ven.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

"But to our children raise it many a stage,  
That all the world to thee may glory give." — *Psaln*, VII. 103.

"Or that the frame was up of earthly stage." — *Ib.* 101.

"While your life is nothing but a continued acting upon a stage."

*Musque*, XIII. 121.

— "While states and empires pass many periods." — *Ib.* 116.

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players: . . . .

And one man in his time plays many parts."

*As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7.

"Howsoever I be frail and partake of the abuses of the times." — *Letter to the King*.

— "for the poor abuses of the times want countenance." — 1 *Hen. IV.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

"All as the chaff, which to and fro  
Is toss'd at mercy of the wind." — *Psaln*, VII. 98.

"He is often toss'd and shaken." — *Psaln*.

"The word, the bread of life, they toss up and down."

*Ch. Con.* VII. 56.

"He tosseth his thoughts more easily." — *Essay*.

—"to command down the winds of malicious and seditious rumours  
wherewith men's conceits may have been tossed to and fro."—*Jud. Proc.*

"Strives in his little world of man to outscorn  
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."—*Lear, Act III. Sc. 1.*

"After late tossing on the breaking seas."—*Rich. II., Act III. Sc. 2.*

—"back do I toss their treasures."—*Lear, Act V. Sc. 3.*

—"thou hadst been toss'd from wrong."—*Per., Act V. Sc. 1.*

[A word much used by both.]

—"the great storm of mighty invasion, not of preparation."—*Dis.  
Elys., VII. 161.*

—"never stained with the least note of ambition or malice."—*Id.* 167.

—"with strong and mighty preparation."—*1 Hen. IV., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

—"this most dreadful preparation."—*Hen. V., Act V. Sc. 2.*

—"give dreadful note of preparation."—*Hen. V., Act IV. Chor.*

—"but styed up in the schools and scholastic cells."—*Nat. H., IV. 122.*

—"and here you sty me

On this hard rock; while you do keep from me

The rest of the island."—*Temp., Act I. Sc. 2.*

—"and did pour into man the intellectual light as the top and consummation of thy workmanship."—*Prayer, VII. 9.*

—"for princes being at the top of human desires."—*Adv.*

—"being at the top of all worldly bliss."—*Hist. Hen. VII.*

"And wears upon his holy brow the round  
And top of sovereignty."—*Macb., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

—"the top of admiration."—*Temp., Act III. Sc. 1.*

—"like eyases that cry out on the top of question."

*Ham., Act II. Sc. 2.*

—"competitor in top of all design."—*Ant. and Cleo., Act V. Sc. 1.*

"If He, which is the top of judgment."

*Mens. for Mens., Act II. Sc. 2.*

—"superstitions and fantastical arts."—*Adv., II.*

—"fantastical estates."—*Sp., XIII. 268.*

—"but a certain fantastical and notional fire."

*Fab. of Cup., XV. 56.*

— "according to the fantastic notions of Apollonius." — *XV. 196.*

— "a kind of fantastic matter." — *XV. 49.*

— "and telling her fantastical lies." — *Oth., Act II. Sc. 1.*

— "that it alone is high fantastical." — *Tw. Night, Act I. Sc. 1.*

"It was a mad fantastical trick." — *Meas. for Meas., Act III. Sc. 2*

"Are ye fantastical?" — *Macb., Act I. Sc. 3.*

"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven."

*Meas. for Meas., Act II. Sc. 2.*

— "fantastic garlands did she make." — *Ham., Act IV. Sc. 7.*

— "and that was by that battle quenched and ended." — *Sp., VI. 233.*

"This is the cause to quench all good spirits." — *Letter.*

— "and these vapours quench the spirits by degrees." — *Nat. Hist.*

"What hath quenched them." — *Macb., Act II. Sc. 2.*

"And quench'd the stellar fires." — *Lear, III. Sc. 7.*

— "to quench mine honour." — *Hen. VIII., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"The clouds as chariots swift do scour the sky." — *Psalms, VII. 105.*

— "and so this traitor Essex made his colour the scouring of some noble-men and counsellors from her Majesty's favour." — *XVI. n. 4 F.*

"What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug  
Would scour these English hence?" — *Macb., Act V. Sc. 3.*

"The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust." — *Tim., Act V. Sc. 3.*

— "that neither beareth the greatness of alteration."

*Dis., VII. 150.*

— "but that is an altering of government." — *Speech.*

— "in removing or alteration of servants." — *VII. 65.*

— "the alteration of religion." — *VII. 149.*

— "to make so main an alteration in the Church." — *VII. 70.*

— "and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration." — *Oth., Act V. Sc. 2.*

"He's full of alteration." — *Lear, Act V. Sc. 1.*

"And changes fill the cup of alteration."

*2 Hen. IV., Act III. Sc. 1.*

"What an alteration of honour has  
Desperate want made." — *Tim., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"The Church of Rome, . . . . a donative cell of the King of Spain." — VII. 162.

— "the obscure cells of solitary monks." — *Int. of Nat.*

— "that part of learning which answereth to one of the cells, domicils, or offices, of the mind of man; which is that of Memory." — *Adv. II.*

— "bred in the cells of gross and solitary monks." — *Adv., II.*

"Your beadsman, therefore, addresseth himself to your Majesty for a cell to retire to." — *Letter to the King.*

— "for it was time for me to go to a cell." — *Letter.*

"It were a pretty cell for my fortune." — *Letter.*

— "not that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell." — *Temp., Act I. Sc. 2.*

— "it is a cell of ignorance." — *Cym., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

— "sweet cell of virtue and nobility." — *Tū. And., Act I. Sc. 2.*

"O, proud death!  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell?" — *Ham., Act V. Sc. 2.*

— "the vapours and fumes of law." — *Sp., VII. 268.*

— "and these vapours quench the spirits by degrees." — *Nat. His.*

"By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."

*1 Hen. IV., Act I. Sc. 2.*

— "the local centre and heart of the laws of this realm." — *Sp., VII. 268.*

— "this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle."

*Rich. III., Act V. Sc. 2.*

— "whereof he doubteth not they have heard by glimpses." — *Sp., VII. 210.*

— "the fault and glimpse of newness."

*Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 3.*

"That thou, dead corse, in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon." — *Ham., Act I. Sc. 4.*

"I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart." — *Letter, 1620.*

"Our pleasure therefore is, who are the head and fountain of justice in our dominions." — VII. 327.

"For there are certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams." — *Adv., II. 295.*

— "his majesty who is the fountain of grace." — *Sp.*, VII. 252.

— "the ready fountain of her continual benignity."

*Dis. of Eliz.* VII. 153.

— "the most sacred fountain of all grace and goodness." — VII. 6.

— "the spring-head thereof seemeth to me not to have been visited."

*Adv.*

"The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd. — . . . .

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd." — *Macb.*, Act II. Sc. 3.

"The fountain from which my current runs." — *Oth.*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

— "the fountain of our love." — *Tro. and Cress.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

— "those legions of spectres and worlds of shadows, which we see hovering over all the expanse of the philosophies." — *Int. Globe*, XII. 155.

"With many legions of strange fantasies." — *K. John*, Act V. Sc. 7.

— "she hath legions of angels." — *Mer. Wives*, Act I. Sc. 3.

"Methought a legion of foul fiends." — *Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 4.

— "move always and be carried with the motion of your first mover which is your sovereign." — *Sp.*, VII. 259.

[This "first mover" comes from Aristotle, who treats of the Divine Spirit, or absolute cause of all movement, as the "First Mover" (*πρῶτον κινῶν*).]

"O, thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!"

*2 Hen. VI.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

"I think that all this dust is raised by light rumours and buzzes." — *Speech*

"Suspensions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings." — *Essay*, XXXI.

"For I will buzz abroad such prophecies."

*3 Henry VI.*, Act V. Sc. 6.

"*Glos.* Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
In deadly hate the one against the other."

*Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

— "well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works: divinity or philosophy." — *Adv.*, Spedd., VI. 97.



— "and so by degrees to read in the volumes of his creatures."

*Int. Nat., Ibid. 36.*

— "when the book of hearts shall be opened." — *Letter, 1620.*

— "laying before us two books or volumes to study, if we will be secured from error; first the Scriptures revealing the will of God, and then the creatures expressing his power." — *Int. Nat., Ibid. 33.*

"I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool, a swan's nest." — *Cymb., Act III. Sc. 4.*

"*Jul.* O, Nature, — . . . .

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound?" — *Rom. and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 2.*

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act I. Sc. 2.*

"Within the book and volume of my brain."

*Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 5.*

"The leaf of barrage hath an excellent spirit to repress the fuliginous vapour of dusky melancholy, and so to cure madness; — . . . . it will make a sovereign drink for melancholy passions." — *Nat. Hist., § 18.*

— "sable colored melancholy." — *Love's Labor's Lost, Act I. Sc. 1.*

— "and dusky vapours of night." — *1 Henry VI., Act II. Sc. 2.*

— "borne with black vapours." — *2 Henry VI., Act II. Sc. 4.*

— "the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise." — *1 Henry IV., Act I. Sc. 3.*

"Because the partition of sciences are not like several lines that meet in one angle, but rather like branches of trees that meet in one stem."

*XVI. n. 4, App.*

"As many arrows loos'd several ways

Fly to one mark; . . . .

As many several ways meet in one town;

As many fresh streams run in one self-sea;

As many lines close in the dial's centre." — *Henry V., Act I. Sc. 2.*

"*Caius Marius* was general of the Romans against the *Cimbers*, who came with such a sea of multitude upon Italy." — *Apoth. 242.*

"Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air?" — *Adv.*

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,

Making the green one red." — *Macb., Act II. Sc. 1 (2).*

"But my level is no farther but to do the part of a true friend."

*Letter, 1622.*

"As for all direct or indirect glances or levels at men's persons." — VII. 59.

—"for the other do level point blank at the inventory of causes and axioms." — *Nat. Hist.*

[A favorite expression.]

"Everything lies level to our wish." — *Henry IV.*

"We steal by line and level." — *Tempest.*

"And hold their level with thy princely heart." — *Henry IV.*

"Can thrust me from a level consideration." — 2 *Henry IV.*

"And therefore level not to hit their lives." — *Richard III.*

"For that 's the mark I know you level at." — *Pericles.*

—"no levell'd malice

Inflicts one comma in the course I hold." — *Timon.*

—"and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others." — *Ess., XXIII.*

"Pol. . . . . To thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man." — *Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 3.*

"The poets make fame a *monster*. They describe her in part elegantly; and in part gravely and sententiously. They say look how many feathers she hath; so many eyes she hath underneath; so many tongues; so many voices; she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish. There follow excellent parables; as that she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds: that in the day time she sitteth in a watchtower, and flieth most by night: that she mingleth things done with things not done and that she is a terror to great cities. . . . .

"But now, if a man can tame this *monster*, — . . . . But we are infected with the style of the poets." — *Essay of Fame.*

"Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

*Rum.* Open your ears; for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

I from the Orient to the drooping West,

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of Earth:

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

. . . . Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures:

And of so easy and so plain a stop,

That the blunt *monster* with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it."—2 *Henry IV., Ind.*

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"And as for Maximilian, upon twenty respects, he could not have been the man."—*Hist. Henry VII.*

—"so that acts of this nature (if this were one) do more good than twenty bills of grace."—*Letter, 1617.*

["Twenty" is an habitual expletive of this author.]

"Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows."

*Richard II., Act II. Sc. 2.*

"And I as rich in having such a jewel

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl."—*Gent. of Ver.*

"Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns."

*3 Henry VI., Act III. Sc. 2.*

—"twenty times his worth."—2 *Henry VI., Act III. Sc. 2.*

—"twenty thousand times."—*Ibid., Act III. Sc. 2.*

—"twenty times so many faces."—*Ibid., Act II. Sc. 4.*

—"twenty times their power."—*Ibid., Act II. Sc. 4.*

"With twenty thousand soul confirming oaths."

*Gent. of Ver., Act II. Sc. 6.*

"I am yours surer to you than your own life; for as they speak of the turquoise stone in a ring, I will break into *twenty* pieces before you have the least fall."—*Letter to Essex, XII. 292.*

"*Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Sly.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."—*Mer. of Ven., Act II. Sc. 1.*

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"Yet evermore it must be remembered that the least part of knowledge, passed to man by this so large charter from God, must be subject to that use, for which God hath granted it, which is the benefit and relief of the state and society of man."—*Int. of Nat.*

"Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence;

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor—

Both thanks and use."—*Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 2.*

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"With regard to the countenance, be not influenced by the old adage, 'Trust not to a man's face.'"—*De Aug., (Boston), IX. 272.*

"There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face." — *Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 4.*

"Deformed persons are commonly even with nature;—for as nature has done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) void of natural affection: and so they have their revenge of natures. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: . . . . the curse that the Psalm speaketh of, *That it shall be like the untimely fruit of a woman, brought forth before it came to perfection.* . . . . Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person, that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons are extreme bold. . . . But because there is in man an election, touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue." — *Ess.*, I. 46.

—"which had been the spur of this region." — *Fed. Q. Elis.*, I. 400.

"*Glos.* For I have often heard my mother say,  
I came into the world with my legs forward. . . . .  
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,  
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'  
And so I was; which plainly signified  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.  
Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it."

*3 Henry VI., Act V. Sc. 8*

"*Glos.* I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days."

*Richard III., Act I. Sc. 1*

"*Glos.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York." — *Ibid.*, *Act I. Sc. 1*

"I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent." — *Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 7.*

As this list must have an end, let it be closed with a comparison of Bacon's "Office of Constables" (published in 1608) with the scenes of the Watch in the "Much Ado About Nothing", (written in 1599,) thus:—

"4 Ques. Of what rank or order of men are they? *Ans.* They be men as is now used, of inferior, yea, of base condition; . . . . and that they be not aged or sickly, in respect of keeping watch and toil of their place: nor that they be in any man's livery. . . . . intended and executed for conservation of peace, and repression of all manner of disturbance and hurt of the people, and that as well by way of prevention as *punishment*. To take the *ancient oath of allegiance* of all males above twelve years. . . . . The election of the petty constable is by the people."

"*Dogberry.* Are you good men and true?

*Verges.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a *punishment* too good for them; if they should have any *allegiance* in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch. . . . . First, who think you is the most desertless man to be Constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can read and write.

*Dogb.* Why you speak like an *ancient* and most quiet watchman."

—"and that the statutes made for the punishment of sturdy beggars, vagabonds, rogues, and other idle persons coming within your office be truly executed and the offenders punished. . . . . Likewise the additional power which is given by divers statutes, it is hard to *comprehend* in any brevity."

"*Dogb.* . . . . You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall *comprehend* all vagrom men; and you are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name."

"6 Ques. What if they refuse to do their office? . . . . Command them in the king's name to *keep peace*, and *depart*, and forbear."

"2 *Watch.* How if he will not stand? . . . . How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why then, *depart in peace*, and let the child awake her with crying. . . . .

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the *Prince's name*, stand."

"5 Ques. What allowance have the constables? *Ans.* They have no allowance, but are bound by duty to perform their office gratis; which *may be endured*, because it is but annual."

"*Dogb.* . . . . for, the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and *not to be endured*."

—"and to inquire of all default of officers, as constables, *aleasters*, and the like. . . . . And so much for the peace."

"*Dogb.* . . . . Well, you are to call at all *the alehouses*, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. . . . . This is the end of the charge."

"The use of his office is rather for preventing or staying of mischief than for *punishment* of offences. . . . . Likewise the power which is given by *divers statutes* — . . . . . or when sudden matter ariseth upon his view, or notorious circumstances, *to apprehend offenders*, and to carry them before the justices of peace, and generally to imprison in like cases of necessity, when the case *will not endure* the present carrying of the party before the justices. . . . . the jury being to present offenders, and offences are chiefly to take light from the constable . . . . . and to resist *and punish all turbulent persons*, whose misdemeanors may tend to the disquiet of the people. . . . . That two *sufficient* gentlemen or yeomen shall be appointed constables of every hundred; — the sheriff thereof shall nominate *sufficient* persons to be bailiffs."

"*Dogb.* You, Constable, are to present the Prince's own person: if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him. . . . . Five shillings to one on 't, with any man *that knows the statutes*, he may stay him: marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

"*Sez.* But which are the offenders, that are to be examined? let them come before Master Constable." — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"*Dogb.* If there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: *keep your fellows' counsels and your own and good night.*" — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

"*Dogb.* One word, sir, our watch, sir, have, indeed, *comprehended* two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me.

*Dogb.* It shall be *suffigance.*" — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

"And the constable ought to seize his goods, and inventory them in presence of *honest neighbours.*"

"*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, . . . . . but in faith, *honest* as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am *as honest* as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I. . . . .

*Leon.* *Neighbours*, you are tedious. . . . .

*Dogb.* Well, one word more, *honest neighbours.*" — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

— 'or do *suspect* him of murder or felony, he may declare it to the constable, and the constable ought, upon such declaration or complaint, to carry him before a justice of peace: and if by common voice or fame any man be *suspected* — . . . . . If any house be *suspected* — " . . . . .

"*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may *suspect* him, by virtue of your office to be no true man. . . . .

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

"*Dogb.* Dost thou not *suspect* my place? Dost thou not *suspect* my years?" — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"You shall swear that you shall well and truly *serve the king.*"

"*Dogb.* Masters, do you *serve God*?"

*Bor.* Yes, sir, we hope —

*Dogb.* Write down — that they hope they *serve God.*" — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"There is a clerk of the peace for the entering and engrossing all proceedings before the said justices. . . . Others there are of that number called justices of peace and *quorum.* . . . The chief of them is called *custos rotulorum.*"

"*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit I warrant you; here 's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non. com.*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the goal."

*Act III. Sc. 5.*

"*Slen.* In the County of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram.*

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-a-lorum.*

*Slen.* Ay, and *rotolorum* too." — *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. 1.*

The list of these similitudes might be greatly extended, without loss to the force of evidence which they exhibit: indeed, the comparison would be almost without limit, if it could be carried, in this form, to all those individual peculiarities, minute resemblances, more delicate touches, and finer shades of meaning, which impress the mind of the critical reader no less palpably, but which must lose their force when wrenched from the context in this manner. Like the character of a handwriting, the identity can be distinctly seen and felt, while the particulars wherein it consists can scarcely be pointed out, or described. But surely, here is enough to establish such a correspondence, nay, absolute identity, in the thought, style, manner, and diction, and in the distinguishing peculiarities of these writings, as was never known to exist in the compositions of any two different authors that ever lived. It is safe to say no such list can be produced from the writings of any two authors of that or any other age: no similarity of life, genius, or studies ever produced an identity like this. And

here, the vast difference which is known to have existed between these men, in respect of their education, studies, and whole personal history, would seem to preclude all possibility of mistake. The coincidences are not merely such as might be attributed to the style and usage of that age: they extend to the scope of thought, the particular ideas, the modes of thinking and feeling, the choice of metaphor, the illustrative imagery, and those singular peculiarities, oddities, and quaintnesses of expression and use of words, which everywhere and in all times mark and distinguish the individual writer.



## CHAPTER V.

### MODELS.

"For true art is always capable of advancing."<sup>1</sup> — **BACON.**

#### § 1. "ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES."

It has already been observed, that Bacon had a purpose, though he broke the order of time, to attempt to draw down to the senses things which flew too high over men's heads in general, in other forms of delivery, by means of patterns of natural stories, and feigned histories or speaking pictures; and it would seem to be very clear, that he had a similar object in view in those "illustrative examples," which were to constitute the Fourth Part of the Great Instauration, which was never published, nor indeed written, otherwise than as we may have some part of it, or at least some exemplification of what it was in part to be, in these very plays. First, premising that after the Second Philosophy, in the previous parts, had succeeded in furnishing the understanding with "the most surest helps and precautions," and had "completed, by a rigorous levy, a host of divine works," nothing would remain to be done but "to attack Philosophy herself," and that, in a matter "so arduous and doubtful," a few reflections must necessarily be inserted, "partly for instruction and partly for present use," he proceeds: —

"The first of these is, that we should offer some ex-

<sup>1</sup> "Quin contra, artem veram adolescere statuimus." — *Scilia Intellectus, Works* (Boston), V. 181; *Trans. of Bacon*, (Mont.), XIV. 426-7; (Phil.) III. 519.

amples of our method and course of investigation and discovery, as exhibited in particular subjects; preferring the most dignified subjects of our inquiry, and such as differ most from each other, so that in every branch we may have an example. Nor do we speak of those examples, which are added to particular precepts and rules by way of illustration (for we have furnished them abundantly in the Second Part of our work), but we mean actual types and models, calculated to place, as it were, before our eyes [*"sub oculos"*] the whole process of the mind, and the continuous frame [*"fabricam"*] and order of discovery in particular subjects selected for their variety and importance. For we recollect that in mathematics, with the diagram before our eyes, the demonstration easily and clearly followed, but without this advantage, everything appeared more intricate and more subtle than was really the case. We devote, therefore, the Fourth Part of our work to such examples, which is in fact nothing more than a particular and fully developed application of the Second Part."<sup>1</sup>

As it is said in his letter to Fulgentius, the great Instauration began with the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* as the first part; the *Novum Organum* was the second part; the Natural History was the third part; these Examples were to be the fourth part; the *Prodromus* (or forerunner of the Second Philosophy) was to be the fifth part; and the sixth part would complete philosophy itself, and "touch almost the universals of nature." In this consummation of the Second Philosophy, he would, of course, arrive again at the *Philosophia Prima*, by that road, and in that way; and so, philosophy itself would necessarily include both the First and the Second Philosophy in one Universal Science, which would amount to "Sapience," or "the knowledge of all things divine and human."<sup>2</sup> In this letter, the subject of the Fourth Part is introduced in connection with certain

<sup>1</sup> *Distribution of the Work; Works* (Mont.), XIV. 22; (Spedd., I. 225).

<sup>2</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*

portions of the Natural History, concerning winds, and touching life and death, which he mentions as "mixed writings composed of natural history, and a rude and imperfect instrument, or help of the understanding." He then proceeds to say, that this Fourth Part should contain many examples of that instrument, more exact and much more fitted to rules of induction." From these expressions alone it might be inferred that these examples were to be confined strictly to matters of physical inquiry; but when it is considered, that the scope of his system always embraced the whole field of knowledge (however divided into parts), of which his principal divisions were God, Nature, and Man, it may not appear incredible that this instrument or help of the understanding, and these examples, were to find an application to man and human affairs as well as to mere physical nature.

Indeed, all question of this would seem to be set at rest by his Thirteen Tables of the Thread of the Labyrinth; for, in the paper entitled "*Filum Labyrinthi sive Inquisitio Legitima de Motu*," these tables are enumerated in like manner as a part of Natural Philosophy, and in the *Novum Organum*, they are spoken of as included in the Fourth Part. The only specimens of them actually found attempted in his works are certain fragments, under such titles as Heat and Cold, Sound and Hearing, Dense and Rare, the History of Winds, and the like; but that the entire series was to have a much wider range, is evident from his own "Digest of the Tables," which is as follows:—

"The first are tables of motion; the second, of heat and cold; the third, of the rays of things and impressions at a distance; the fourth, of vegetation and life; the fifth, of the passions of the animal body; the sixth, of sense and objects; the seventh, of the affections of the mind; the eighth, of the mind and its faculties. These pertain to the separation of nature, and concern Form; but these which follow pertain to the construction of nature, and con-

cern Matter. Ninth, of the architecture of the world; tenth, of great relations, or the accidents of essence; eleventh, of the composition of bodies or inequality of parts; twelfth, of species or the ordinary fabric and combinations of things; and thirteenth, of small relations or properties. And so a universal inquisition may be completed in thirteen tables."<sup>1</sup>

It is not easy to understand exactly what his meaning was; but he probably considered motion as a phenomenal effect of force; and there is no motion without moving power. Addressing himself to an inquiry into the nature, laws, limitations, and modes of power, or forces, by experimental methods, and finding the subject presented in nature in the shape of phenomenal facts as effects, he would naturally begin with a table of *motions*. Indeed, he defined Heat as being nothing else but motion, or moving force; a doctrine which our more modern science, from Rumsford to Tyndall, confirms. Pursuing the study to the end, he would expect to arrive, in time, at a knowledge of "the last power and cause of nature." But, at first, he would begin with the secondary powers or forces, taking the phenomenal effects as facts, in such subjects as heat and cold, the radiating motions producing impressions at a distance (what are now treated of under the names of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and the like), sound and hearing, density and rarity, the ebb and flow of the sea, winds, &c. He then comes to the motions of vegetable and animal life, the passions, the senses, the affections, or emotions, and, at last, to the mind itself and the mental faculties. In all this, the inquiry looks to the form or law. Bacon's idea of *form* would seem to have been identical with what we would now call *law* of power giving form to itself.<sup>2</sup> And so this portion of the Tables would span the whole field of sensible and visible motions in nature, beginning with the

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), VII. 170.

<sup>2</sup> *Trans. of Nov. Org.*, II. 2; *Works* (Boston), VIII. 168; 908.

mind of nature, or thinking power in the Creator, and ending in mind, or finite thinking power in man. The other portion concerned rather the architectural structure of the universe, the greater accidents or relative qualities of essences, the composition of bodies, the species of things, whether vegetable, animal, or mineral, and finally, the lesser accidents, relative qualities or properties of material things; and all this concerned matter as it is presented to observation in nature, as such.

It is plain we were to have Tables of the passions, the senses, the emotions or affections, and the faculties of the mind. There was to be not only a contemplative science, but an active science pointing to practical uses. And these illustrative examples of the Fourth Part may very well have been intended to embrace all branches of this "universal inquisition."

In fact, so much is expressly declared in the *Novum Organum*, thus:—

"It may also be asked (in the way of doubt rather than objection) whether I speak of natural philosophy only, or whether I mean that the other sciences, logic, ethics, and politics, should be carried on by this method. Now I certainly mean what I have said to be understood of them all; and as the common logic, which governs by the syllogism, extends not only to natural but to all sciences; so does mine also, which proceeds by induction, embrace everything. For I form a history and tables of discovery for anger, fear, shame, and the like; for matters political; and again for the mental operations of memory, composition, and division, judgment, and the rest; not less than for cold, or light, or vegetation, or the like. But, nevertheless, since my method of interpretation (after the history has been prepared and duly arranged) regards not the working and discourse of the mind only (as the common logic does), but the nature of things also, I supply the mind with such rules and guidance that it may in every case

apply itself to the nature of things. And, therefore, I deliver many and diverse precepts in the doctrine of Interpretation, which in some measure modify the method of invention according to the quality and condition of the subject of inquiry."<sup>1</sup>

This Fourth Part, then, was not to be strictly a system of psychology, but it was to arrive at a knowledge of the actual nature of things, in a visible representation of the whole process of the mind in the continuous fabric and order of discovery in these special and very noble subjects. The method was to be according to the quality and condition of the subject. He intimates also, that his method cannot be brought down to common apprehension, save by effects and works only. He does not desire to pull down or destroy the philosophy, arts, and sciences "at present in use," but is glad to see them "used, cultivated, and honored." But he gives "constant and distinct warning, that by the methods now in use, neither can any great progress be made in the doctrines and contemplative part of sciences, nor can they be carried out to any magnitude of works," and that if works of magnitude are to be accomplished in this kind, it must be done in his way. Again, he says, "discoveries are, as it were, new creations and imitations of God's works, — as well sang the poet: —

"To man's frail race great Athens long ago  
First gave the seed whence waving harvests grow,  
And re-created all our life below."<sup>2</sup>

This same purpose is expressed, again, with a still more distinct and unmistakable reference to something of this kind, in that introduction or preface to the Fourth Part, which is styled the "Scaling Ladder of the Intellect, or Thread of the Labyrinth,"<sup>3</sup> in which he states that these "illustrative examples" (*exemplaria*) were to be "in the

<sup>1</sup> *Nov. Org.*, *Works* (Boston), I. 333; (Trans., VIII. 16. 159).

<sup>2</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XIV. 426-7 (Philad. III. 519), trans. by F. W.; *Works* (Boston), V. 177-181.

<sup>3</sup> *Works* (Boston), VIII. 161.

form which we think most agreeable to truth, and regard as approved and authorized" [*"ut probatam et electam"*]. Nor would he regard "the customary fashion" [*"more apud homines recepto"*] as absolutely necessary in all the parts of this formula, as if they must be one and inviolable; for he did not think the industry and happiness of men were to be bound, as it were, to "a single pillar" [*"ad columnam"*]. It would seem to be very plain from the whole context, as well as from the use of this figure of the "single pillar," and this reference to the *one and inviolable custom hitherto received among men*, that he meant to allude to that indispensable and inviolable law of unity, which had always been imperiously required as an absolute rule of composition in all dramatic writing, ancient and modern; especially when it is distinctly declared, in the concluding sentence, that the subject, of which he was speaking, was no other than "true art," thus: "Nothing, indeed, need prevent those who possess great leisure, or have surmounted the difficulties infallibly encountered in the beginning of the experiment, from carrying onward the process here pointed out [*"rem monstratam"*]. On the contrary, it is our firm conviction that true art is always capable of advancing." [*"Quin contra, artem veram adolescere statuimus."*] The translation of "F. W.," taken from the edition of Montagu, is here followed. Mr. Spedding, apparently unable to make out the meaning of this passage, or, perhaps, not looking for this sense of it, seems to think that "this can hardly be what Bacon wrote,"<sup>1</sup> and that possibly the manuscript was imperfect at the end; but certainly, if understood with reference to this view of the subject, it will be found to be in keeping with the main tenor and purport of the whole tract. And probably this was as much as he intended to say then, on that head, and so stopped short there.

Certainly, after this distinct intimation of his intent, we

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), V. 181, n. (1).

need not be surprised to find the ancient unities almost wholly disregarded in these plays; nor that Coleridge should find them to be a new kind of dramatic romance, differing in *genus* from the ancient drama; nor that they should answer admirably well to Bacon's conception of a representative visible history, a speaking picture, or a type and model of the whole process of the mind, and the continuous fabric and order of discovery in the most noble subjects; nor that they should partake of that sweet travelling through universal variety, which was to be the lot of him who should be able to climb the hill of the Muses.

The "Winter's Tale" and the "Tempest" were both written in 1611. Some critics have supposed that Shakespeare, in the "Tempest," had a special purpose of showing that he could write a play which should strictly observe the ancient unities; while others, like Mr. White, have noticed that the "Winter's Tale" is written in utter defiance of the one and inviolable rule: in this instance, for certain, the author would not be bound to "a single pillar." He puts sixteen years between two acts. Inland countries are brought to the sea. The Delphic Oracle, the King of Sicily, the Emperor of Russia, and psalm-singing Puritans, are made to figure upon the same stage. And the Chorus of the fourth act, in the name of Time, gives such reason for it as at once to remind us of the promised disregard of the *received custom*, thus:—

"Time. I that please some, try all, both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untri'd,  
Of that wide gap; *since it is in my power*  
*To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour*  
*To plant and overwhelm custom.* Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
*Or what is now received:* I witness to  
The times that brought them in: so shall I do



The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it. Your patience thus allowing,  
 I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing  
 As you had slept between."

Here is identity in both the thought and the language ; and can it be due to accidental coincidence, rather than to the habitual expression of one and the same writer, that we have here, also, the same figure of art *growing* ("*adolescere*") and a scene *growing*? And considering what these models should be, that were to place the whole order and process of discovery in particular subjects before the eyes ("*sub oculos*"), it is, at least, not clear that it could be anything else than precisely what Hamlet demanded of the dramatic art, namely, that it should hold the mirror up to nature ; and, according to the interpretation of Professor Gervinus, "that it should give a representation of life, of men and their operating powers, by which means it works indeed morality, but in the purest poetic way, by image, by lively representation, and by imaginative skill. To perceive and to know the virtues and crimes of men, to reflect them as in a mirror, and to exhibit them in their sources, their nature, their workings, and their results, and in such a way as to exclude chance and to banish arbitrary fate, which can have no place in a well-ordered world, — this is the task which Shakespeare has imposed upon the poet and upon himself."<sup>1</sup>

The New Atlantis was written expressly as a pattern of a natural story, and it can scarcely be accounted an accidental circumstance, that this same figure of the "pillar" appears, again, in connection with a pretty comprehensive conception of human works, in that "great miracle" which brought the canonical books of Scripture to the island of Bensalem, "in a great pillar of light," rising from the sea toward heaven, and so approaching the shore ; on beholding which, one of the wise men of Solomon's House fell

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. Comm.* (London, 1868), I. 325. Trans. by F. E. Bunnett.

upon his knees and began to pray, thus: "Lord God of heaven and earth, thou hast vouchsafed of thy grace, to those of our order, to know the works of creation, and the secrets of them; and to discern as far as appertaineth to the generations of men, between divine miracles, works of nature, works of art, and impostures and illusions of all sorts."

It will be remembered that Bacon's scheme of philosophy constituted a kind of intellectual globe, or full circle. In that collection of Antitheses, which he speaks of as a youthful labor, he expresses himself thus: "It is good to have the orb of the mind concentric with the universe." Starting from the *Philosophia Prima* with a summary partition of all the knowledge and learning which the human race was in possession of, in his time, it proceeded through the second or experimental and inductive philosophy, until the wheel was come full circle in philosophy itself, which was to be at once a knowledge of all science in a comprehensible theory of the universe, and an active science and an intelligent power of action; and the whole was to have a practical bearing and effect upon the business, uses, life, and happiness of man. Philosophy itself, the object of the Sixth Part, he says, was to have for its end, not only "contemplative enjoyment, but the common affairs and fortune of mankind, and a complete power of action." The Second Philosophy embraced his entire method, metaphysics included, but more especially, perhaps, as applied to physical science as such; but it was also to include the whole field of civil, industrial, and social affairs, and the practical life of the individual man, — "whatever, indeed, might administer to the advantage and happiness of mankind." The Sixth Part, to which all the rest was to be subservient and auxiliary, was to culminate in a final and complete philosophy of the universe; and it was to embrace, so far at least as the power and faculty of the human mind could go, a complete knowledge of "the order, operation, and

mind of Nature." Nor was it to give out a dream of the fancy as a model of the world ; but he would rather " pray to God, in his kindness, to vouchsafe to us the means of writing an apocalyptic revelation and true vision of the traces and stamps of the Creator upon his creatures " [creations].<sup>1</sup>

But, doubtless, this Fourth Part, thus devoted to examples, was, in a manner, to span both hemispheres of the intellectual globe, and, springing from the physical as basis and starting-ground, reach the height of things in the metaphysical region of universals. And<sup>1</sup> so he tells us here, in this "Scaling Ladder," that he had described the introductory part of the progress in the second book (the *Novum Organum*), which expounded principles and rules for the right use of the understanding in the whole business, and, in the third, had "treated on the phenomena of the universe and on natural history, plunging into and traversing the woodlands, as it were, of Nature, here overshadowed (as by foliage) with the infinite variety of experiments ; there perplexed and entangled (as by thorns and briers) with the subtlety of acute commentations." But now, he would advance "from the woods to the foot of the mountains," reaching "a more disengaged, but a more arduous station." He should "proceed from [natural] history by a firm track, new, indeed, and hitherto unexplored, to universals." To these "paths of contemplation, in truth, might appositely be applied the celebrated and often quoted illustration of the double road of active life, of which one branch, at first even and level, conducted the traveller to places precipitous and impassable ; the other, though steep and rough at the entrance, terminated in perfect smoothness. In a similar manner he, who, in the very outset of his inquiries, lays firm hold of certain fixed principles in the science, and, with immovable reliance upon

<sup>1</sup> *Distribution (Plan) of the Work* (Mont.), XIV. 24; Spedd. (Boston) I. 227.

them, disentangles (as he will with little effort) what he handles, if he advances steadily onward, not flinching out of excess either of self-confidence, or of self-distrust, from the object of his pursuit, will find that he is journeying in the first of these two tracks; and if he can endure to suspend his judgment, and to mount gradually, and to climb by regular succession the height of things, like so many tops of mountains, with persevering and indefatigable patience, he will in due time attain the very uppermost elevations of nature [*ad summitates et vertices naturæ*"], where his station will be serene, his prospect delightful, and his descent to all the practical arts by a gentle slope perfectly easy."<sup>1</sup>

The patience and resolution here required may remind us, again, of the saying of Plato, that "the whole of nature being of one kindred, and the soul having before known all things [*i. e.* the Divine Soul, or Mind of Nature], there is nothing to prevent a person [*i. e.* a human soul], who remembers — what men call learning — only one thing, from again discovering all the rest; if he has but courage, and seeking faints not."<sup>2</sup> In short, it must be borne in mind, that the *Philosophia Prima*, as it were, in advance, dealt with the whole state of knowledge previously existing, in which was included both the metaphysical philosophy of Plato, which, proceeding by the dialectic method of pure scientific thinking, learning all things from one, and arriving at a philosophy of the universe by that way, and also the philosophy of Democritus, Leucippus, and Aristotle, which rather from the beginning turned round and confronted nature face to face, and began to search out a philosophy of the universe, in that direction, by pursuing the paths and methods of physical inquiry. And so, Bacon having for himself arrived, in the first instance, at a philosophy of the universe, in his own mind, by the Platonic method, and,

<sup>1</sup> *Scaling Ladder*, Ib. XIV. 426; Spedd., V. 180.

<sup>2</sup> *Meno*, *Works of Plato*, (Bohn), III. 20.

after the example of Plato's great disciple, Aristotle, seeing that the best way for the advancement of knowledge, the invention of new sciences, arts, and instruments, for the instruction, benefit, and uses of mankind in general, was, to follow that example, to begin where Democritus left off, and pursue the same direction and course of investigation, confronting Nature face to face, as it were, diligently set himself to work in good earnest to revive, correct, purify, renew, instaurate, and re-invigorate, both the degenerated and perverted Platonism, and the degenerated and perverted Aristotelianism of his own time and all the later ages next preceding. But now, having in the second and third parts plunged into and traversed the woodlands of mere physical nature, amidst foliage, thorns, and briers, and having begun to advance from the woods to the foot of the mountains and that same hill of the Muses, he would, in this Fourth Part, begin to ascend by the double road of active and actual human life, and climbing with scaling ladders of the intellect, and threading the labyrinth of the civil, social, and moral fabric, would endeavor, at last, to reach the uppermost elevations and highest tops of things, in the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill of the fabled descendants of Neptune, the vertex of Pan's Pyramid, and the cliff of Plato; from which height, no man should any further leading need.

So much we learn from himself concerning this curious Fourth Part. It is difficult to conceive what else was meant than something of this kind, by these examples or types and models; and considering what the entire scope of his philosophical scheme was, the nature of the whole discussion in these particular fragments, and the express declaration that true art was always capable of advancing, the conclusion would seem to be well warranted, that at the date at which the Scaling Ladder was written, something of this kind was running in his mind, and that we actually have in these plays what he had himself done towards this

important part of the Great Instauration of all philosophy.

At the same time, it is not necessarily to be inferred that the plays, when written, were designed actually to form this Fourth Part. It may be, that, in his original plan, this part of the systematic Instauration was to have been written in prose with something of the same rigid investigation and scientific precision as the other parts, but upon the same general subject of the passions and affections, the mental powers and faculties, human character, civil and social affairs, and man and humanity in general; but that for want of time to complete it in that form, he had, later in life, concluded to publish this Folio of 1623, together with the Essays and other writings of a civil and moral nature, and leave them to fill up this gap in the Great Instauration, in such manner and with such effect as they could. The Instauration was indeed the work of his whole life; but the finished parts of it rather belong to his later years. The Advancement was in some measure a preliminary work, and it took the form of the *De Augmentis* before becoming a part of the Great Instauration in 1623, and all the other parts were wholly, or chiefly, written after the period of the plays, and towards the close of his career. So, while the plays may have been written, as they doubtless were, under a natural and genuine poetic feeling and impulse, and even with a design to rival the ancient poets in the field of dramatic art, and with the general purpose of veiling his braver instruction to mankind under the poetic form of delivery, after the manner of all great poets, they are, in fact, at the same time, found to be pervaded with the whole spirit and scope of his philosophy; and they may be safely taken as actual models and true illustrative examples of his method in that kind.

This view may find some special confirmation in the following passages from the *De Augmentis*, which are deserving of careful study in reference to certain prominent

features in the character of these plays ; for in their general nature and scope they more especially concern the regimen, discipline, culture, and cure of the mind in respect of individual, social, moral, and civil or public good ; and truth to human nature and human character has always been noted as a peculiar excellence in them. Upon "*the different characters of natures and dispositions*," this work proceeds thus : —

" And we are not here speaking of the common inclinations either to virtues or vices, but of those which are more profound and radical. And in truth *I cannot sometimes but wonder* that this part of knowledge should for the most part be omitted both in Morality and Polity, considering it might shed such a ray of light on both sciences. In the traditions of astrology men's natures and dispositions are not unaptly distinguished according to the predominances of the planets ; —

[ ' a breath thou art,  
 Servile to all the skyey influences  
 That dost this habitation where thou keep'st  
 Hourly inflict.' — *Meas. for M.*, Act III. Sc. 1.]

For some are naturally formed for contemplation, others for business, others for war, others for advancement of fortune, others for love, others for the arts, others for a varied kind of life ; so among the poets (heroic, satiric, tragic, comic) are everywhere interspersed representations of characters, though generally exaggerated and surpassing the truth. . . .

" Not however that I would have these characters presented in ethics (as we find them in history or poetry or even in common discourse), in the shape of complete individual portraits, but rather the several features and simple lineaments of which they are composed, and by the various combinations and arrangements of which all characters whatever are made up, showing how many, and of what nature these are, and how connected and subordinate one

to another ; that so we may have *a scientific and accurate dissection of minds and characters, and the secret dispositions of particular men may be revealed* ; and that from the knowledge thereof better rules may be framed for the treatment of the mind.

"And not only should *the characters of dispositions which are impressed by nature* be received into this treatise, but those also which are imposed on the mind by sex, by age, by region, by health and sickness, by beauty and deformity, and the like ; and again, those which are caused by fortune, as sovereignty, nobility, obscure birth, riches, want, magistracy, privacy, prosperity, adversity, and the like. For we see that Plautus maketh it a wonder to see an old man beneficent : His beneficence is that of a young man."

And so, in the "Measure for Measure," in which these ideas and doctrines are in part and very admirably exemplified, the Duke says : —

"Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to *practise his judgment with the disposition of natures*. . . The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, *I should wonder at Angelo*." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

He next proceeds to those "affections and perturbations of the mind, which are, as I have said, the diseases of the mind" : —

"*Cloud.* Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,  
When he would force it ?" — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

"But to speak the real truth," he continues, "the poets and writers of history are the best doctors of this knowledge, where we may find painted forth with great life and dissected, how affections are kindled and excited, and how pacified and restrained, and how again contained from act and further degree : —

[*Isab.* Ay ! just : perpetual durance : a restraint —  
Though all the world's vastidity you had —  
To a determin'd scope." — *Ib. Act III. Sc. 1.*]



how they disclose themselves though repressed and concealed; how they work; how they vary; how they are enwrapped one within another; how they fight and encounter one with another; and many other particularities of this kind; amongst which this last is of special use in moral and civil matters; how I say, to set affection against affection, and to use the aid of one to master another; like hunters and fowlers who use to hunt beast with beast, and catch bird with bird:"<sup>1</sup>—as we may find it illustrated in this same play, and, indeed, in many others of this author, in such style, manner, and diction as to leave no room for doubt of his identity.

It is not the purpose of this work to undertake by any complete analysis, or anything like a thorough exposition of the nature, scope, and drift of the several plays, to show in what manner and to what extent the object and intent of these illustrative examples, or models, have been accomplished in them; nor to consider of their merits as works of art. In the two sections following, some demonstration will be given out of the "As You Like It," and the "Timon of Athens," as models and instances, first, that these plays were in fact written by Francis Bacon; and second, that they do really answer the purpose supposed, in a very admirable manner. More than this might require another book.

## § 2. THE AS YOU LIKE IT — A MODEL.

The comedy of "As You Like It" appears to have been written about the year 1600, and before any of the works of Bacon with which it will be compared were published, viz: the Advancement, the Intellectual Globe, the Natural History, the History of Life and Death, and the *De Augmentis*. Shakespeare could have drawn nothing for this play from these works of Bacon: nor would Bacon have

<sup>1</sup> *Trans. of De Aug.*, by Spedding, *Works* (Boston), IX. 219-221.

need to learn anything from William Shakespeare, touching the parts of philosophy therein illustrated.

In the main, this play is a story of love and friendship, with some slight exhibition of the accidents of fortune, into which the more important matters and topics are, as it were, collaterally and incidentally interwoven. The plot is taken from Dr. Lodge's novel of "*Rosalynd, or Euphues' Golden Legacy*," but nothing of the more distinguishing features, or more notable instruction, is drawn from that source; and the characters of Jaques, Audrey, and the Clown, are wholly new. The author himself speaks more especially in the melancholy Jaques, in *Touchstone*, the motley-minded gentleman, and in *Rosalind*, instructed of the "great magician"; and the old man Adam furnishes occasion for the discourse of Jaques on the Seven Ages, with a distinct touch of the History of Life and Death. In the garb of the motley fool, *Touchstone*, who is but another specimen of a "Jove in a thatch'd house," that

"hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms,"

lies concealed and (as it were in ambush) the "natural philosopher" himself, with his instances; and with the help of Audrey, a mere "country wench," he will get pretty deep into the philosophy of imagination and the true nature of poetry as "imaginations feigned." *Rosalind*, in the disguise of a boy, has conversed with a magician, since he was three years old:—

"Orl. But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest." — *Act V. Sc. 4.*

And in Jaques, we have a man, who has got well out of "the woodlands of nature," and not only reached the foot of the mountain, but actually ascended nearly to the uppermost elevations, where his station is serene, and his prospect

delightful ; and though his "often rumination" has gained him, among others, the title of "the melancholy Jaques," it only wraps himself in "a most humourous sadness." The matter lies, for the most part, upon "a more disengaged but a more arduous station," and in that part of "the double road of active life," which, though "steep and rough" at the entrance, becomes "even and level" at the end, terminating in "perfect smoothness"; but the scene, though not actually in "the woods," now, is still "partly in the Forest of Arden." Rosalind is banished by the envious Duke ; Celia, his daughter, her loving friend, determines to escape with her cousin, and they persuade the fool Touchstone to go with them ; and so, disguised, Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia in the dress of a shepherdess, and Touchstone as servant, they become travellers in the woods :—

*Ros.* Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I! When I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content."—*Act II. Sc. 4.*

Remembering that the road traversing "the woodlands" was overshadowed as by foliage, and perplexed and entangled with thorns and briers, and that one branch of the double road conducted the traveller to places precipitous and impassable, we may just notice, that the dialogue between Celia and Rosalind, in the beginning, turns upon the condition of their estates ; but, says Rosalind, "Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature ;" and they soon discover that these "paths of contemplation" are beset with thorns and briers, thus :—

*Ros.* O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them."—*Act I. Sc. 3.*

So Bacon says :—

"Diligence and careful preparation remove the obstacles against which the foot would otherwise stumble, and smooth the path before it is entered ;

but he who is sluggish and defers everything to the last moment of execution must needs walk every step as it were amidst briars and thorns, which catch and stop him." — *Tr. of De Aug.*, IX. Spedd. (Boston), 257.

And Orlando, groping with old Adam in this "uncouth forest," almost dead "for food," meeting the Duke, speaks thus : —

"*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
I thought that all things had been *savage here*;  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  
That in *this desert inaccessible*,  
Under the shade of *melancholy boughs*,  
Lose and neglect the *creeping hours of time*; —

You touch'd my vein at first: *the thorny point*  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew  
Of *smooth* civility: yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture." — *Act II. Sc. 7.*

Things here were steep, rough, thorny, overshadowed with foliage and melancholy boughs, and rather precipitous and impassable to the traveller.

Orlando introduces the old man Adam thus : —

"There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,  
(Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,)  
I will not touch a bit." — *Act II. Sc. 7.*

And while he is gone to find him out, the Duke and Jaques enter into that famous and very sage discourse upon the Seven Ages of the life of man, taking a wide and deep view of the subject. The Duke begins thus : —

"*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in."

Jaques, who has already climbed by regular succession the height of things to a station serene, where he has a prospect of the order of nature and the errors of men, on this universal theatre, and has been a traveller through the universal variety, proceeds to deliver himself of his latest con-



Full of wise saws and modern instances, —  
And so he plays his part": —

[—"then succeeds the manly age, when it becomes more solid and exact," says the Latin.]

"The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank: and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound": —

[—"and lastly, its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust," or, as the Latin reads, "Lastly, its old age creeps on, when it becomes dry and exhaust, garrulity only remaining."]

"Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans — everything."

Act II. Sc. 7.

["But it is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy."]

Here, there is resemblance in the thought, manner, and word, but not any absolute identity: the similitude is rather distant and remote, as we should expect to find it in writings so different in character, even the subject being not the same. As will be seen, the Latin translation comes nearer to the very language of the poetry than the English original of the Essay; and upon a close study, it is pretty evident that, in the scientific study of the "Differences of Youth and Old Age," and in the "History of Life and Death," may be found the actual first origin of both the poetry and the prose. The general ideas are certainly very similar, the difference of the subject in the Essay necessarily occasioning some variations and omissions of particulars. The manner is nearly the same in both, and the turn of expression, and use of words, is alike in both; as for instance, the words *creep*, *manly voice* and *manly age*, *severe* and *exact*, *garrulity* and *childish treble*, *this strange eventful history* and *the turning wheels of vicissitude*. And then we have the same order and succession of the like ideas as far as they

go, with that difference of diction, and greater amplitude, which the nature of the subject, the exigencies of verse, and the poetic style demanded.

Jaques exhibits a very remarkable liking for the fool Touchstone, —

“Who laid him down, and bask’d him in the sun,  
And rail’d on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool;” —

but when he heard him moralize upon the time, he laughed a whole hour by his dial, —

“That Fools should be so deep-contemplative.”

And well he might; for this fool’s brain is crammed with observation, his head is full of instances, and he appears, like many of this author’s fools, to have much knowledge in many arts, though “ill-inhabited” : —

*“Jaq.* This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.”

Then follows a sharp piece of satirical criticism upon Vincentio Saviolo’s code of honor; but what is more particularly to be noted in this connection is, that the moralizing Jaques, who understands so well the many parts which man plays on the universal theatre, considering the wisdom “which he vents in mangled forms,” is ready to exclaim : —

*“Jaq.* O, that I were a Fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.  
*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.  
*Jaq.* It is my only suit:  
Provided that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have.” — *Act II. Sc. 7.*

Here is certainly a very good reason why this author should be so much in the habit of putting the profoundest conclusions of his philosophy into the mouths of his clowns and fools; and in a larger view, it may have been for a some-

what similar reason that such a writer should choose the dramatic form of delivery for the purpose of communicating his braver instruction to mankind. In that age, especially, he needed liberty; and his Genius must have the air of Freedom:—

“*Jaq.* Give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of th’ infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.” — *Act II. Sc. 7.*

Touchstone proceeds with the shepherd, Corin, thus:—

“*Touch.* Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the more at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.” — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

Next, the dispute on good manners and the manners of courtiers and shepherds winds up with a challenge for instances:—

“*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.” — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

And this is followed by a call for “a better instance,” “a more sounder instance,” and “a mended instance,” very much after the manner of our natural philosopher himself:—

“*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he’s as good at anything, and yet a Fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.”

So says Bacon to Essex, “You discourse well *Quid igitur agendum est?* I will shoot my fool’s bolt, since you will have it so.”

Jaques had been a traveller, too, and his sadness was of a peculiar kind:—

“*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so: I do love it better than laughing.”



Rosalind thinks all such must be "abominable fellows," but Jaques, that it is "good to be sad and say nothing":—

"*Ros.* Why then it is good to be a post." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

This may remind the critical reader of Bacon's discussion of individual good or happiness, which might consist in a certain "equality" of things, or in "variety and vicissitude," or in both; and he alludes to the controversy between Socrates and the Sophist, in which Socrates maintained that happiness consisted in a constant peace of mind and tranquillity; but the Sophist, that it consisted in having an appetite for much and in enjoying much. The Sophist said, that Socrates' happiness was that of "a post or a stone" ("*stipitis vel lapidis*")<sup>1</sup>; and Socrates, that the Sophist's happiness was that of a man that had the itch ("*scabiosi*"), who was perpetually itching and scratching; and this last breaks out, again, in another place, thus:—

"*Marcus.* What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs? . . . . Who deserves greatness  
Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil." — *Cor., Act I. Sc. 1.*

Jaques answers:—

"I have neither the Scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the Musician's, which is fantastical; nor the Courtier's, which is proud; nor the Soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyer's, which is politic; nor the Lady's, which is nice; nor the Lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! . . . .

*Jaq.* Yes; I have gained my experience." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Very like the philosopher, who had found "the different characters of natures" omitted in "Morality and Policy," but thought there might be something of truth in the traditions of astrology and the predominances of the planets: for, as we remember, "some are naturally formed for con-

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug.*, Lib. VII. ; (Boston), III. 24.

templation, others for business, others for war, others for advancement of fortune, others for love, others for the arts, others for a varied kind of life"; as had been represented among the poets, heroic, satiric, tragic, and comic.

And a traveller he was, no doubt, this "Monsieur Traveller," through the universal variety, to whom, in his elevated station on the mountain top, the common affairs and most ordinary compliments of mankind below, were so sadly amusing, that, on the whole, they might even be compared to "the encounter of two dog-apes." Nevertheless, he had a fellow-feeling for the

—"poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,"

and came to languish by

"the brook that brawls along this wood; . . . .  
. . . . — and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extreamest verge of the swift brook,  
*Augmenting* it with tears.

*Duke S.*                      But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;  
'*Poor deer,*' quoth he, '*thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much.*' Then, being there alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
'*T is right,*' quoth he; '*this misery doth part  
The fluz of company.*' Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him. '*Ay,*' quoth Jaques,  
'*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*'  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

But the road, in this model, is to come out "even and level" at the end, being the one of "the two moral ways" of the old parable, beginning with uncertainty and difficulty and ending in plainness and certainty" (*Valer. Term. ch. 19*); and so, all terminates in perfect smoothness by the skill of the great magician:—

*Ros.* I have promised to make all this matter even.  
 Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;—  
 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—  
 Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,  
 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—  
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,  
 If she refuse me:— and from hence I go,  
 To make these doubts all even. . . . .

*Hymen.* Then is there mirth in Heaven,  
 When earthly things made even  
 Atone together."— *Act V. Sc. 4.*

At last, the usurping Duke

"hath put on a religious life,  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
 There is much matter to be heard and learned."— *Act V. Sc. 4.*

This final disposition of the melancholy Jaques, whose prospect had become so sadly humorous and so serenely delightful, is in fair keeping with Bacon's vision of the highest state of things in the island of Bensalem, in the New Atlantis, on beholding which the Strangers, who had arrived there, imagined they saw before their eyes "a picture of their own salvation in heaven"; and his betaking himself, at last, to "these convertites," and devoting himself to a religious life, may recall to mind what has been reported of one of the rarest and most humorously sad men of learning of our time, that now, in his later days, he finds his chiefest solace in the "*Acta Sanctorum*."

### § 3. THE TIMON OF ATHENS — A MODEL.

Of the "Timon of Athens," nothing appears to be known, until it was printed in the Folio of 1623. The story of

Timon was one of the traditional popular tales of ancient times. It is briefly alluded to, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*; but scarcely anything more than the circumstance of the inscription upon the tomb of Timon and the bare names of Alcibiades and Apemantus, which are not found in Lucian, appear to have been taken from Plutarch; while the character of Apemantus was evidently founded upon the Thrasycles of Lucian's dialogue. Shakespeare could have derived but little help from North's Plutarch, and Bacon was undoubtedly well acquainted with both Plutarch and Lucian in the original Greek. In the *Essay of Goodness*, he alludes to the anecdote of the tree as told in Plutarch, and speaks of "misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had." Plutarch refers to the comedies of Aristophanes and to Plato for the story of Timon; but the larger part of the borrowed materials for this play was certainly drawn from Lucian. In Aristophanes,<sup>1</sup> as in Plato, there is no more than a bare allusion to the story. Bacon is known to have been familiar with these authors, neither of which had been translated (so far as known at this day) until after the time of Shakespeare. The similitudes with his writings are most apparent in those parts of the story which vary from the account of Plutarch, or were not derived from him. The circumstance of Timon's finding great sums of gold, while digging with a spade, must have been taken from Lucian. It is pretty certain that the play never made any figure upon the stage, in the lifetime of Shakespeare, if indeed it had ever appeared at all before it was printed; for there is no certain mention of it on record prior to that date. Yet it is one of the most masterly works of the great poet, not so much for display upon the stage, but as implying the largest wisdom, a matured experience, and a most profound philosophy of human life. Even on the supposition that the old play of

<sup>1</sup> *Ανιστορῆται*, 805-828.

that name was an early sketch of this author, it would necessarily follow, that it had been taken up again at a later period of his life, and had been carefully re-written in the maturity of his powers. This play, more strongly than almost any other in the series, bears upon its face the impress and character of Bacon's mind. It is even probable that, in respect of the sentiments and feeling exhibited in some parts of it, something may have been derived from the later experience and fortunes of his own life; when he was himself a fallen lord, abandoned by troops of trencher-friends, yet attended by faithful stewards even in his worst misfortunes; when he had gone to a cell, and become a cloistered friar in Gray's Inn, and was gathering up the wrecks and remnants of his ruined estates, but when he appeared in public, still showing a handsome equipage and a numerous retinue, "scorning to go out in a snuff," said Prince Charles, when he met him in full trim on the road; when he had been fleeced (according to Mr. Meautys), first, of York House, and then of one valuable estate after another; but to a proposal for the sale of his forest at Gorhambury, indignantly answering, "I will not be stript of my feathers," — like another Lear, insisting upon his full hundred, —

"O, reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;  
Allow not nature more than nature needs;  
Man's life is cheap as beast's;" —

when he had himself become an experienced witness of the vanities of great place, the iniquities of "the yellow slave," gold, the hollowness of all outward show of worldly greatness, and the essential worthlessness of all these to a great soul, as Lucian says:—"Nothing of all this being at all necessary to a good man and one able to see the wealth of philosophy"—; and when he had become still more profoundly sensible of the dark clouds of error and superstition and all manner of false opinion and belief, which like that

old incubus, "the brooding wing of Night," hung lowering as ever over society and all human affairs. He had been a learned critic in literature, a scientific student of nature, and a comprehensive and very profound philosopher, and he had now become a wise man, a seer, a prophet, and certainly one of the greatest of poets.

Still bearing in mind what has been said of these illustrative examples, we shall have occasion, also, to remember that pattern of a natural story, and *model* of an institution "for the interpreting of nature, and the production of great and marvellous works for the benefit of men," in the New Atlantis. Solomon's House, which was instituted "for the finding out of the true nature of all things, whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them," and which was to be "the noblest foundation that ever was upon the earth," and "the eye" and "the lantern of this kingdom," is introduced with an allusion to the poetical fable of "the inhabitants of the great Atlantis," who were "the descendants of Neptune," with their "magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill; and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, which, as so many chains, environed the same site and temple; and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up the same, as if it had been a Scala Cœli." This island, moreover, was "a land of magicians." There was in it, too, "something supernatural, but yet rather as angelical than magical." And it is further said: "God surely is manifested in this land." Said the Strangers, on arriving there, "It seemed to us, that we were come into a land of angels."

Let it be observed, also, that there was, in this island, "a most natural, pious, and reverend custom of the feast of the family," showing the nation to be "compounded of all goodness." The strangers who had arrived there, went abroad to see "the city and places adjacent," and made the acquaintance of many "not of the meanest quality." The people were full of "piety and humanity," and for

"chastity," this nation was "the virgin of the world." In their own country, "such humanity" was never seen. There was no "confusion" among this people. Their "manners and conditions" were well-ordered. Indeed, "if there be a mirrour of the world worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country." It was granted to the father of a family of thirty persons, called the Tirsan, to make "a feast" at the cost of the state. He is assisted by "the governor," and also "taketh three of such friends as he liketh to choose." The persons of the family are summoned to attend. Two days the Tirsan sits in "consultation concerning the good estate of the family." Order is taken for the relief of the distressed and decayed, and "competent means to live" are provided for them. Vice and ill-courses are censured. They have "no stews, no dissolute houses, no courtezans, nor anything of that kind." Direction is given "touching marriages." Marriage, "without consent of parents," they "mulct in the inheritors." There is not "such chastity in any people": and they say, "That whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself": and they say, "That the reverence of a man's self is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices." The "orders and decrees" of the Tirsan are obeyed: "such reverence and obedience they give to the order of nature."

At the feast, the Tirsan comes forth from divine service into "the large room where the feast is celebrated," and takes his chair of state on a raised "half-pace," at the upper end. All the lineage place themselves around "against the wall," and the room below the half-pace is full of company, "the friends of the family." On the sides are tables for the guests that are bidden. A herald takes in his hand a scroll, which is the king's charter containing gift of revenue, and many privileges, exemptions, and points of honor, directed "To such a one our well beloved friend and creditor." And there is an acclamation, "Happy are the people of Bensalem!" Toward the end of dinner, hymns of "excellent

poesy" are sung; and "dinner being done," the Tirsan calls out two of his "sons of eminent merit and virtue," and bestows on each "a jewel," which they ever after "wear in the front of their turban or hat." This done, "they fall to music and dances and other recreations." So much for the feast, which may be compared a little, below, with "the feast of Lord Timon."

Now, turning to the play, the scene is "Athens; and the woods adjoining." For, in this model, we are to emerge from the woods, again, to "the foot of the mountains," and thence, to ascend toward the height of things in "the commonwealth of Athens"; in which we shall see, also, "how the culture and cure of the mind of man" depend upon "points of nature" and "points of fortune."<sup>1</sup> The first act opens with a scene, in which the poet, the painter, the merchant, the jeweller, and the philosopher, are brought upon the stage together, and the principal topic seems to be our very subject here, namely, "true art." Each one brings an offering of service to the great Lord Timon. In the beginning of the dialogue, the ideas and expressions which are used so forcibly call to mind, not only the teachings of Bacon on poesy, nature, and art, but also the manner and diction of the Dedication and Preface to the Folio of 1623, as to raise a strong suspicion, at least, that both were written by the same hand and at about the same time. Compare the sentences as follows:—

"Act I. Sc. 1. *Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Poet.* How goes the world?

*Paint.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches?

[*"Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular."* — *Ded.*]

*Mer.* O, 't is a worthy lord.

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learn.*, Bk. II.



*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,  
To an untirable and continuat goodness:—

["To the most noble and incomparable paire of brethren, . . . . and  
our singular good lords."—*Ded.*

"A king of incomparable clemency, and whose heart is inscrutable for  
wisdom and goodness."—*Submission.*]

*Paint.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great lord."

["And while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the  
defence of our dedication."—*Ded.*]

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 't is nourished: The fire i' the flint  
Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like a current, flies  
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

["Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, as what they have;  
and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense,  
obtained their request with a leavened cake."—*Ded.*

Lucian's Timon reads:—

"I come to bring you a new song of the lately-taught dithyrambics." <sup>1</sup>

"There were under the Law (excellent King) both daily sacrifices and  
free-will offerings."—*Ded. of the Adv.*]

*Paint.* A picture, sir. And when comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.  
Let's see your piece.

["It hath been the highest of our care, who are the Presenters, to make  
the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection."—*Ded.*

"In like manner there belongeth to kings from their servants both tribute  
of duty and presents of affection."—*Ded. of the Adv.*]

*Paint.* 'T is a good piece.

*Poet.* So 't is; this comes off well, and excellent.

*Paint.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable! How this grace  
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination  
Moves in this lip; to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

[If he were a good "interpreter of nature": and "if it be true that the  
principal part of beauty is in decent motion."—*Essay.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Luciani Opera* (Tauchnitz, Lipsia, 1858,) I. 30.

*Paint.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; Is't good?

*Post.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

[—" (for I must ascribe your commendation to affection, being above my merit,) as I must do contrary to that that painters do; for they desire to make the picture to the life, and I must endeavour to make the life to the picture." — *Letter*, 1619.

—" as if art were some different thing from nature, and artificial from natural." — *Adv.*

" But because there be so many good painters, both for hand and colours, it needeth but encouragement and instructions to give life unto it." — *Letter to Chan.*

—" Who, as he was a happie imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it." — *Ded.*]

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

There are some indications in this play that the "gentle Apemantus," under the covert garb of a "churlish philosopher," was rather intended to speak, under cover, for the "gentle Shakespeare" himself. "What Shakespeare's thoughts on God, Nature, and Art, would have been," says Carlyle, "especially had he lived to number fourscore years, were curious to know." Most certainly so; but, in the course of this play, assuredly, something may be gathered, by close inspection, as to what were the ideas of the author on some points in art and philosophy; and they seem to have a remarkable agreement, in respect of some particulars of idea and expression, with Bacon's notions on the subject, as may be seen in this passage from the *Essay of Beauty* (1612):—

"In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express; nor the first sight of life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would

make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but *the painter that made them*. Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable."

Understanding that Apemantus contemplated the universe, as it is herein supposed that Bacon himself did, as the actual thought of a Creative Thinker, and as essentially and to the very bottom Artist-Mind work, and that the highest beauty is in life and motion, there may be discovered in this scene a profound opinion of the true nature of the highest art:—

"*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better *that made the painter*;

And yet he's but a filthy piece of work." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

This remark, apparently so very cynical, and perhaps intended so to appear on the surface, may find a deeper interpretation by the light of another very cynical philosopher: "Do you think those who make senseless and motionless statues are more to be wondered at than those who make active and intelligent living animals? No, by Jupiter; since these are made, not by chance, but by intellect."<sup>1</sup> Other poets followed the "customary fashion" and men's opinions: he followed the order of divine providence, the truth of nature, that true art which is always capable of advancing, and his own opinions:—

<sup>1</sup> *Xen. Mem. Socratis*, Lib. I. c. 4.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!"

Here, too, is his opinion of the mere man of traffic: —

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods do not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!"

This merchant may remind us of the merchant Jew in the New Atlantis, with this difference, that, here, it is the man whose god is traffic, but there, it is "the good Jew."

The play continues thus: —

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 't is worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

Timon has not yet emerged from those mines and caves, where gold and jewels are the chief treasure. Apemantus would seem to have reached the uppermost elevations of nature and those "tops of mountains," where the serenity of his contemplations was not to be disturbed by any consideration of such low things. And here, again, we have this philosopher's judgment on ostentatious piety and prayer: —

*Apem.* Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself."

To some, this might appear to be in the highest degree impious, as Timon thought another saying of the churlish philosopher to be "a lascivious apprehension"; to which Apemantus replies: —

"So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour."

Or, by possibility, it might put them in mind of another more modern philosopher, likewise suspected of being somewhat cynical, who seems to have apprehended many things differently from the common way; for, being of the same opinion, doubtless, that this author was, when he made the Duke in the disguise of "power divine" say, "there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must

cure it," so he says: "There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted. If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life."<sup>1</sup> So Apemantus seems to have thought a man had enough to do to pray for himself; and perhaps, also, he had that reverence for himself, which is, "next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices," and such chastity as was never seen anywhere else than in the island of Bensalem.

All this is made subservient to the introduction of the main subject of the play, the character of Lord Timon and the changes of fortune, which the poet is made to announce as the subject of that very work which he had come to dedicate to the great lord; as if the author himself would speak in character. And we may say of this piece as the poet said to the picture, —

— "to the dumbness of the gesture,  
One might interpret."

It is announced thus: —

*Poet.* I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment. . . . .

*Paint.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality) tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; —

["A noble man and of much worth," says Lucian.]

— yea from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

There is to be some "steep and rough" work in the

<sup>1</sup> Thoreau's *Walden*, 80.

woods among "thorns and briars," not levelled particularly; but a survey is to be taken of "all conditions"; and even Apemantus is constrained to drop the knee before the great lord, as did the other philosopher, who said: "I come with my pitcher to Jacob's well as others do."

The poet continues: —

"Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures, —

[that is to say, all "characters of natures and dispositions," hitherto too much omitted in Morality and Policy,] —

That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame;  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Paint.* 'T is conceiv'd to scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against *the steepy mount*  
*To climb his happiness*, would be well express'd  
In our condition. . . . .

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to *the mountain's top*,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Paint.* 'T is common:  
A thousand moral paintings I can show  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune,  
More pregnantly than words."

Surely, this "high and pleasant hill," this "steepy mount," ranked with all deserts and all kinds of natures at the base, and "this mountain's top," which all that labor on the bosom of this sphere seek to *climb* in search of happiness, can be no other than that same hill of the Muses, and those "tops of mountains," which the traveller, on "the steep and rough," or "the even and level," road of active

life, was to "climb by regular succession, with persevering and indefatigable patience," and by the "several degrees of ascent, as if it had been a Scala Cœli," before he should reach a serene station on the height of things; and these "paths of contemplation," placed thus visibly before the eyes in a kind of representative speaking picture, exhibiting "the whole process of the mind and the continuous frame and order of discovery" in the given subject, may be taken as an example of the new method, which those "types and models" were to illustrate; and this is that use of poetry that "tendeth to demonstrate and illustrate that which is taught or delivered," as by "a thousand moral paintings."

Timon was not one of those who had reached the mountain's top, but only "a more disengaged and arduous station" towards the foot, and was still *bowing his head against the steepy mount*. But the poet himself had attained that uppermost elevation, and was able to look down upon him from that high cliff and platform, which is more amply sketched in the Essay of Truth, thus:—

"The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: '*It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene,) and to see the errors and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below*'; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride." And so that it be done by a Solomon of the New Atlantis, who wears "an aspect as if he pitied men."

The scene next shifts upon the marriage of the old Athenian's daughter, a fair maid, bred "in qualities of the best"; and Lord Timon, like the Tirsan, takes due care that it shall be a chaste marriage, with due consent of

parents, and ample provision is made for Lucilius "to build his fortune" and make him "an equal husband"; all which has a certain close resemblance to the manner of proceeding in the island of Bensalem, where, also, there were many, "not of the meanest quality."

Next comes the feast, which is such a feast as could be given by the Lord Timon in the commonwealth of Athens, rather than exactly a "feast of the family" of the Tirsan; but in many traits, they exhibit a near relationship of the one to the other. *Humanity* is a leading topic in both:—

"2 *Lord*. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

*Apem*. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools. . . . .

1 *Lord*. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord*. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward. . . . .

1 *Lord*. The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man."—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

Timon addresses his company of friends in a strain and temper worthy of that "divine instrument," the "governor" of the society and brotherhood of Solomon's House, *Ape-mantus* (one chosen from amongst the rest "to live in the house with him," like "the Son of the Vine" in the New Atlantis,) having a table by himself at one side "against the wall," thus:—

"O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? . . . . . O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most need-less creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. . . . . We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!"—*Act I. Sc. 2.*

Here we may note a slight resemblance to the language of the New Atlantis; for in Solomon's House there were



to be "divers instruments of music, sweeter than any you have" and "bells and rings that are dainty and sweet."

The feast being over, Cupid enters with "a masque of ladies," and the entertainment ends with music and dancing, much after the manner of the Tirsan's feast. And the whole is closed, in like manner, with a gift of jewels, thus : —

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!

*Tim.* . . . . O, my friends!

I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,

Kind my lord."

. . . . .

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd, too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and 'then thou would'st sin the faster. . . . . What needs these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. . . . .

*Apem.* So; — thou wilt not hear me now; — thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy Heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!" — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

The Tirsan's feast was a feast of "consultation" and counsel; Timon's, a feast of flattery; in which Apemantus, however, had "the liberty of a friend," according to what is said in the Essay of Friendship: "So, as there is much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend."

There are some further traces of the New Atlantis in the third act, and particularly in Timon's second feast. Without dwelling upon the faithful steward, Flavius, the "one honest man," who, like Bacon's own faithful steward and secretary, Meautys, never deserted him, let us stop only

to observe, that in the second scene Lucius enters with "three strangers." In the New Atlantis, much is said of the mode of entertaining strangers in that island and of the "Stranger's House," in which all the sick were treated with such "rare humanity" and success, that they thought themselves "cast into some divine pool of healing." The same subject recurs, at the end of the first scene, with a somewhat different application, the opposite view of humanity being exhibited in the play, thus : —

"*Flam.* O, may diseases only work upon 't!  
And when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature,  
Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!" — *Act III. Sc 2.*

And when the strangers offered to pay for the many favours which had left them "confused with joy and kindness," the answer was: "What, twice paid!" for they called him "that taketh rewards twice-paid." So Apemantus considered Timon's bounty to his friends as mere bribery; but he would not himself be "brib'd too." Furthermore, one of these "three strangers" would almost seem to have been acquainted with the father Tirsan, when he speaks thus : —

"1 *Str.* Why this  
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse,  
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lips; — . . . .

["having oftentimes drank whole cups with me," says Lucian.]

3 *Str.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Str.* . . . . But I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:  
For policy sits above conscience." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

The Tirsan's feast was in some sort a public one, and was made at the cost of the state; and it was attended by

the governor. The same idea recurs in Timon's welcome to his friends at the feast of covered dishes : —

"Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. . . . . You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness."

These were not the "wise men of the Society of Solomon's House," but Timon's curse upon them savors strongly of the "Stranger's House," and of the healing of the sick therein, though in quite the opposite manner, thus : —

"Tim. This is Timon's last;  
Who, stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
[*Throwing water in their faces.*  
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks !

["Again therefore I depart, and will deliver you up to parasites and flatterers and courtzans;— . . . rewarding you as flatterers and wolves," reads Lucian.]

Of man and beast the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er!—what, dost thou go?  
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou.—  
[*Throws the dishes at them.*  
. . . . . Henceforth, be no feast,  
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
Of Timon, *man and all humanity.*"

["For I will hate all gods and men at once," Timon says, in Lucian.]

And at the close of the scene, the lord, who had advanced the jewel to his "turban or hat" (as it appears) as in the New Atlantis, speaks thus : —

"3 Lord. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?"—*Act III. Sc. 6.*

Here, let it be noted, also, that, in the Advancement, Bacon speaks of "the gross and palpable flattery, whereunto many not unlearned have abased and abused their wits and

pens," and of "those trencher-philosophers, which in the later age of the Roman State were usually in the houses of great persons, being little better than solemn parasites; of which kind Lucian maketh a merry description"; and this is certainly decisive evidence that Bacon as well as the author of the play had studied Lucian.

In Timon we have the man, who, having traversed the woodlands of nature, and emerged into the more disengaged but more arduous paths of contemplation, pursues that branch of the double road of active life, which is at first "even and level," but conducts to "places precipitous and impassable." In Apemantus, on the other hand, is represented the man, who rather chooses the way which is "steep and rough at the entrance," but with certain "fixed principles" and "indefatigable patience," enduring to suspend his judgment, will mount gradually, and "climb by regular succession" the height of things in the commonwealth of Athens. Timon, having met with a precipitous fall, takes back to the region of thorns and briers, "without the walls of Athens," breaking forth in a terrible outburst of wrath upon the "confusions" of society, thus:—

"Piety and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighborhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And let confusion live!" — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

*Confusion* is a favorite idea and word with this writer. "Is there any such happiness," says Bacon, "as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have a prospect of the order of nature and the errors of men?" and again, "as nothing doth derogate from the dignity of a state more than confusion of degrees." And Timon says again, "Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men?" He concludes his diatribe on society

with this desperate resolution : " Timon will to the woods ! " But, in Lucian, " he only leaves the city in disgust, and works for hire on a farm, brooding darkly over his evils." The third scene opens in " the woods." Timon is in close communion with physical nature. Among thorns and briers, the path is far from being even and level, or straight and smooth : —

" Tim. All is oblique;  
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

" By reason of the ways of nature being partly straight, and partly oblique," says the *De Augmentis* ; and the expression seems to have been borrowed from Sophocles : —

Κραυν. . . . πάντα γὰρ  
λέχρια. — *Antigone*, 1344-5.

He digs for roots and finds gold. While cutting up roots, he throws up treasure with his spade, " digging, I think, where it had been buried," says Lucian. He prefers roots, but will take " some gold " for his purposes : —

" Tim. " Earth, yield me roots ! . . . [*Digging.*  
I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

" And let *Misanthropos* be the most agreeable name," says Timon in Lucian.

The first to present himself is " Captain Alcibiades with his women." There was no war in Bensalem ; but mention is made of a holy hermit to whom " the spirit of fornication " appeared as " a little foul ugly Æthiop " ; but " the spirit of chastity " is described " in the likeness of a fair beautiful cherubin." Timon addresses Alcibiades, thus : —

" Follow thy drum ;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;  
Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

In the New Atlantis, " the scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubin's wings."

While yet digging the earth in the woods of nature, his pride unsubdued, he is made to utter forth that fine view of all-producing Nature, which might certainly have been inspired by the Second Philosophy : —

“ Common mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all th' abhor'd births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine,  
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
Enscar thy fertile and conceptionous womb;  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented! — O, a root, — dear thanks!  
Dry up thy marrowy vines, and plough-torn leas;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips.” — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

Next appears Apemantus, who complains, that

“ Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.”

But he tells him,

“ This is in thee a nature but infected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

[“ What a change! . . . bearing thus this heavy spade,” says Lucian.]

Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper,  
. . . . . 'T is most just  
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.”

Apemantus teaches him that he is “ a madman ” to expect relief for his miseries in these “ woods,” which

“ To the conflicting elements exposed,  
Answer mere nature.”



just conception, and they ended as such men are apt to do, in all cases, by calling each other hard names : —

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!"

"Sick of this false world," Timon would love naught

"But even the mere necessities upon 't."

He retires to his "cave," taking with him his gold, the

"visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities  
And mak'st them kiss,"

finding in his natural philosophy of the mere necessities of nature, that the sun, the moon, the sea, the earth,

"each thing 's a thief; —

and he advises all thieves, thus : —

"Steal not less, for this

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!" — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

This cave scene, like the rest, shows some traces of the Solomon's House of the New Atlantis; for there were to be therein certain "large and deep mines and caves, digged under great hills and mountains," which were to be called "the lower region," and were to be used for "the imitation of natural mines and the producing of new and artificial metals." In some of them, "hermits," that chose to live there, were to be well accommodated with all things necessary, and indeed live very long." But in the play, the poets and painters, who had turned "alchemysts," to make gold, were summarily driven out of the presence even of Timon.

For a commonwealth of Athens become a forest of beasts, Timon had no remedy to propose, but dire and utter destruction; and, indeed, the poet himself would seem to have had no other than "Alcibiades and the Forces": —

"*Tim.* Come not to me again; but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion



Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
 Who, once a day with his emboes'd froth,  
 The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,  
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

This poet was able to make good interpretation and use of the ancient fable of Timon, *Misanthropos*, taking care to follow the story of Lucian, in having him

"Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea"; —

that metaphysical and mysterious line, which serves as well to bound the horizon of time out of the great ocean of eternity, as to mark the limit of the ascent of "the steepy mount" toward the angelical supernatural heights of things in the everlasting mansions beyond. And Alcibiades, at the head of repentant Athens, should be able to see thus much of thee, O Timon: —

"yet rich conceit  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead  
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory  
 Hereafter more." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

Again, Bacon, when his fall came, induced by the persuasion of Buckingham and the King, if not commanded by some more forcible appeal, or, perhaps, foreseeing that his only hope was in the King, made a general confession and submission to the House of Lords, with the expectation that they would weigh his fault in a liberal spirit, and pass it over with some slight censure only, — that they would be content to deprive him of the seals, and, sparing "any further sentence," would recommend him to "his majesty's grace and pardon." Protesting he had not "the fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice," howsoever he might "be frail and partake of the abuses of the times," he nobly resolved not "to trick up an innocency by cavillations," but to make a clear confession of the facts as they were, being willing that they should speak for themselves and himself, and so threw himself upon the magnanimity of the British Senate; and

in that submission, he invoked the example of Quintus Maximus: "who being upon the point to be sentenced, by the intercession of some principal persons of the Senate, was spared"; in which "the discipline of war was no less established by the questioning of Quintus Maximus, than by the punishment of Titus Manlius." But the Lords would not relent: a victim was demanded. In like manner, in this play, Alcibiades, a principal senator, becomes "an humble suitor" to the "virtues" of the Athenian Senate for the pardon of a friend of his, who had

"stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues:  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;  
(An honour in him which buys out his fault)  
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe. . . .

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain: —

and after pleading the soldier's valor and noble spirit in extenuation of his offence, he declares the felon,

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords'  
As you are great, be pitifully good.  
. . . . In vain? his service done  
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium  
Were a sufficient briber for his life. . . .

2 *Sen.* He hath been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions. 'T is inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both: . . .  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;

The law is strict, and war is nothing more. . . .

1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure. . . .

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

2 *Sen.* What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be deni'd such common grace.  
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in but few words, but spacious in effect:  
We banish thee forever.

*Alcib.* Banish me!  
Banish your dotage, banish usury,  
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. . . .

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you! . . .

. . . . . Banishment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens." — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

There is nothing here, perhaps, that can be specially noted, more than the allusion to "the discipline of war" as in Bacon's "Submission," which is certainly not a little remarkable, together with the general tenor of the ideas and sentiment, especially if they can be considered as having been imparted to this play, after his own fall and banishment from London. At any rate, it may be truly said of himself, that his own banishment came not ill; for besides that he had struck, it is true that he continued to strike, at Athens, in a way scarcely to be dreamed of in Athens itself for a long time to come; nor felt otherwise than as the blows travelled along down and transverberated the ages as they rolled up, with scarcely diminishing force of vibration, and so to continue until they shall be lost, if ever, in the deeper concussions of still more powerful strokes; and every vibration still sweeps some part of the old Athens into oblivion and mere fossil bone.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PHILOSOPHICAL EVIDENCES.

"God hath framed the mind of man as a mirrour or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." — BACON.

#### § 1. BACON A PHILOSOPHER.

FRANCIS BACON had surveyed with the eye of a master the whole field of the Greek Philosophy, and had carried his studies, beyond almost any other of his time and country, into the deepest profundities of human thought. Standing where Plato stood, long before him, and Des Cartes and Leibnitz, immediately after him, essentially, on the solid platform of fact and universal method, he endeavored to instaurate, revive, and renew the higher philosophy as well as physical science. He attempted, not without great effect, to organize the experimental and inductive method of inquiry and a true method of interpreting Nature, and urged them upon the consideration of the world of science as the best, if not the only, means of obtaining that broad and sure "foundation" in observed and ascertained fact, on which alone he considered it possible to raise, in an adequate manner, the eternal superstructure of philosophy itself, which he was also undertaking, as the chiefest concern, to erect and constitute, or at least to initiate; and to this end, he would begin at the fountain head, and constitute one Universal Science as the science of sciences and mother of all the rest, which was to be as the trunk to the branches of the tree. This science he called *Philosophia Prima*, or indeed "Sapience," which had been "anciently defined as the knowledge of all things divine and human": —

"What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal." — *Cor., Act III. Sc. 1.*

He was not a man of physics merely, but understood metaphysics to be one part even of natural philosophy, in theory necessarily preceding physics, and in time and practice necessarily following on physics, the other part, "as a branch or descendant of natural science,"<sup>1</sup> and as affording the only safe passage into that Summary or Higher Philosophy, which he recognized as reigning supreme over sciences as "the parent or common ancestor to all knowledge." He divided all philosophy into three divisions, concerning God, Nature, and Man; and he said there was a "three-fold ray of things; for Nature strikes the intellect by a direct ray; but God, by a ray refracted, by reason of the unequal medium (the creation); and Man as shown and exhibited to himself, by a ray reflected."<sup>2</sup> He seemed also, in accordance with the ideas and spirit of that age, in some measure to admit "Divinity or Inspired Theology," resting on Scriptural authority, as a department of inquiry distinct from philosophy; and he spoke of divinity as "the book of God's word," and of philosophy as "the book of God's works." "Physique," says he, "inquireth and handleth the material and efficient causes; and the other, which is Metaphysique, handleth the formal and final causes, that which supposes in nature a reason, understanding, and platform"; that is to say, something like the *vovs* or intellect of Anaxagoras and Plato. And again he says, "let the investigation of forms, which (in reasoning at least and after their own laws) are eternal and immutable, constitute metaphysics, and let the investigation of the efficient cause of matter, latent process, and latent conformation (which all relate merely to the ordinary course of nature, and not to the eternal and fundamental laws) constitute physics."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learn., Works* (Mont.), II. 134.

<sup>2</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, L. III. c. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Nov. Org.*, II. § 9.

He was able to see through physics into metaphysics, and he drew the line between them distinctly enough. Since the giant Kant grappled with these "forms" or laws of the understanding or reason, and began to make a clearer opening into the true nature of Time and Space, his students and successors, more profoundly penetrating the subject, and, especially, Cousin, more thoroughly studying the critical method of scientific thinking taught by Plato, in a masterly elimination of the errors of Locke and Kant, have contributed much toward making Kant's "narrow foot-path" to be in truth "a high road of thought"; and since all together have still further cleared up these "fundamental and eternal laws" of all thinking, divine or human, it has become easier for others to grasp the profound conceptions of Bacon, which, however obscurely expressed, were nevertheless distinctly defined in the vast comprehension of his mighty intellect. "It is best," he says, "to consider matter, its conformation, and the changes of that conformation, its own action, and the laws of this action or motion; for forms are a mere fiction of the human mind, unless you will call the laws of action by that name."<sup>1</sup> That he referred these laws of action to the one thinking substance or essence, "the Mind of Nature," and considered them as eternal and immutable laws of the Divine Mind, thinking a universe, if a little uncertain here, is made plain enough in other parts of his writings. He says again: "Those which refer all things to the glory of God are as the three acclamations: Sancte! Sancte! Sancte! holy in the description or dilatation of his works; holy in the connection or concatenation of them; and holy in the union of them in a perpetual and uniform law. And therefore the speculation was excellent in Parmenides and Plato, although but a speculation in them, that all things by scale did ascend to unity": in himself, it was an absolute belief, and in this author's Malcolm

<sup>1</sup> *Nov. Org.*, I. § 51.

declining to be King, we may discover some inverse and oblique appreciation of the same doctrine : —

“ Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on Earth.” — *Macb., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And so, “in the entrance of philosophy,” he continues, “when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause ; but when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature’s chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter’s chair.” The same doctrine is more distinctly expressed in his interpretation of the fable of Pan, thus : —

“The Horns represent the world as broader below, but sharp at the vertex. For the whole of nature is pointed like a pyramid. Inasmuch as the individual things, in which the basis of nature is extended, are infinite ; these are gathered into species which are themselves manifold ; species again rise into genera, and these also in ascending are contracted more and more into generals ; so that, at length, nature appears to pass into unity ; which is the signification of that pyramidal figure of Pan’s horns. Indeed, it is no wonder that the horns of Pan even touch the heavens ; since the highest parts of nature, or universal ideas, do in a certain manner pertain to divine things. Therefore, that chain (of natural causes), which Homer sung, is said to be fastened to the foot of Jupiter’s throne ; and every one (as it would seem), who has withdrawn his mind for a while from particulars and the flow of things, and treated of metaphysic and the eternal and immutable in nature, has at once fallen into Natural Theology ; so near

and ready is the transition from that top of the pyramid to things divine."<sup>1</sup>

To his Summary Philosophy he had assigned the "principles and axioms" which were common to the several sciences, and "likewise the inquiry touching the operation of the relative and adventitious characters of essences, as quantity, similitude, diversity, possibility and the rest" (which, he said, might be called "Transcendental"), as being the common ancestor to all knowledge; but to Metaphysic, the inquiry of the formal and final causes, as being the descendant of natural science; whence it would seem that the two, so far as different, stood, in his scheme, in the relation to one another of the beginning to the end, which was to be philosophy itself, when the wheel should come full circle. But these matters were to be "handled as they have efficacy in nature, and not logically"; that is, as they really exist and operate in nature, and not syllogistically only, as if a world could be made out of categories; for it was manifest to him "that Plato, as one that had a wit of elevation situate as upon a cliff, did descry, *That forms [laws] were the true object of knowledge, but lost the real fruit of his opinion by considering of forms as absolutely abstracted from matter and not confined and determined by matter, and so turning his opinion upon theology, wherewith all his natural philosophy is infected.*"<sup>2</sup> Here, in respect of forms abstracted from matter, and not determined by matter, there is probably some misconception of Plato's doctrine, though in accordance with some received interpretations of his philosophy; and this seems to have been the great error of Kant; but Bacon knew that "there was no small difference between the idols of the human mind, and the ideas of the divine mind, that is to say, between certain idle dogmas and the real stamp and impression of created objects as they are found in nature."<sup>3</sup> Plato, he said, "was without doubt a

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, Lib. II. c. 18.

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learn.*

<sup>3</sup> *Nov. Org.*, II. § 23.



man of loftier genius" than Aristotle, and "aimed also at the knowledge of forms, and used induction universally, not for principles only, but also for middle propositions; and these things were truly divine; but he grasped at abstract forms, drew his matter of induction from common and obvious things only, and, on the whole, adulterated nature as much with theology as Aristotle with logic, and, to say the truth, approached as near to the province of the poet as the other to that of the sophist."<sup>1</sup> His opinion of Aristotle and the Greek philosophers generally was, on the whole, "that such systems and theories were like the different arguments of dramatic pieces, moulded into a certain keeping with nature." But he agreed with Empedocles and Democritus, "who complain, the first madly enough, but the second soberly, that all things are hidden away from us, that we know nothing, that truth is drowned in deep wells, and that the true and the false are strangely joined and twisted together; and therefore, let all men know that the preferring of complaints against nature and the arts [*i. e.* making strict inquiry and examination] is a thing well pleasing to the gods, and draws down new alms and bounties from the divine goodness."<sup>2</sup>

It was not the dialectic method of Plato in itself, which was nothing less than critical and scientific thinking, and used induction universally, that ~~he~~ as an actual interpretation of nature, nor his metaphysical theory of the universe, that Bacon objected to in him, but the too exclusively metaphysical phase of his philosophy and the theological direction which it had given to the studies and contemplations of men, to the utter neglect of any scientific study of nature. It relied too much on "discourse and doctrine": Plato, he says, "extolleth too much the understanding of man in the inward light thereof."<sup>3</sup> But besides this royal

<sup>1</sup> *Int. of Nat., Works* (Mont.), XV. 26-7.

<sup>2</sup> *Prometheus, Works* (Boston), XIII. 150.

<sup>3</sup> *Filum Labyrinthi* (Boston), VI. 427.

metaphysical road to a knowledge of God and the universe, which only such men as Plato, if indeed they, could pursue with safety, he saw that there was another path, more practicable and certain for the minds of men in general, more abounding in practical fruit, more powerful for progress, and more sure to furnish in good time a solid foundation for the higher metaphysical philosophy, and more certain to lead finally to the same end, a true knowledge of the universe and of the order of Divine Providence in it. Plato had "subjected the world to his contemplations, and Aristotle, his contemplations to terms," and the studies of men, verging toward "logomachies and disputations," had left "the way of the severer investigation of truth." Some of the ancients had penetrated more deeply and acutely into nature than Aristotle. This was the very thing to be done. Democritus, by reason of his skill in nature, had been deemed a Magician. His townsmen, taking him to be insane, sent for the great physician, Hippocrates, who found him to be, after all, the most sane man in all Abdera. Men should return to the other and better path. He would fix their attention upon the atoms of Democritus, "who more openly than any one else asserted the eternity of matter, while he denied the eternity of the world."<sup>1</sup> In short, at that point in the history of philosophy, this path had been abandoned. Democritus seemed to ascribe to atoms "a heterogeneous motion," not less than "a heterogeneous body and power"; but in reality, he did not; on the contrary, he distinctly intimated that atoms "were like nothing that falls under the observation of sense," and he held them "to be of a dark and secret nature," and invisible, needing further investigation. Democritus himself had got no further on, and had terminated his inquiries in some vague idea of necessity. For Bacon, in this same direction lay the true line of search for "the last and positive power and law of nature," and the continuity of that chain of causes,

<sup>1</sup> *Fable of Cupid* (Phil.), I., 438.

which must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair. At bottom, there is a near resemblance, an essential identity of doctrine, between these invisible atoms of Democritus and Bacon and the monads or invisible points of Leibnitz; only that the conception is further cleared up in Bacon and Leibnitz, and the analysis attempted to be carried on to the end in the last and positive power and cause of nature; that is, as they both understood, in the thinking power of God. Democritus had not been understood, and he "had been ridiculed by the vulgar; but neither the opposition of Aristotle (who was solicitous that posterity should not doubt his dogmas) could effect by violence, nor the majesty of Plato effect by reverence, the demolition of this philosophy"; but Genseric, Attila, and the barbarians had been the ruin of it.

It was not so much the philosophy of Democritus as he left it, as his method, the direction of his search, that Bacon commended. As to the origin and cause of nature itself, he agreed with the ancient Fable of Cupid rather than with Democritus. He interprets this fable as an allegorical representation of the first matter and cause of all things. Cupid, that is, the ancient Cupid or Love, "the most ancient of the gods," born of an egg over which Night brooded, and coeval with Chaos, was "introduced," he says, "without a parent, that is, without a cause."<sup>1</sup> The fable relates to "the cradle and infancy of nature, and pierces deep." "This Love I understand," he continues, "to be the appetite or instinct of primal matter; or to speak more plainly, *the natural motion of the atom*; which is indeed the original and unique force that constitutes and fashions all things out of matter. Now this is entirely without parent; that is, without cause. For cause is as it were parent of effect."<sup>2</sup> And the parent, first cause, and primal essence of things, must be a self-subsistent person and a finality as the one

<sup>1</sup> *Fable of Cupid. De Aug. Scient., L. III. c. 4.*

<sup>2</sup> *Wisdom of the Ancients; Works (Boston), XIII. 122.*

and all of being, God ; "for," says he, "there cannot be im- nature (for we always except God) any cause of the first matter, and of its proper influence and action, for there is nothing prior in time to the first matter." 'The first matter is the thinking essence or power of God, and, as such, is older than time itself. This person, and first essence of all things, is represented in the fable as born of an egg. This birth was a mere figure of speech, and it had reference to "the proofs," the mode of thinking out the fact of the existence of such person. The egg was the whole problem. Night represented "the negatives and exclusions" ; Light, "the affirmatives" ; the brooding, "the mature incubation," was the true method and process of philosophical inquiry ; and Cupid was to be at last the hatched conception of the all of being, God, in the complete antithesis of light against darkness ; affirmation against negation ; being against non- entity ; all actuality against all possibility ; that is to say, an essential living power of the nature of the power of thought itself, a thinking essence, a thinking person, and the All.

In Plato, the same conception, dropping somewhat of the poetical dress of the fable, stands forth in the more naked form of philosophical expression. According to him, the Divine Soul, the primal existence, comprehending under itself "motion and standing" all in one, is "that which moves itself," is "the beginning of motion," is "the oldest and most divine of all things," is "nothing else but power" (of the nature of thinking power), and "imparts an ever- flowing existence," in the perpetual work of creating a universe.<sup>1</sup> "The mode of this thing which is uncaused," continues Bacon, in the Fable of Cupid, "is likewise very obscure, which indeed the fable elegantly hints in Cupid being hatched beneath the brooding wing of Night." The inspired philosopher had felt the same difficulty, when he

<sup>1</sup> *Phædrus*, *Works of Plato* (Bohn), I. 321 ; *Sophist*, *ib.* III. 151-6 ; *Law*, *ib.* V. 543.

said, " God hath made all things beautiful in their seasons: He hath also set the world in their heart, yet so that no man can find out the work that God worketh from the beginning unto the end. For the great law of essence and nature cuts and runs through the vicissitudes of things, (which law seems to be described in the compass of the words, *the work which God wrought from the beginning even to the end.*) the power lodged by God in the primitive particles, from the multiplication of which, the whole variety of things might spring forth and be composed, may indeed just strike, but cannot enter deeply the mind of man." But the philosopher must constantly bear in mind that Cupid is without parents, and endeavor to grasp the whole fact as a universal perception and conception and the final all, not permitting "his understanding to turn aside to empty questions," and must therewith rest satisfied; for, as he says again, "it would argue levity and inexperience in a philosopher to require or imagine a cause for the last and positive power and law of nature." Precisely herein lies the difficulty, that in attempting to grasp "universal perceptions of this kind, the human mind becomes diffusive, and departs from the right use of itself and of its objects, and whilst it tends toward things more distant, falls back upon those that are nearer." And when, through its own limited capacity, "it stretches itself toward those things, which, according to experience, are for the most part universal, and, nevertheless, is unwilling to rest satisfied, then, as if desiring something more within the reach of its knowledge, it turns itself to those things which have most affected or allured it, and imagines them to be more causative and palpable than those universals." And in the Wisdom of the Ancients, he says again: "Nor need we wonder that Pan's horns touch heaven; since the summits, or universal forms of nature, do in a manner reach up to God; the passage from metaphysic to natural theology being ready and short"; that is to say, these universal

forms, or conceptions, and laws of thought, must be referred to the Divine Mind itself. Again, interpreting this same myth, he says, that Pan, as the name itself imports, represents the Universe or All of Things; and after giving the threefold narration of the ancients concerning the creation of Pan, he concludes by saying, that "the story might appear to be true, if we rightly distinguished times and things; for this Pan (as we now see and comprehend him) has his origin from the Divine Word, through the medium of confused Matter, (which is yet itself the work of God,) Sin (*"Prævaricatio"*) creeping in, and through it Corruption."<sup>1</sup> So also Plato taught that God created, first, the primary forms of matter; though it would seem that Bacon here supposed that Plato, like Aristotle, believed in a primal matter "wholly waste, formless, and indifferent to forms" (a sort of dead substratum?) on which God worked; an opinion, to which the *Phædo* alone might seem to give some countenance, if it did not distinctly appear otherwise in other parts of his writings; and perhaps they all three really contemplated this waste and formless matter, as being, like the Scriptural matter that was "without form and void," the secondary condition of matter only, which was then under consideration.

But returning to the method of Democritus, we should proceed in a rigidly scientific manner by negatives and exclusions on the one hand, and by affirmatives on the other, until both should be exhausted, when the all of truth would stand forth clear to the comprehension as bounded over, as it were, against sheer blank nothingness; the whole actuality against all possibility. But until Cupid should be thus fully "sprung from Night," some degree of ignorance must attend the side of exclusions, and to us it would continue to be "a kind of night" as to what of actual truth remained included still under that ignorance. Democritus had remarked "that it is requisite that the elements in the

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 13.

work of creation should put forth a secret and dark nature, lest any contrarious and opposing principle should arise." But when the elements should be brought out of ignorance into the light of truth, that "secret and dark nature" would be reduced to nothing, would vanish and disappear, leaving only a certain blank region of mere possibility beyond ; and it would then be seen, that no "contrarious and opposing principle" actually existed other than such blank possibility. Democritus was still struggling with the heterogeneous character of atoms, almost like another Dalton, and vainly endeavoring to ascend to "the primitive motion" and cause of all atoms ; but he had not attained to it, and his philosophy had been overwhelmed by the barbarians. Bacon would still pursue it with "the parable." Night was not to brood over the egg forever : the inquiry must not stop. But, he continues, "it is certainly proper to the Deity, that in an inquiry into his nature by means of the senses, exclusions should not terminate in affirmatives" ; that is, should not stop short in any incomplete body of affirmations, but "that after due exclusions and negations something should be affirmed and settled, and that the egg should be produced by a seasonable and mature incubation ; not only that the egg should be brought forth by Night, but also that the person of Cupid should be delivered of the egg : that is, that not only should an obscure notion upon this subject be originated, but one that is distinct." And he adds : "I think in accordance with the parable."

It is clear enough that to the mind of Bacon the Cupid of the fable represented the First Cause and essence of all things, the one substance, neither an abstract matter nor a dead substratum, but a living, thinking essence and power, a personal God and Creator of the Universe, as cause running through the links of Nature's chain, as essence cutting and running through the vicissitudes of things, in the creation which God works from the beginning to the end, not stopping with any six days' works ; cause eternally passing

into effect and subsisting in it as unity in variety ; the one and the many ; the particulars and the whole ; being against nonentity ; actuality against possibility ; thinking on the one hand, and forgetting on the other ; creation and destruction ; remembrance and oblivion ; for, as he says, again, " it is most evident that the elements themselves, and their products, have a perpetuity not *in individuo*, but by supply and succession of parts. For example, the vestal fire, that was nourished by the virgins at Rome, was not the same fire still, but was in perpetual waste, and in perpetual renovation." <sup>1</sup> And so, it would seem that he had arrived at that last outcome of all philosophy, ancient or modern ; wherein it is found that God exists as a necessary fact, and a truth which is to be intellectually observed and seen by all those having eyes to see, resting for proof, not on any few petty Paley-evidences merely, but on all evidence at once, not as learning, but as " sapience," and as a power of the nature of the power of thought, eternally thinking a universe, and being thus the first cause of all created things and the ultimate fact of all actuality, bounded over, as it were, against all possibility, — motion and standing in one ; beyond which it would be absurd to inquire for a further cause, or a more ultimate fact : — there being no need of another gun to shoot this gun.

In this Fable of Cupid, he speaks of three opinions concerning the nature of matter : first, that which held an original chaos of unformed matter, " stripped and passive," but subsisting of itself from the beginning. This kind of matter he considered as " altogether an invention of the human mind " : and next, a second, that " forms existed more than matter or action," so that the primitive and common matter seemed as it were an accessory, and to be in the place of a support to them ; but every sort of action only an emanation from the form, — thus wholly separating action or power from matter as something distinct from it ;

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XV. 39.



and hence, also, a third, which "derived the kingdom of forms and ideas in essences by the addition of a kind of fantastic matter," — an "abstract matter," together with "abstract ideas and their powers." This last was a mere "superstition," and this "troop of dreamers had nearly overpowered the more sober class of thinkers." But in his view, "these assertions respecting abstract matter were as absurd as it would be to say the universe and nature were made out of categories and such dialectic notions." He agreed with the more ancient philosophy, that "the primitive matter (such as can be the origin of things)", the first entity, "ought no less to possess a real existence than those which flow from it; rather more. For it has its own peculiar essence, and from it come all the rest." In a word, there was no matter distinct from the causative thinking essence itself; and this only had a real existence. "Almost all the ancients," says he, "Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, Democritus, though disagreeing in other respects upon the prime matter, joined in this, that they held an active matter with a form, both arranging its own form, and having within itself the principle of motion." Thus it clearly appears, that matter was to be considered as power of the nature of the power of thought in perpetual activity, producing motion, moving itself, giving form, and being the only real substance, — a thinking essence; — all matter else being a mere figment of the brain.

But cloudy logomachies and visionary mystifications were to cease. Empty categories and syllogistic sophistries were to be swept away. Theological haze was to be cleared up. As touching Aristotle and the Church, the question between him and the ancient was not of "the virtue of the race, but of the rightness of the way": it was only "part of the same thing more large." He would have men return to the study of nature in a scientific manner, well knowing, doubtless, whither that course would lead them in the end. Physics and metaphysics were to go hand in hand together

as inseparable parts of natural philosophy. And when, in the course of time, a sufficiently ample foundation should be laid in a thorough knowledge of nature, the loftier superstructure of the *Philosophia Prima*, the Science of Sciences, Philosophy itself, might be raised and completed. He seems to have contemplated some statement of the final result in the Sixth Part of the Great Instauration; but he tells us that it was "both beyond his power and expectation to perfect and conclude it." He might make "no contemptible beginning"; and "men's good fortune would furnish the result; such as men could not easily comprehend, or define, in the present state of things and the mind." Nor was it to treat "only of contemplative enjoyment, but of the common affairs and fortune of mankind, and of a complete power of action." This part was not written, but enough appears in his writings to show, that it would have been no materialistic science of dead substratum, no economic science of practical fruit merely, nor any sort of machine philosophy.

## § 2. THE PHILOSOPHER A POET.

In the midst of these abstruse considerations of the nature of cause and form, we fall upon this passage in his discussion of the opinion of Parmenides, in this same Fable of Cupid, "That the first forms and first entities are active, and that so the first substances also, cold and heat; that these, nevertheless, exist incorporeally, but that there is subjoined to them a passive and potential matter, which has a corporeal magnitude," and that "there are four co-essential natures, and conjoined, . . . light, heat, rarity, and motion; . . . for a true philosopher will dissect, not sever nature (for they, who will not dissect, must pull her asunder), and the prime matter is to be laid down joined with the primitive form, as also with the first principle of motion, as it is found." And so, in the play, Hamlet is made to say of the ghost:—

"His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

A commixture of studies as of law, nature, poetry, philosophy, may sometimes very curiously introduce similar ideas, illustrations, and language into very different writings of the same author, and that, too, perhaps all unconsciously to himself. In his dedication of his "*Arguments of Law*" to the Society of Gray's Inn, this idea of severing nature is introduced thus: "Nevertheless, thus much I may say with modesty, that these arguments which I have set forth (most of them) are upon subjects not vulgar, and therewithal, in regard of the commixture that the course of my life hath made of law with other studies, they may have the more variety and perhaps the more depth of reason: for the reasons of municipal laws severed from the grounds of nature, manners, and policy, are like wall-flowers, which, though they grow high upon the crests of states, yet they have no deep roots." Again, he lays it down as a rule in physics, "that the connexion of things should not be severed," as it "tends to preserve the fabric of the universe." And so Albany is made to say of the unnatural daughters of Lear: —

"That nature which contemns its origin  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and diebranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly use." — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

And the same idea underlies these beautiful lines of the "*Othello*": —

"but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again;  
It needs must wither." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

And Lear himself may very well be supposed to hold this colloquy with the designing Gloster and the good Edgar,

without being considered positively mad, only mad in craft, thus : —

*"Lear. First, let me talk with this philosopher. —*

*What is the cause of thunder?*

*Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into th' house.*

*Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. —*

*What is your study?*

*Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin. . . .*

*Glus. I do beseech your grace, —*

*Lear.*

*O, cry you mercy, sir! —*

*Noble philosopher, your company.*

*Edg. Tom 's a-cold. . . .*

*Kent.*

*This way, my lord.*

*Lear.*

*With him:*

*I will keep still with my philosopher." — Act III. Sc. 4.*

The philosopher, in the age of Shakespeare, had to sail sometimes under a cloud as dark as the disguise of Edgar, or the madness of Lear, or the world might be as dangerous to him as was that awful night of cataracts and hurricanoes,

*"Sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,"*

to the singed white head of Lear. Nevertheless, would Francis Bacon, in his more private and secret studies, still keep company with his first and last love, the Noble Philosopher. And he says, in the Essay on Goodness and Goodness of Nature, "This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest; being the character of the Deity: and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing; no better than a kind of vermin." And surely this must have been the same philosopher that founded the College of Universal Science, or Solomon's House, the very end of which was "the knowledge of Causes"; which question of the cause appears frequently in the plays, as again thus : —

*"Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?" — Act III. Sc. 6.*

Bacon had studied the works of Plato, which, as they had never been translated into English, must have been for the

most part a sealed book to William Shakespeare. There are distinct traces of this study, in both the writings of Bacon and the plays, not merely in the idea and doctrine, but sometimes even in the expression. Plato relates a story of a learned philosopher of the ancient Thebes, who was consulted for his wisdom by the king of Egypt; and in the *Phædo* of Plato, the learned Simmias is addressed in the dialogue as "my Theban friend." It is, of course, not at all certain, but very easy to believe, that the writer of the play had this story in mind, when he put these words into the mouth of Lear:—

"I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."

For another instance, take this from Bacon: "Plato casteth his burden and saith, That he will revere him as a God, that can truly divide and define: which cannot be but by true forms and differences, wherein I join hands with him, confessing as much, as yet assuming to myself little."<sup>1</sup> And thus it stands in the "*Hamlet*":—

*Osr.* Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing. . . .

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory."—*Act V. Sc. 2.*

And again says Bacon, in the same work:—

"But I found myself constructed more for the contemplations of truth than for aught else, as having a mind sufficiently mobile for recognizing (what is most of all) the similitude of things, and sufficiently fixed and intent for observing the subtleties of differences, and possessing love of investigation, patience in doubting, pleasure in meditating, delay in asserting, facility in returning to wisdom, and neither affecting novelty, nor admiring antiquity, and hating all imposture."

Plato alludes to the "weaving a kind of Penelope's web the reverse way"; Bacon, several times, uses the same simile of "Penelope's web doing and undoing"; and in the second part of the "*Henry VI.*" there is an allusion to

<sup>1</sup> *Int. of Nat., Works (Phil.)*, I. 90.

this same untwining of "Parca's fatal web." *Toss* is a favorite word with Bacon and Shakespeare, and it is used by Plato in the same way. "And I often tossed myself upwards and downwards," says Plato; "the word, the bread of life, they toss up and down," says Bacon. Plato's "prop of a state," appears oftentimes in Bacon, and frequently again in the plays. *Top*, as "tops of judgment," "tops of mountains," is a favorite metaphor in both writings; and Bacon quotes Pindar's "tops of all virtues." The simile of the mirror or glass, several times occurring in Plato, is a favorite one with Bacon, and it is often repeated in the plays. Plato speaks of "seeing nothing with the mind's eye"; Bacon, of "fixing the mind's eye steadily"; and Hamlet answers: "In my mind's eye, Horatio." In Plato's "Laws," we find this expression, "while begetting and rearing children, and handing in succession from some to others life, like a torch, and ever paying, according to law, worship to the gods"; to which Bacon probably alludes, when he calls his method of delivery to posterity "the Handing on of the Lamp." So, in the "Measure for Measure," it is said:—

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,  
Not light them for ourselves."

In the "Cratylus" of Plato, there is an allusion to the *Æsopo-Socratic* fable of the ass in the lion's skin, thus:—  
"But, however, since I have put on the lion's skin, I must not act the coward"; and the same reappears in the "King John," thus:—

"*Const.* Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

In the "Banquet" of Plato, we have this passage:—  
"Thus, Phædrus, Love appears to me to be, in the first place, himself the most beautiful and the best, in the next, to be the cause of such like beautiful things in other beings"; Bacon says of the tuning of instruments, that it is

not pleasant to hear, "but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards"; and so, Falstaff: "I am not only witty in myself, but a cause that wit is in other men."

Not much can be safely founded on resemblances of this kind, standing alone; but even straws may show which way the wind blows; and when these authors are read together and compared, in respect of their whole thought and manner, remembering that Bacon derived not a little of his deeper philosophy from the study of Plato, even these and the like similitudes may be admitted to have some significance. But he was himself one of those imperial thinkers that recognize no master but one; for he was accustomed, not merely "now and then to draw a bucket of water" out of "a deep well," as some others had done, but habitually to visit "the spring-head thereof."

### § 3. UNIVERSALS.

There are many passages in the writings of Bacon, which indicate that his opinion was, that the primal cause or essence itself gives the form of things; and this can scarcely be conceived otherwise than as the essential power of thought, in creation, giving both the substance and the form to particular things, the active power being the only substance or matter, and being of itself by its own nature self-acting and self-directing cause: wherefore it had been laid down, that the first essence, or Cupid, was without parents. He then proceeds to the discussion of the "mode of this thing which is uncaused"; for, as he says in the Advancement, "one must seek the dignity of knowledge in the archetype, or first platform, which is in the attributes and acts of God, as far as they are revealed to man, and may be observed with sobriety, . . . . not by the name of learning, but by that of wisdom or sapience, . . . . for in God all knowledge is original." Lear, in his madness, supposed his philosopher, Edgar, to possess something of this sapience: —

*" Lear. I will arraign them straight.  
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; — [To EDGAR.  
Thou sapient sir, sit here." — Act III. Sc. 6.*

It was likewise very obscure. Not so much with any idea of making the matter more clear, as for the better understanding, if possible, of the general scope and result to which his views and doctrines tended, let us suppose him to have expounded, in more modern phrase and in some what fuller outline, the following

APHORISMS OF UNIVERSALS.

1. God is to be conceived as an eternally continuing Power of Thought, and, as such, the only essence, substance, or matter, the last power and cause of all Nature, a Divine Artist-Mind, eternally thinking, that is, creating, a Universe; being, in fact, no other than "the order, operation, and Mind of Nature."<sup>1</sup>

2. The existence of such Power of Thought, in an eternal state of living activity, as self-acting and self-directing cause, is an ultimate and final fact, beyond which, to inquire after, or to attempt to imagine, a further cause, or a more ultimate fact, would be contradictory to the laws of all thinking, and to the fact itself, which stands forth self-evident to the mental vision, whenever it is looked for, comprehended, and seen, by the true Interpreter of Nature having eyes to see; and therefore, any attempt at such further inquiry would be in itself absurd, as it would be an inquiry after a non-existent fact, and an inconceivable thing.<sup>2</sup>

3. The Infinity of God consists in the exhaustless possibility of his continuous existence as such Power of Thought.

4. The Eternity of God consists in his ever-continuous activity as such existent Power of Thought, in thinking, — conceiving, remembering, and forgetting (voluntarily ceas-

<sup>1</sup> *Nov. Org., Introd.*

<sup>2</sup> *Nov. Org. I. § 43.*



ing to remember) ; that is, in creating, upholding, and destroying, and continuing to uphold and create, a universe in Time and Space.

5. His Omnipotence consists in the unlimited possibility of his own continuous existence as a Power of Thought in such continuous activity, and not in any power to transcend, or contradict, the nature of his own being as such existent actuality, or the necessary laws of all thought, under which alone existence and thinking, that is God and creation, are at all possible ; nor in his limited power, in accordance with the nature of his being and under the necessary laws of thought, so to create, uphold, and destroy, and continue to uphold and create, a universe in Time and Space.

6. His Omniscience consists in his knowing his own existence, nature, power, necessary laws, and possibilities, — his self-consciousness, and the whole present state of his thought, existing in that consciousness as the present existent universe in Time and Space.

7. With God, to think and know is to create ; and his thought is reality ; and therefore, any foreknowledge of what is yet unthought and uncreated, or any foreordained plan of the creation, beyond this extent of his omniscience, is an inconceivable thing, an impossibility, and an absurdity.

8. The Providential order and plan in the creation, so far as it has existed, now exists, or ever may exist, or can be conceived to exist, consists, and must consist, in the existence, nature, power, laws, and possibilities of God, together with the actual order and plan of the present existent created universe in time and space, so far only ; and hence the only possible foreground for us of what the certain, the possible, and the probable continuation thereof will be, in any future or other Time and Space.

9. What the plan will actually be, in the future continuity of time, in respect of the particular details and total order thereof, is impossible to be foreknown, or to be conceived by man to be foreknown, to God himself ; for, with

him, to conceive and know it, would be, to bring it into present actual existence as a part of the existent universe of fact and reality.

10. The Freedom of God consists in the dependence of the existent created and remembered universe, and of any future universe, for what it shall be, in time and space, in the particular details and total plan thereof, upon his Free Will, which is Liberty.

11. With God, in the continuity of his thought, is the continuity of Time and Space, that is of ideas; and as the whole present state of his thought is, in each successive instant, present to his consciousness, being held, and, as it were, carried forward in his remembrance so far as it is remembered, and so sustained in the continuity of time: therefore, with him, it is an everlasting Now and Here, bounded only by the eternal possibilities of his thinking existence; that is, of creating, remembering, and forgetting (ceasing to remember).

12. The Perfection of God consists in his absolute wisdom, justice, goodness, and love, and in the beauty of his nature and being, as such existent Power of Thought, and not in any perfection of the created universe merely, wherein there can be no more perfection, goodness, and beauty possible in the particulars than as much as may consist with the total order and plan of the whole given creation, as a universe of variety in unity; nor more in the total plan thereof than what may possibly consist with the existence, nature, power, laws, and possibilities of God himself.

13. The Immortality of any finite soul, or the endless continuity of its existence in future time and space (for in time and space only can a created soul possibly exist), is a possibility, and a probability, only, depending for the fact, like the rest of any future universe, on the divine nature and free-will in the future order of his providence.

14. Therefore, the Immortality of any given soul can

neither be foreknown to God, nor revealed to man, nor in any manner predicated for certain fact.

15. Oblivion (or Nonentity) is the possibility of God's forgetting (ceasing to remember), that is, destroying and annihilating the created forms and substances of particular things as such by change of his thought in the same time and the same space, — totally withdrawing the power of his thought from that thing ; — the reality of oblivion as such possibility being necessarily subsumed and included in the existent fact of a First Cause of the nature of a Power of Thought in action, thinking a universe ; and not in any possibility of forgetting, totally annihilating, the creation and himself ; which would be an inconceivable thing, an impossibility, and an absurdity.

16. The Infinity of Substance as the activity of such Power of Thought consists in the endless possibility of finite forms of substance, that is the possibility of the power of thought being exerted in special particular ways under the limitations of Time and Space, which are in themselves merely necessary laws of all thought, divine or human, giving form ; and thence the particular substances of all created things and their forms, and the modes of power, and motion, absolute or relative, which is produced by the power of thought in active movement, — the possibility of difference in totality.

17. That Will Absolute consists in the possibility of the Divine Existence in fact as such self-moving Power of Thought and self-directing cause, or Soul, measuring the total fact, the total amount of power, which, as such, is not absolutely free, but a fixed fact and a necessity : unlimited freedom for such Power of Thought could take place only at the exact point of total rest, wherein would be utter extinction and annihilation of all existence ; which is impossible, a contradiction, and an inconceivable absurdity.

18. Free-Will, or Liberty, when distinguished from self-moving power, is only one of the possibilities of thought,

and consists in the limited possibility of the total amount of power being exerted under all the necessary laws or principles of thought in co-action with one another, in special ways and particular directions (in Time and Space); that is, the possibility of self-moving Power, or Soul, giving law and limitation to itself in the process of creation of conceptions or things, and in the determination of acts, in thinking and doing; wherein is the possibility of Time, Space, and Position, or times, spaces, and places, giving the forms and places of conceptions or things, or of acts and doings, in all creation or thinking, — the possibility of duality, plurality, multiplicity, diversity, change, and difference; opposition, co-ordination, and involution of particulars, — ideas, conceptions, things, or acts; that is, of the involution, as it were, of the Divine Soul upon itself in thinking; giving thus a progressive and flowing universe of variety and change in the unity of totality.

19. Eternity consists merely in the possibility of time, or times in succession.

20. Immensity consists merely in the possibility of space, or spaces in succession.

21. Infinity, in reference to Time, Space, and Place, consists merely in the possibility of time, space, and position, or times, spaces, and places.

22. Time, Space, and Position are in themselves merely necessary principles or laws of all possible thinking, giving the forms of ideas, conceptions, things, or acts, and their place and the correlation of places.

23. Place, position, or mathematical point, expresses the exact point of beginning of creation of an idea, conception, thing, or act, where the finite begins to be bounded out of the infinite, into time, space, and position; these three laws of thought giving thus the form and the place of the idea or thing or act.

24. Personality is constituted in the totality of the thinking subject: neither Time, Space, nor Position can be at

all predicated of the absolute thinking subject, or Divine Soul, otherwise than as such laws of thought, but only of the finite thinking person, among other created things, whether as an individual, physical object, or as a metaphysical subject.

25. The Continuity of Time, for us, consists in the permanence and persistence of created things, which may be eternal, or have an end, at the will of the Creator ; or rather, in the continuity of the work of creation in the Divine Mind.

26. Mobility consists in the possibility of change of direction of the power of thought in thinking, that is, of movement in creating and forgetting, and in changing the order of relation of ideas or things to one another.

27. Motion consists in a change in fact of the power of thought, producing change of form, or change of relative place, or relative mode of power, that is, change of the power of thought exerted in time and space, whether immediately, or through mediate instrumentation ; continuous change, if in successive times and through successive spaces ; sudden, if in one time, producing change of space ; instantaneous and total, if in the same time and the same space, as in oblivion or annihilation by forgetting, passing from activity to rest in that particular thing ; as also in total new creation, passing from rest into activity in that particular thing ; and partial and progressive in continuous change of relative place and mode, in the gradual and continuous change of old idea into new ; and at the precise point where the annihilation of the forgotten old conception, or creation, begins and ends, in the old time and space, there begins also necessarily at the same point and in the same instant of time, and continues, the creation of the new conception, or the new creation, in the new time and space ; and so on, through the successive instants of change in the perpetual flow of creation.

28. Speed measures the amount of change of the power

of thought, giving the extent of change of form, or of relative place, or mode, in a given time, in the work of change in the creation of new or in the destruction of the old forms, or order of things.

29. Equilibrium measures that degree of exertion of the power of thought in the same space and in one time, or through a continuous series of times in the same space or series of spaces, which is necessary in order to keep the thought continuously in one and the same state for any given length of time, in respect of the whole, or any part of it; and this is Remembrance, wherein is the stability of the universe so far as it is stable, and its permanence in so far as it is permanent: and equilibrium takes place at the exact point of median stationary balance between movement and rest, between creating and forgetting; and hence that law of gravitation of all bodies toward each other with a degree of force directly proportional to the mass, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance, whereby in conjunction with a projectile impulse giving orbits of revolution, the heavenly bodies are held in their places and orbits in more or less permanent universal stability, in the perpetual flow of the Providential order.

30. Absolute or Total Rest would take place only at the exact point wherein the activity of the divine thought should wholly cease, ending in a flat contradiction to the necessary and self-evident fact of an existent Power of Thought eternally in action without rest: any such supposition would be an inconceivable thing, an impossibility, and an absurdity.

31. Necessity consists in the fact of the existence of God as such Power of Thought eternally thinking a universe; and the term *Power* comprises under it what Cousin denominates "a triplicity in unity"; that is, Cause, Effect, and the Relation of causality subsisting between them.

32. Causality consists in the power of thought passing

into movement and a creation in time and space as the actual thought of the Divine Thinker or Creator, the term *Relation* merely expressing the fact of the sustained continuity of the activity of this power, which is in itself by its own nature a self-acting and self directing cause of the nature of the power of thought (it being of the very nature of Soul to move itself), and, as such, the ultimate fact of all actuality.

38. The truth of this necessary Fact, and the actual existence of such Being as all actuality bounded over, as it were, against all possibility, as Cupid bounded out of the brooding Night, can no more be denied than a man can deny his own existence, or that of the universe around him; and it is the last miracle that disappears from the mind of the philosopher, when he comes to discover and see, with Bacon, "that the knowledge of causes only can resolve the miracle of the thing, and clear up the mental astonishment";<sup>1</sup> and indeed that all things are alike miraculous and not miraculous, at once and alike natural and supernatural; that it is the last fact of all science and a credible object of firm belief,—not an imaginary faith in an incredible dogma and an inconceivable vision of the uncritical fancy, but the undoubting faith of direct and immediate knowledge, or Sapience, and the final haven of rest for the soul; as when the explorer, ascending the meridian from the equator, reaches the highest actual and possible verge at the pole, he rests, and is satisfied, seeing and knowing that no higher is, or can be, but that all attempt to go further must needs descend again toward whence he came.

34. The Mind or Soul of man, or animal, as far down in the zoölogical scale as any appearance of a self-directing cause, moving itself, can be traced by the eye of science, is to be considered as a special exhibition of the same divine power of thought exerted in a special way and in a particu-

<sup>1</sup> *Delineatio, Works* (Boston), VII. 46.

lar direction under limitations greater or less, but identical in fundamental essence, differing only by limitation ; itself likewise by virtue of such identical nature self-acting and self-directing cause so far, coming in from the direction of the supernatural, and rising by gradations in amount of power from the lowest point and last dividing line of mere instinct to the highest grade of human intelligence ; and the body of man, or animal, is but a structure-built exhibition of the same power, proceeding from the opposite direction, as it were, of the physical and natural, and ascending by corresponding gradations of structure from the lowest to the highest type of animal organization, investing and closing in the soul, which also comes in from underneath and within the physical web itself as a special stream of power of the nature of the power of thought.

Thus, in this convolution of soul and body, is constituted the individuality of the man as physical object, and his personality as metaphysical subject, and between these foldings in of the divine thought upon itself in the special constitution of a finite soul, there arises therein a certain limited sphere of practical action and effect on the physical and other world external to the soul, and a certain possibility of thinking existence for the soul itself, which is yet that same all possibility in which the universe itself is created ; in which limited sphere the finite soul has a certain narrow range of liberty, creative play, and scope of free will, or choice, and a certain given amount of power of thinking and doing, under a special consciousness of its own ; all beyond this sphere of liberty and limitation being the order of divine providence in the universe, and, as such, absolute fate (which is also Providence, says Bacon) for this soul : and in the collision of the external powers or forces coming in through the senses against the soul, so constituted, as a power acting in an opposite direction against and upon the physical phenomena in these external powers, takes place all sense-perception ; and in the crea-



tive play of the soul as a special power of thought and a special creator, within its given sphere of liberty and with its given amount of power, take place all its own intellectual conceptions and artistic creations, — its inner thought and knowledge, — and all its own doings, under its own consciousness, and on its own personal responsibility so far, with a certain definite and proportionate accountability for consequences both to itself and to the Higher Power; first, physical, then juridical, then moral, then æsthetical, and lastly, religious; proceeding in this in the direct order of necessity and in the inverse order of dignity and excellence to the highest perfection of a finite soul; all its acts and doings being the work of the power as cause, done under the direction and in the conscious presence of the thinking person, within the constituted sphere of his liberty; at one time, or in one instance, shrinking down to the instinctive point of bare existence as soul, and at another time, or in another instance, swelling and expanding to a faculty of comprehension, capable of conceiving the known worlds and all conceivable worlds, being in its highest exhibition in man, according to Bacon, “as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world.”

And so it is actually true, that in soul and body,

“We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of.” — *Temp., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

The difference is not so much in the stuff as in the dreamer. The universe itself is but the best waking dream of Him that never sleeps; while our dreams are nothing but the fantastic creations of a soul half awake; and for the most part our waking dreams are not much better: —

“True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air.”  
*Rom. and Jul., Act I. Sc. 4.*

All that which is past, says Bacon, "is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking." And Poesy, we remember, was "the dream of knowledge," and "was thought to be somewhat inspired with divine rapture; which dreams likewise present." And thus speaks Imogen in the play:—

"*Imo.* I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so:  
'T was but a belt of nothing, shot of nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments blind. . . . .  
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt."  
*Oymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

#### § 4. CUPID AND NEMESIS.

In Bacon's discussion of the Fables of Cupid and Nemesis, is to be found the whole philosophical foundation of the "Romeo and Juliet." One main object of the play was, to exhibit as in a model, under the dramatic form of artistic creation, the essential nature and character of love, and that Juliet that was "the perfect model of eternity," as being the executive beneficence of the creative power; for, says he, "love is nothing but goodness put in motion or applied,"<sup>1</sup> or again, "the original and unique force that constitutes and fashions all things out of matter, it being, next to God, the cause of causes, itself without cause";<sup>2</sup> or, as a more modern philosopher states it, love is "the essence of God," and "the idealism of Jesus" is but "a crude statement of the fact, that all nature is the rapid efflux of goodness executing and organizing itself";<sup>3</sup> the Platonic and Christian love, or Milton's

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate";

<sup>1</sup> *Int. of Nature.*

<sup>2</sup> *Wisd. of the Ancients, Works* (Boston), XIII. 122.

<sup>3</sup> *Emerson's Essays*, I. 183, 281.

and the same that turns Dante's heaven, and rains its virtue down : —

" E questo Cielo non ha altro dove,  
Che la mente divina, in che s' accende  
L' amor che l' volge e la virtu ch' ei piove " ;

or, as Romeo defines it : —

" O, anything, of nothing first create ! "

and Juliet, thus : —

" *Jul.* And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinita." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

Not only the philosophy, but even the very language and imagery of these Fables of Cupid and Nemesis, as related by Bacon, are distinctly traceable in the play, as in this passage : —

" *Jul.* Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !  
Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night, come Romeo, come thou day in night ;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

This is the same brooding wing of Night under which Cupid was hatched and born, in the complete antithesis of something and nothing, affirmative and negative, light and darkness ; and the same ideas and imagery pervade the following lines : —

" *Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;  
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear !  
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews." — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

And again, thus :—

“ *King.* O, paradox ! Black is the badge of Hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night ;  
And beauty’s crest becomes the heavens well.”

*Love’s L. L., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And thus the Sonnet, with a color of the same inspiration :—

“ Therefore my mistress’ eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited : and they mourners seem  
At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem :  
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says, beauty should do so.” — cxxvii

In like manner, the language and imagery as well as the leading ideas of the fable of Nemesis may be traced in many passages toward the end of the play : the following instances will explain themselves without further comment.

In the interpretation of this fable, in the Wisdom of the Ancients, Bacon says : —

“ They say she was the daughter of Night and Ocean. She is represented with wings and a crown : an ashen spear in her right hand : a phial with Ethiops in it, in her left ; sitting upon a stag. . . . The parents of this goddess were Ocean and Night ; that is, the vicissitude of things, and the dark and secret judgment of God. For the vicissitude of things is aptly represented by the Ocean, by reason of its perpetual flowing and ebbing ; and secret providence is rightly set forth under the image of Night.”

And thus it begins to appear in the play : —

“ *Rom.* Love is a smoke rais’d with the fume of sighs ;  
Being purg’d, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes ;  
Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with lovers’ tears.” — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

*Cap.* How now ! a conduit, girl ? What ! still in tears ?  
Evermore showering ? In a little body  
Thou counterfeit’st a bark, a sea, a wind.  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-toss’d body.” — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

Again : —

"Nemesis is described as wing'd; because of the sudden and unforeseen revolutions of things":

and in the play, this sudden revolution and change of things is introduced in these lines : —

"*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral,  
Our instruments, to melaucholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

And again, the story continues : —

"Nemesis is distinguished also with a crown; in allusion to the envious and malignant nature of the vulgar; for when the fortunate and the powerful fall, the people commonly exult and set a crown upon the head of Nemesis";

which shows itself in the play, thus : —

"*Nurse.* Shame come to Romeo!  
*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;  
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal Earth." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

The story proceeds : —

"The spear in her right hand relates to those whom she actually strikes and transfixes. And if there be any whom she does not make victims of calamity and misfortune, to them she nevertheless exhibits that dark and ominous spectre, in her left: for mortals must needs be visited, even when they stand at the summit of felicity, with images of death, diseases, misfortunes, perfidies of friends, plots of enonies, changes of fortune and the like; even like those Ethiops in the phial."

And the play makes use of all this even to the phial full of Ethiops, spectres, and images of death, thus : —

"*Jul.* Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love. . . .

*Fri.* Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

*Jul.* My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —  
Come, phial. —  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place, —  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festered in his shroud; where as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"And certainly," continues Bacon with the fable, "when I have read that chapter of Caius Plinius in which he has collected the misfortunes and miseries of Augustus Cæsar, — him whom I thought of all men the most fortunate, and who had moreover a certain art of using and enjoying his fortune, and in whose mind were no traces of swelling, of tightness, of softness, of confusion, or of melancholy, (insomuch that once he had determined to die voluntarily,) — great and powerful must this goddess be, I have thought, when such a victim was brought to the altar."

And of this swelling, tightness, softness, confusion, melancholy, and voluntary dying, and the splendid victim of this powerful goddess brought to the altar, we have some unmistakable exhibition in this play; and these misfortunes and *miseries* of Nemesis appear again in Romeo's speech to the Apothecary, all these several topics falling in at the proper time and place, and in such form as the course of the drama requires: —

"*Rom.* Art thou so base and full of wretchedness,  
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.<sup>1</sup>  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

But Nemesis more particularly represents the dark and secret judgment of God; and, continues Bacon, in the fable: —

"This Nemesis of the Darkness (the human not agreeing with the divine judgment) was matter of observation even among the heathen.

Ripheus fell too,  
 Than whom a juster and truer man  
 In all his dealings was not found in Troy.  
 But the gods judged not so: " —

which difference of the divine and human judgment creeps into the end of the play thus: —

"*Fri.* Lady, come from that nest  
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  
 A greater Power than we can contradict  
 Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.

"*Prince.* See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
 That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love."

*Act V. Sc. 2.*

"*Fri.* Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
 Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all;  
 And all the better is it for the maid:  
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
 But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,  
 In all her best array bear her to the church;

<sup>1</sup> This play seems to have undergone considerable emendation subsequently to the quarto of 1597, which, in place of this and the preceding line, reads as follows: —

"Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,  
 And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

See White's *Shakes.*, X. 122; Notes, 122.

For though fond Nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

### § 5. SCIENCE OF MATTER.

The general scope of Bacon's theory of universals was essentially and at bottom the same with that of the higher modern philosophy: its end was to be Philosophy itself. His discussions concerning the nature of cause and form make it clear that he had arrived, substantially, at the transcendental conceptions of both. Forms, as anything separate and distinct from the real essence of things and those fundamental and eternal laws of thought under which essence takes form, were mere fictions of the imagination; and matter, as anything distinct from the last and positive power and cause of nature, was simply a fantastic superstition. "His form and cause conjoined" in the ghost exactly illustrate the metaphysical conception of the true nature of matter and form, cause and effect, *noumena* and *phenomena*, and the mode and manner of action and operation of that uncaused power that creates all things; that is to say, that it is, in fact and reality, a power of the nature of the power of thought, wholly, as the only actual substance, essence, or matter, eternally in activity, under laws which are necessary laws of all possible thinking, divine or human, and in reference to the divine mind, identical with the laws of nature or physics so far, and in the modes of thought only, giving therein the substances of all created things and their forms, together with the order, particular distribution, movement, and total plan, moral fitness, perfection, and artistic beauty, exhibited in the entire providential scheme and purpose in the creation of any universe, past, present, or future: whence comes for us, in the study and contemplation of the past and present universe that lies open before us as the book of God's works so far, a foreground and promise of the certain (so far as certain), the possible, and the probable continuation thereof in



the future ; — an uncreated thinking Power, thinking His universe. And so he imagined it possible for the Creator to bring the disembodied spirit or ghost into view of the physical eye of Hamlet. Not that this was possible in actual human experience, but that by a certain poetic license, the thing might be conceived in the mind as possible in the artistically creative manner in which the imagination works. A strictly scientific observation of facts in external nature clearly proves that it would be utterly impossible for the human eye, organized and constructed as it is, actually to see and perceive any object, substance, or thing whatever so thin and ethereal in its nature as the spiritual form of a disembodied soul must be ; though such a spiritual creation, on the metaphysical principles which Bacon had laid down and expounded, and in accordance with exact scientific thinking, too, might have a real existence in nature as a finite created object, or subject, and a substantial thing, existing in time and space as a part of the existent universe, though invisible to mortal eyes : —

*“Ham. Touching this vision here, —  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.” — Act I. Sc. 5.*

Nevertheless, even Hamlet himself was not quite sure of him : —

*“Ham. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the Devil: and the Devil hath power  
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness and melancholy  
(As he is very potent with such spirits)  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: the play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.” — Act II. Sc. 2.*

The natural eye, when the sunlight streams in at a window, or some small crevice, can see very fine particles of dust floating in the air, which are wholly invisible beyond the stream of light: yet this dust is a gross cloud of solid particles, compared with the air itself, which, though

a fluid mass of atoms, is yet utterly invisible to human sight, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope. The blue sky that we see is not so much the air as the totality of a stratum forty five miles thick; whilst the substance of any spiritual body must be infinitely more subtil than the air, else it might be bottled like a gas, and examined by the chemist. Nevertheless, we can easily imagine an eye to be so constituted as to be capable of seeing such an object; but it would necessarily be a superhuman eye. Such an eye and such a form are supposed in the "Tempest," when the supernatural magician, Prospero, says to his invisible Genius, Ariel —

"Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;  
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible  
To every eye-ball else." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

In truth, modern science ascertains that all matter that we know of, even the most solid rocks of the mountains, can be melted down and resolved into gases more invisible than the air we breathe. Some gases are so thin as to be scarcely ponderable in any balance that can be constructed by human art. The ether that fills interplanetary space, retards comets, is the medium of transmission of the radiating waves of light and heat, and is supposed to pervade, or to traverse, the most solid bodies, escapes all scrutiny of scientific instruments and experimentation. Electricity, though appearing in some respects to act like a fluid, and imagined by some to consist of infinitesimal globules, is certainly so subtil and ethereal as to be utterly imponderable by any means yet known; but, if a stroke of lightning could be caught in a pair of scales, its weight, that is, the degree and measure of force with which it struck, in that particular instance, might be exactly ascertained and set down in figures; and it is questionable whether electricity can come under any scientific theory of atoms, or equivalents, at least, otherwise than as just so many strokes of it as have been so weighed and set down: in short, whether it

be not some more direct exhibition of the creative power, and itself a pure totality of power, with only a certain polarity and a certain duality of positive and negative. And motion, a something still further removed from what is commonly understood by matter, may be the mere result and consequence of a more or less immediate and direct exhibition of that same pure power.

One year, an astronomer raises a new telescope to the heavens, that sweeps nine or ten times as much space as the largest one did, the year before, and while he and his telescope are whirling through the circumference of the earth, in a day, and the earth, through its orbit, in a year, and the solar system itself is making 17,000 miles or so, in an hour, on a circle of the heavens so immeasurable that the length of the arc travelled over since the beginning of astronomy cannot be distinguished from a straight line, he looks across the astronomical history in time and space of whole solar systems, and sees, at the remotest reach of his new sight, what appears to be a vast nebulous cloud gathering to a centre, catches it, perhaps, in the first half turn of its spiral winding, and reveals a new wonder of creation to the eye of physical science. The true philosopher beholds with awe this work of the creative power, proceeds with reverence to observe and study the mode, manner, and method of the proceeding, searches for the cause and law of it, and endeavors to penetrate even to the point of origin of the new phenomenon ; for he sees it to be at all events the work of Him whose thought is reality. A machine philosopher resorts to new observation, calculation, and experimentation, seeking only to find out the physical laws and forces and "the properties of matter," whereby this apparent ethereal cloud may condense itself into a solar system of revolving globes, thinking, perhaps, that physical laws and forces and a cloud of matter should explain the whole affair without more. Empedocles had got as far as this about twenty-three centuries ago.

The microscope resolves all vegetable and animal structures into architectural compactions of cells, globules, and particles ; and it discovers that whole strata of the earth's crust are made up of the dead shells of microscopic molluscs. The geologist takes the earth itself to pieces, layer by layer, as an antiquarian would unroll a mummy, down to the "flinty ribs" and molten lavas of the inner bowels ; a Gregory Watt will hew a block of basalt out of a mountain, melt it back into lava, and, in the cooling, by various manipulation, crystallize it again into all sorts of primitive rock ; and the chemist will take all the rocks and minerals of the earth and blow them into invisible and imponderable airs, until "the great globe itself" under our feet would seem to dissolve, —

" melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

or into a nebulous cloud, under our very eyes, and

. " Leave not a rack behind," —

not a reek, not so much as an ethereal cometary vapor, through which a telescopic star might shine with undiminished lustre, or even into an invisible, intangible, imponderable, all-pervading ethereal medium ; or rather, not into a dew, nor a cloud, nor a reek, nor an ethereal medium, but into inconceivable "airy nothing," unless we are to take laws and forces, power and law, cause and effect, and living, thinking soul, to be something worth investigation also, and study metaphysics as well as physics.

Scientific men consider it established, that light is an electrical phenomenon of a luminous body (or another mode or degree of one and the same force) ; but electric action must be taken as the mediate instrument rather than as the primal source of the power. The spherical concentric waves travel throughout this undulating ethereal medium which is so thin as to be, not only invisible, and unexaminable by scientific instruments, but not even to

reflect light ; but nothing travels but motion or power : the medium merely vibrates in place, and the motion which travels on the waves is merely transmitted power, as if it were a flash of thought travelling along a telegraphic wire. That travelling force strikes the eye, pursues the optic nerve, reaches the mind, and in the collision, delivers its message in a sense-perception ; and the modifications of the vibration, as breadth of wave, or rapidity of stroke, — the differences, — are recognized by the perceiving soul for difference of brightness, or of color, or of heat, or of chemical force, or mechanical power ; for the lighting, heating, chemical, and mechanical properties of the sun's rays would seem to depend, in like manner, upon certain merely instrumental modifications and differences in the mode of action of the one active power. So of sound and hearing, touch, taste, and smell : indeed, all sense-perception is of like nature.

It is said, that the French astronomers resisted for a time the Newtonian theory of the celestial mechanics, for the reason that he was supposed to maintain the idea of *attraction* at a distance, and used that term, instead of *gravitation* or *weight*. The objection, as M. Auguste Comte thought, was doubtless a good one ; but *gravitation*, or *weight*, as a last cause, or as any final account of the matter, would seem to be no better than *attraction* ; for *gravitation* supposes one body to have the faculty of pushing itself toward another body, while *attraction* supposes one body to have the power of pulling another toward itself from a distance, whenever it should happen to come sufficiently within its reach. And so many seem to think. Mr. Faraday, however, more lately, recognizing the principle of the conservation of force, claims to be on the side of Newton himself in rejecting the idea of *attraction* at a distance, and seems willing to include *gravitation* in the same category with light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other modes of force, as being probably but another modification

of one and the same total force, or original active cause, proceeding from a common centre of unity ;<sup>1</sup> and Berkeley, long ago, as well as Bacon and others before him as far back as Plato at least, clearly saw, that the manner of this tendency was not (in the language of Berkeley) "by the mutual drawing of bodies," but, rather by "their being impelled or protruded," and that it might as well be termed "impulse or protrusion as attraction": rather better; for the doctrine of protrusion may admit of a single protruding power, or unity in the first moving cause. Bacon proposed to determine this thing by experiment: "whether the gravity of bodies to the earth arose from an attraction of the parts of matter towards each other, or was a tendency towards the centre of the earth." (*Nov. Org.*) Again he says, in the "Intellectual Globe": "For as to what is asserted of a motion to the earth's centre [on the theory of attraction], that would be a sort of *potent nothing* dragging to itself such large masses; whereas body cannot be affected except by body." Nevertheless, the commonly received notion would do well enough for poetic metaphor: —

"Cress.                      Time, force, and death,  
Do to this body what extremes you can,  
But the strong base and building of my love  
Is as the very centre of the Earth,  
Drawing all things to it." — *Tro. and Cress., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

But while denying that mere empty place, or an imaginary mathematical point, could be supposed to have any power to draw a distant body toward itself, he seems to have conjectured, at least, that "a dense and compact mass, at a great distance from the Earth, would hang like the Earth itself, and not fall, unless thrust down"; that is to say, if it moved at all, it would necessarily have to be moved by some protruding force. Indeed, it is wholly inconceivable how the heavenly bodies, or any other, can be drawn towards

<sup>1</sup> *Correlation and Conservation of Forces*, by Youmans. New York, 1865, p. 378-381.

each other by any force going forth out of one to lay hold of another at a distance, and draw it toward itself: the very idea would seem to be absurd, and fit only for the department of theological incomprehensibilities. They gravitate toward each other, undoubtedly, and by virtue of a power acting from within, or from a common centre, outwardly, a pushing, not a pulling power. In fact, all powers in nature would seem to act from within outwards, as Herder observed.

Prof. Airy, it is said, has ascertained, by the experiment of weighing a body at the depth of 1260 feet in a coal-pit, that this gravitating tendency of one body toward another (according to the law of inverse proportion to the square of the distance) was greater by the  $\frac{1}{10000}$  part, when the centres of gravity of the two bodies were thus brought so much nearer together than they were at the surface: whereas on the pulling theory, it should have been less. Those who still follow the supposed doctrine of Newton, imagine this attracting power to be "always existing around the sun and thence reaching forth through space to lay hold of any body that may come within its reach; and not only around the sun, but around each particle of matter that has existence."<sup>1</sup> As this is a fundamental point in our whole business, let us stop to consider it.

Now, if this were true, the attracting power that so goes forth from around all the particles of matter which compose that portion of earth 1260 feet thick, that lies above the body weighed at that depth, and which, on this theory, must draw toward themselves from all directions, would tend to lift up the weighed body, counteracting so far the pulling force of the mass on the other side of it; and it would weigh less than at the surface: whereas by the experiment it actually weighs more.

On the other theory, that of a power acting from within outwards in every body and in every particle of matter, and

<sup>1</sup> *Annual of Sci. Dis.*, by Wells, 1856.

tending to drive or approach them toward each other, at all distances, but still directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, we have a power the effect of which is, necessarily, to keep all the particles of a body compacted together toward the centre of gravity of the body with a force sufficient to maintain the particular form and constitution of the body itself, while increasing in each particle with proximity, and tending to produce greater density toward the centre; but this tendency toward the centre is at the same time restrained, resisted, and limited by that power from within each particle which gives it existence as a particular form of substance; thus producing an equilibrium of stationary balance among all the particles of the body, wherein is the stability and permanence of the body as a whole, and the actual density and form of the body: hence every variety of form.

Certain experiments of M. Mosotti on the Epinian theory would seem to prove the existence of a force in bodies, as he says, "repulsive at the smallest distances, a little on, vanishing, afterwards attractive" [or, as he might as well have said, protrusive] "and at all sensible distances attracting [protruding] in proportion to the inverse square of the distance"; as when a comet is driving toward the sun, a repulsive force in the sun, at a certain distance, drives back the ethereal vapor into a long tail or streamer, while nucleus and tail still hold a course together toward the sun. But over and above that exhibition of force which is necessary in order to constitute the given body itself, there must still be exerted from within the whole body, or upon it, outwardly, that certain overplus of force, which is necessary in order to give the body its motion of translation, or change of relative place, and which moves or drives it toward another distant body. This force, as well as the other, may always be inversely proportional to the square of the distance, and may always be taken, mathematically, as a force acting at and from the centre of gravity only:



and hence the stability of a body, a sun, a solar system, a stellar system, and an entire universe of systems.

In short, there being no such thing as an attracting or pulling power in the stratum of earth above the weighed body, in this experiment, but only a protrusive power and motion in the whole Earth as one body, the body weighed is left free to tend toward the centre of the Earth by the same force and law as at the surface; and the Earth as a whole body has a tendency toward the weighed body, by virtue of that controlling overplus of protrusive force which is to be taken as acting, on the whole, from the centre of gravity of the Earth; and so the body weighs more because the two centres of gravity, the two bodies, are nearer to each other, and by virtue of one and the same original impelling power.

This unphilosophical idea of attraction as a pulling power has tended to perpetuate a narrow and perverted use of the inductive method, and almost to blind the eye of science to any true vision, or comprehension, of the Baconian induction, which was to be a rational method for the true interpretation of Nature. The ancients had concluded that nothing could be certainly known; Bacon, that nothing could be certainly known, without the right use of the senses and the intellect; and the disciples of attraction and of the properties of dead substratum have assumed that nothing can be known but by the senses, sensible experience, and instrumental experimentation, without much help from the intellect. The inductive method as used by them is good enough for certain purposes and within limits; but it can never arrive at a philosophy of the universe, until it be used "universally" with Plato and Bacon, and for the actual interpretation of all Nature; for all the particular facts and phenomena together, that are within the possible reach of the senses and experimental observation, can never constitute a universe, but only, at best, a sort of Humboldtian cosmos. By that way alone, the inquirer

can never arrive at any conception of the unity of the whole creation ; at least, not until his observation should be extended to all the facts of the universe, metaphysical as well as physical, and be made to comprehend intellectual as well as sensible truth, ascending by the scaling ladder of the intellect into the very loftiest parts of nature, and diligently and perseveringly pursuing the thread of the labyrinth. To the man of mere physical science the universe will always be the particular mass of facts, which have been observed by the senses and experiment, together with some sort of hazy and superstitious theology, or what is worse, some kind of materialistic atheism ; and for such a man, the idea of a pulling power, or a self-driving power, in each heavenly body, and in every particle of matter, will explain the observed phenomena well enough for all his purposes, and perhaps sufficiently answer the received mathematical formulas. The real mathematician, however, has, in all ages, come nearest to being a philosopher ; for his field lies in the world of pure reason, — mathematics being, at bottom, a science of the laws of thought and of the dynamics of thinking power. The mere physicist, like Democritus, is apt to stop short with atoms ; as if atoms were some self-existent living monads, in a state of universal disintegration, and endowed each with a sort of long feeler and claw, wherewith to reach forth into immensity and seize upon whatever came within its reach, in order to drag it to itself ; or as if each particle of matter were an independent self-acting cause, capable of driving itself toward any other particle, of its own mere motion : — “ nay,” says Bacon, “ even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion ; that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus : for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds, unplaced, should have produced this order and

beauty without a divine marshal." And when the true philosopher has once found these atoms to be merely secondary forms of substance, deriving their own existence as such as well as all the powers that are active within them from the primary and total substance of all substances and power of all powers, lying underneath, behind, and within, all forms of substance of whatever kind, then is it seen, that all power must proceed, and go forth, from one centre of unity, as a pushing, driving, developing, sustaining, upholding, and creating power; and so, that power is not primarily exerted from as many original and distinct centres as there are bodies, or atoms, in nature, as so many drawing, or as so many driving, ultimate forces; as if all being began and ended with atoms! — "*Ac si quicquam in Universo esse possit instar insulæ, quod a rerum nexu separatur*"<sup>1</sup> — or, as if some imaginary being, outside the universe, had, in some inconceivable way, created the atoms out of nothing, endowed each with a special power of its own, and then left them to push, or pull, for themselves! Berkeley exposed the absurdity of this sort of science long ago: — "*Patet igitur gravitatem aut vim frustra poni pro principio motus.*"<sup>2</sup> So says the Phaedrus of Plato: "The beginning of motion is that which moves itself; . . . . and this is the very essence and true notion of soul"; or, as St. Austin (according to Burton<sup>3</sup>) expounded out of Plato, "a spiritual substance moving itself."

#### § 6. SCIENCE OF SOUL.

The motions of the planets and of the sidereal spheres, as far into the depths of immensity as the remotest visible nebula, and down to the slightest irregularity of motion, so far as yet observed and studied, are found to be reducible to a geometric science of the dynamics of power and the

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 13.

<sup>2</sup> *De Motu, Works* (Dublin, 1784), II. 125.

<sup>3</sup> *Anat. of Mel.* (Boston, 1862), I. 219.

statics of equilibrium, in exact accordance with mathematical laws. The phenomena of electricity, magnetism, light, heat, sound, chemistry, and indeed all physics, art, design, and beauty, admit of numerical expression and a mathematical nomenclature, in accordance with the laws and formulas of mathematical science ; for mathematics is nothing else but a science of the laws of thought, divine or human, so far as these laws have ever fallen within the special domain of any mathematician. Nothing is more moral than science ; and all science is mathematical. All possible creation must be, and is, mathematical : even miracles are mathematical. That all bodies should be gravitated, weighed, or impelled, toward each other, directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, is evidently necessary to the stability of the universe, in order that there may be a Cosmos, instead of a Chaos, or rather a total oblivion and nonentity of all things, if that were conceivably possible ; for, as in the play, —

“ The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order ” ;

[*Tro. and Cr., Act I. Sc. 3.*]

as Bacon says of true justice in the law, that it is “ *sum cuique tribuere*, the law guiding all things with line of measure, and proportion ” : —

“ *Mar.* *Sum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.”

[*Tit. And., Act I. Sc. 2.*]

Apply any other law, and the planets would

“ In evil mixture, to disorder wander.” — *Tro. and Cr., Act I. Sc. 3.*

Chaos is a negative term, expressive of the absence of that order which is necessary to produce a cosmos ; that is, a partial absence of form and order, not a total negation of all form and substance, in the whole, or in any particular thing ; for that would be oblivion or annihilation of that

whole, or of that particular. The popular idea of matter as a sort of dead substratum, possessing of itself certain inherent and essential qualities, properties, and laws of its own, and, as such, being self-subsistent from eternity, as a something distinct from the thinking essence of God, though co-eternal with Him, or as subsisting without God, and thereby moulding itself into a universe, as if it were unnecessary to have any other Creator at all, is a mere illusion of unscientific knowledge and uncritical thinking. Take a solid block of ice, for instance, and (what is equally true in general of a block of basalt, granite, porphyry, or any other solid in nature, though every solid may not admit of all the stages of form), apply heat, and it becomes liquid water, without any change in the quantity of matter; wherein we see that solidity is not an essential quality of matter, but an accidental quality, that is, merely a certain temporary state of equilibrium of stationary balance in the atoms of the mass, at a given temperature. Raising the temperature, that equilibrium is overcome, by the applied force of heat, and the solid takes on the liquid form. Apply a greater degree of heat, and the liquid water becomes an invisible gaseous vapor: wherein we see again that liquidity is not an essential, but an accidental, quality of matter, being only another state of temporary equilibrium of stationary balance in the atoms of the mass, though having a less degree of fixity and permanence of form than the solid ice, and an equilibrium, as a whole, which is disturbed on application of the slightest degree of external force. Apply a higher degree of heat to this invisible vapor, and it is resolved into two distinct gases, without any change again in the quantity of matter. There is a great variety of these gases, or gaseous forms of substance, natural or artificial, each having its own peculiar properties and qualities as such, which are doubtless neither less accidental, nor more essential than solidity, liquidity, gaseousness; but are merely so many other forms of tempo-

rary equilibrium of stationary balance in the given quantity of matter, in the whole and in the parts; until, at last, we arrive at the stage in the forms of substance, in which it presents itself to our senses and to all our instruments of observation no otherwise than as invisible force, or power in activity, under laws which are reducible to a mathematical science of the dynamics of force, laws of motion, and statics of equilibrium; at which point all our common notions of dead substratum have absolutely vanished, and science is compelled to drop the expression "*indestructibility of matter*," and to substitute in its place that of "*the conservation of force*;" mathematics, again, in reference to all external nature, being, at bottom, a science of the laws and power of Thought, and a metaphysics of creation, remembrance, and oblivion, in the Divine Mind. And so, according to science, as Plato said,<sup>1</sup> matter in itself is without Figure, without Quality, and without Species; it is neither a body nor without body, but is the total substance, wherein is the possibility of substances or bodies; and solids, liquids, gases, particular minerals, plants, and animals (in respect of their bodies), are but temporary and transient forms of "stored force," more or less fixed and permanent. Let new conditions happen, and other forces, or new chemical reactions, overcome that fixity, or let the vital or sustaining power be withdrawn, and this stored force is withdrawn, or is set free, and passes into other forms of substance, reaching therein again, perhaps, a temporary equilibrium of stationary balance; but the mineral, plant, or animal, that was, thereby vanishes into oblivion, and ceases to be as such. So force ascends, or rather descends, through all the stages of form and equilibrium, from thinking power to atom, nebula, solar system, globe, stratum, mineral, spore, cell; and from spore to tree and fruit, and from germ-cell to full-grown animal; and thence back again from animal to plant, to mineral, to nebula, to atom,

<sup>1</sup> *Works of Plato* (Bohn), VI. 280.

to thinking power, in the eternal cycle of creation ; for, as in the play : —

“ Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.”

*Tro. and Cr., Act III. Sc. 2.*

This hypothetical chaos of matter without form and order, presenting nothing but a certain amount of dead substratum and mathematical physics, is that same fantastical superstition which Bacon attributed to the ancients, and that same “stupid thoughtless somewhat” and “unthinking substratum,” which Berkeley, that “altogether fine and rare man,” as Herder called him, than whom a greater philosopher has not lived in England, perhaps, since Bacon down to our time, endeavored to exorcise as a visionary phantasm (and it ought to have been effectually and forever) out of all philosophy. Like Bacon himself, Berkeley was not so much a visionary idealist as a Platonic realist. This same fantastic superstition still beclouds the imaginations of men of science as well as theologians. Nor will any system of dynamics and statics ever account for a universe which is a cosmos, until it shall rise to a comprehension of the dynamics of the Divine Power of Thought thinking a cosmos, and those statics of equilibrium, which amount to the Divine Remembrance, wherein is the stability of the universe so far as stable, and its permanence in so far as it is permanent. But over and above the mathematical dynamics and statics of mere physicists and “positive” science, there is seen by all that look, having eyes to see, that order, plan, purpose, artistic design, and divine beauty in the creation, which are nowhere in nature, nor anywhere else but in the absurd fantasies of men, the work of anything but artistically creative thought.

Humboldt, setting forth the Aspects of Nature with scientific reference to physical laws and forces, and noting everywhere a certain conformity of the vegetable and animal kingdoms to existing physical conditions, dwells

with the admiration of the poet upon the singular beauty of the palm, towering far above the surrounding forest, in the valley of the Amazon ; and he enters into an elaborate consideration of the physical forces acting from within the plant, outwardly, against the opposing external forces, under natural laws and physical conditions, and in accordance with mathematics, in the exact balance of which, the tree at length stands forth a Palm. But there is observable here, also, what is apparent in that balance of forces, this striking fact, that the tree with its foliage, flowers, and fruit, (which might have taken many other and perhaps ugly shapes, under these same conditions, and in an exact balance of forces, too,) in fact, comes forth in just that outline which makes it an object of exquisite beauty, exhibiting an artistic form and a design so admirable that the most skilful human artist is unable to surpass it, in his conception, or on the canvas. And at the same time, under the same general laws and conditions, and in varying particular conditions, come forth, also, all the artistic variety and beauty of an Amazonian forest ; as if not a mere mathematician, much less a blind, accidental balance of forces, but a mathematical artist, had done it ; for it is essentially, from the first germ-cell to the full-grown tree, Artist-Mind work.

If an artist will sculpture an Apollo, he first conceives the idea, or image, of an Apollo in his mind. If another man were endowed with a faculty of vision to see into his mind, as he actually sees into the mind of the Creator, he would behold the Apollo standing therein as a fact as indubitable as the palm on the banks of the Amazon. The artist can hold the imaged conception there as long as he can keep his mind fixed on thinking the object ; that is, as long as he can actually remember it. If he change his thought, and let the conception vanish, he may by recollection re-create it, or he may create another in its place ; or, if he please, he may, with his chisel, transfer and fix his



creation upon a block of marble. The absolute Artist-Mind needs no marble, nor other substance, on which to stamp and maintain his creations, than the divine Remembrance and that same stuff, of which the human artist's Apollo was made, when it stood forth, like a dream, in his conception only, — the power of thought in action, which is substance giving form to itself, and material enough for the works of the Creator.

There is a difference between Remembrance and Memory, as there is, also, between Memory and Recollection. All created things, that is, all ideas or conceptions, must be coördinated in Time and Space. Coördination in reference to space is in one space, or in a series of spaces, out of all possibility of space. Coördination in reference to time is in one time, or in a serial succession of times, out of all possibility of time. There may be a space, or a series of spaces, in one time; and a time, or a succession of times, in one space. By no possibility can there be a serial succession of spaces in one and the same space and time, nor a succession of times in one and the same time and space; in either case, there would continue to be exact identity, with no possibility of change or difference. As touching the divisibility of any conceivable space, or time, however small, the possibility of such supposed divisibility would cease precisely at the point where the given space and time (for there can be no space without a time, nor any time without a space,) should begin to be bounded out of immensity and eternity, the possibilities of space and time; that is to say, at the point of no space and time, or non-existence of the conception, which is exactly the point of commencement of the activity of the power of thought in giving existence to the conception as a creation in time and space, in the work of thought in the creation of a particular thing, or of a variety of things coördinated in the unity of the creating power. But a succession which was in many successive times, and in one and the same space, or series

of spaces, or in a changing series of spaces, may be transferred, — shifted round, as it were, — in the mind into a serial successive order of as many spaces, or series of spaces, in this one time, now, as there were times and their spaces in any past time, or in the whole succession of times ; and this is Memory. All the facts and events, perceptions and conceptions — the whole thought — of a man's life, have had existence in space, either in his mind alone, or in external nature and his mind, and succession in time in his consciousness. If he bring them up in his mind in one view, at this one time, now, the series will stand in his conception as a serial order of as many spaces as there were times of the facts and events, perceptions and conceptions, and their spaces, in the succession of time in the course of his life ; and his mental vision will see the whole in one view. Remembrance proper is the power to do this effectually and continuously ; a power, which no finite mind fully possesses. In the work of memory, we conceive or create a space, or series and successions of spaces, in the mind, in the present time, corresponding to those which were in nature and fact, or in our previous thought, in a past time, or times in succession, and contemplate them anew ; for Time and Space are but laws of thought giving the forms and outlines of conceived, created, and remembered conceptions or things. If a space, or series of spaces, which was in any past time, as a house seen twenty years ago, be merely thus re-called, re-created, and re-produced in the mind, in this present time, the space or series of spaces, giving or constituting the form of the house, which existed then as a part of the phenomena of the existent universe external to himself, (or if, of his own thought and in his own mind only, as his former ideas,) will now stand in his conception as so many corresponding ideal spaces in his present view ; and this is simple Recollection.

Now, if, in either case, the mental view be directed upon the whole series at once, the mind sees and remembers the

whole as such ; and if the attention, that is, the finite and particular power of thought, which constitutes the soul, be directed upon any particular portion of the series, out of the whole field of the finite thought and knowledge, he remembers, or recollects, that portion only ; the rest stands not re-created, not seen, and therefore, forgotten, and, for the time being, as if it never had been. The want of power to bring up the whole array, or any particular portion of it, is a want of memory of that whole, or that portion, which has thereby passed into irretrievable oblivion. And herein lies the strength, or weakness, of the memory : it depends upon the habit and continuous intensity of the power of thought itself, first, in observing, that is, perceiving and conceiving accurately and distinctly the things to be remembered ; secondly, on frequent re-creation, re-production, and contemplation of them, with the aid of association and all other aids ; and, thirdly, on the given power of thought itself, wherein, at last, is the faculty of re-creation of conceptions, and recognition of their correspondence and identity with what has been in the mind before, and perhaps never lost entirely out of remembrance. In total oblivion, all is absolute nonentity and as if it had never been ; being vanished into " airy nothing." If this faculty of memory were as powerful in man as in God, human memory would rise to the absolute power and continuity of the Divine Remembrance, and all things which he should desire and determine to remember and keep in existence in his thought and contemplation, out of all the facts and events, perceptions and conceptions, — the thought and knowledge of his life, — would be ever present and clear to his consciousness. Omniscience belongs only to the Creator.

The mastodon has ceased to exist : his bones only remain. They, only, continue to be remembered, and so held and carried forward in the divine remembrance, in a certain changing permanency, as fit material for the construction of a rind of globe, while at the same time furnishing a suffi-

cient record for our reading. The animal that was is otherwise vanished utterly into oblivion. We may gather up the remembered relics of him, together with the remaining traces of his time and country, and, out of these materials and such analogies as can be drawn from whatever else we know, re-create him in our own minds as nearly as we can, as a Cuvier approximately re-constructs and restores an extinct fauna of a buried age. The difference between the pictured human creation as restoration and the living reality of past time, being a sort of imperfect reminiscence, may help us to realize how vast, and of what nature, is the difference between the human and the divine creator.

Again, let superficial science take the animal kingdom now existent on the surface of the globe, and arrange the whole on a horizontal base-line, in a linear branching series, according to the order of ascent and succession in the scale of being of the ideal types, in a true and complete zoological classification (and it will be all the same, whether embryology, with Agassiz, or the nervous system, with Owen, be taken as basis), from the lowest cell-animalcule up to man, placing the animal cell toward the horizon; and then let deep science turn the distal end of the series downward to a right angle in the direction of a radius to the Earth's centre; suppose it to reach through a complete series of all the geological formations that have anywhere been laid down, so as to represent a continuous zoological province, even from that lowest fossiliferous stratum in which the first animal cell came into existence (and you may be sure there is such a stratum, though no geological observer has ever yet found in it any fossil remains of such primitive animalcules); and you will find, on comparison, that there is a very exact correspondence, if not absolute identity, in the order of succession, or setting in, of the more general ideal types (as of Branch, Class, Order,) between the superficial series of zoological classification and the fossil branching series of actual nature in geological time; that is,

between the series of this one time now, and its serial succession of spaces, and that of the serial succession of times past, and their accompanying spaces on the successively existent surfaces of the globe. So we have in space here, now, what was in time there, then; and this, for us, is a kind of reminiscence after the manner of Plato and Bacon.

You will observe, also, a general correspondence, or resemblance, in the more general types themselves, but with differences increasing in amount, more and more, in the direction of the lesser and subordinate types (as of genera and species), distributed throughout the whole branching series, and running out into final extinction in the lesser types of genera, species, and individuals. The identity or resemblance may be said to measure the continuity of the divine remembrance, in respect of these ideal types. The differences exhibit the amount of change in the divine mind, or oblivion of old and creation of new, in that vast series of times and in that almost infinite series of terrestrial spaces successively existing in these times; in which, a few of the more general types, many of the lesser, and nearly all genera and species down to the later periods, have, from time to time, vanished into oblivion, while many new types, especially the lesser, have come into existence. Indeed, only one, the most general type of all, the cell, wherein is the unity and starting-point of the whole, spans the entire series in absolute continuity; for, in that, the divine remembrance has been continuous from the very beginning. And it matters not, that the work of creating new cells, or that new (sometimes called "spontaneous" generation of new individuals of the lowest forms of animal life, has continued to run along down the base of the pyramid of the animal kingdom from the beginning of animal life to the present day; for the ideal type in them, for the most part, continues the same, and the innermost laboratory of God and Nature is never closed. And so have continued

the types of branches since they once began, or of classes, or orders, or, it may be, of some genera, and even of some species, in a continuous and unbroken line of linear descent. An exact and complete natural history, that should be, like that contemplated by Bacon, "a high kind of natural magic,"<sup>1</sup> would exhibit to our view the actual course of the divine thought in the creation of an animal kingdom: and this, again, would be a kind of reminiscence in us.

In like manner, let superficial science take the existing human races, down to the anthropoid apes, and arrange them in one linear branching series, somewhat as in a lineal tree of family descent, according to ideal type and rank in the scale of being, as if you should place in line a large family of children in the order of their ages, from the man of twenty-one down to the child creeping on all fours; and the deep science of actual nature will show that the series truly represents in general the order of succession and distribution in which the several races or types of men have come into existence on the earth; for, the races, like the children of a family, and indeed the whole animal kingdom, may be said, at last, to be strung on the great umbilical cord or branching ideal thread of embryological evolution; along which takes place the gradual transition of type, or what Bacon calls "a transmutation of species."<sup>2</sup> The Apes begin to appear in the Eocene; Man has been found near the beginning of the Pleistocene, and doubtless existed in the Pliocene, and may possibly yet be found as far back as the Miocene. Actually observed facts are not yet sufficient to enable us to assign the exact order of the fossil succession in actual nature, but enough is known, already, to warrant the conclusion, on the whole, which is also borne out by the analogies of all the rest of the fossil zoölogy and the known principles of living zoölogy, that the race which is lowest in the scale of creation, on the present surface of the earth, is likewise the oldest in geological

<sup>1</sup> *Nat. Hist.* § 93.

<sup>2</sup> *Nat. Hist.* § 525.

time. The older and inferior races run out into extinction and disappear, as the newer and superior come forward: in the order of divine providence, the old passes into oblivion as the new appears.

Says Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, "I take care not to lend to God any intention: I pretend only to the character of the historian of *what is*." It is not probable that the Creator has occasion to borrow intentions from any mortal. It may be, that in searching for "final causes" men have looked, as it were, through the wrong end of the telescope: through the direct scope of intellectual vision (*Sapience*), the primal efficient and essential cause is seen to be intelligent, divine, and enough. What we have to do, is, undoubtedly, to observe the fact, and to open our eyes that we may see; for, as Bacon says, "the Wisdom of God shines forth the more wonderfully, when Nature does one thing, and Providence elicits another, as if the character of Providence were stamped upon all forms and natural motions."<sup>1</sup>

#### § 7. ALL SCIENCE.

Physical science cannot help being also metaphysical science. Most scientific methods and men seem to ignore metaphysics altogether; and but few scientific societies admit a department of metaphysics into their constitution; — as if metaphysics and moonshine were synonymous terms. But in all ages as now the greatest men of science have been also metaphysicians, who have recognized the truth, more or less clearly, that all physical inquiry leads directly into that realm of universals and pure metaphysics, wherein the universe has to be contemplated as the actual thought of a Divine Thinker. Says one of these (not among the least distinguished of our time): "The true thought of the created mind must have had its origin from the Creator; but with him, thought is reality;"<sup>2</sup> and again,

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, L. III. c. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Address of Prof. Peirce, 1854.*

"It seemed to him the only way for us to understand the organization of the universe was that by which we must understand any human work. We would not understand a play of Shakespeare, until we tried to construct it over again for ourselves. Then and then only could we understand how all the parts of the play belonged together. So with regard to the work of the Deity; it was not possible for us to understand this as an organization, until we looked at it from the point of view of the Creator."<sup>1</sup> Another distinguished light of science discourses concerning animals, thus: "The very nature of these beings and their relations to one another and to the world in which they live exhibit thought, and can therefore be referred only to the immediate action of a thinking being, even though the manner in which they were called into existence remains for the present a mystery;" and again, "This growing coincidence between our systems and that of nature shows further the identity of the operations of the human mind and the Divine Intellect."<sup>2</sup> Again, speaking of the entire animal kingdom, "When we came to the conviction that this whole was the combination of these facts in a logical manner, and as whatever intelligence we had was derived from Him and in His image, that coincidence made it possible for us to understand his objects."<sup>3</sup>

That coincidence must be considered, of course, as extending to all the fundamental and eternal laws of artistically creative thought. These laws and modes of action being the same for all thought, and soul or thinking power being everywhere essentially identical in nature, created objects in nature are transferred to our minds as copied conceptions, as it were; and the copy is formed in the mind, on the data given in sensation, by a power of the same nature, acting under the same laws and in the same modes

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Peirce on *Analytic Morphology*, *Ann. Sci. Disc.* 1856.

<sup>2</sup> Agassiz; *Contrib. to Nat. Hist. of N. Amer.*, I. 12-23.

<sup>3</sup> Agassiz (*Ann. Sci. Disc.* 1856).



as that by which the original is itself conceived and created, differing only in degree of power and in extent and scope of conscious intellectual vision, as the finite and special must differ from the infinite and absolute; and the copied conception will be as accurate, true, and complete as the observation is thorough, particular, and exact, and the sense-perception distinct, and no more so. And these conceptions will be as lasting and permanent as the power of memory is intense and the will strong. Hamlet must have understood the matter much in the same way, when he said:—

“Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter.” — *Act II. Sc. 5.*

Observation by the senses and by instruments in aid of the senses, actual sensible experience, necessarily has a limit; but that limit by no means ascertains and fixes the bounds of all certain and scientific knowledge. The mind, by its own original power of thought, is able not only to grasp the laws and modes of its own special activity, in a critical analysis of the mental phenomena as facts, and in a sound psychology, but also to arrive at a knowledge therein of the true nature of cause or power, of matter or substance, of thought itself, and by that means to transcend that limit of sensible experience, and to advance beyond the field of physical inquiry into the region of purely metaphysical fact and universal laws, and by the study of these further facts and laws as a matter of intellectually observed truth, to attain to a rational comprehension of the true nature of that uncaused power that creates the universe; and, at last, to see, that the whole must, and does, exist as the actual thought of a Divine Thinker, and not otherwise.

As Bacon expresses it, "all learning is knowledge acquired, and all knowledge in God is original"; that is, with him, thought and knowledge are one; and so, that "the truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one."<sup>1</sup> Plato, Philo Judaeus, Böethius, Thomas Aquinas, Bruno, Spinoza, Hooker, Berkeley, Swedenborg, and many others of the olden times as well as of these later days, seem to have conceived the matter much in the same way. So Bacon must have understood the creation: in fact, this is precisely what he meant, when he said he trusted his philosophy, when fully unfolded, "would plainly constitute a Marriage of the Human Mind to the Universe, having the Divine Goodness for bridesmaid."<sup>2</sup> In no other way, perhaps, was it ever possible for any man to arrive at any comprehensible philosophy of the universe. Without such a philosophy, the observed facts of experimental science can present nothing to human intelligence but an incongruous, heterogeneous, and incomprehensible mass of particulars — a world of facts tumbled together pell-mell; and hence all those absurd systems, theological, or atheistical, which have, in all times, beclouded the understandings of men. The English Astronomer Royal reports his magnetical and meteorological observations as obtained "with the utmost completeness and exactitude"; but he is absolutely "stopped from making further progress by the total absence of even empirical theory." His case may be hopeless; but he is certainly entitled to credit for not undertaking to make headway in that business by the help of any theory to be derived from Biblical theology, the properties of dead substratum, Comtean positivism, or any Queckett-figuring of probabilities, or other sort of Babbage-machine philosophy, however useful such machinery may be in other matters.

Even the sixty-two or more simple "undecomposable substances," of which, thus far, the globe appears to chem-

<sup>1</sup> *Praise of Knowl., Works* (Mont.), I. 251.

<sup>2</sup> *Delineatio, Works* (Boston), VII. 55.

istry to be constructed, being to the eye of mere physical science more or less dense compactions and crystallizations of the supposed final elementary atoms into certain mathematical forms, proportions, and equivalents, called bodies, under the processes of analysis, are increasing in number in the chemical catalogue, or sometimes diminishing, some of them being from time to time resolved into other elements, as nitrogen is reported to have been, lately ; thus diminishing, or increasing, the number of simples, until we are left in absolute uncertainty whether the sum total will finally diminish to unity, or increase to infinity ; and all these simple substances, if no further resolvable into kinds, are yet divisible into parts, as some electricians decompose electricity into infinitely little spheres, that spontaneously take on a motion of rotation on an axis, and divide each sphere into axis, poles, equator, centre, circumference, tropics, parallels, meridians, hemispheres ;<sup>1</sup> but, admitting the spheres, we have only arrived at a more primary stage of the proximate materials of construction, being as yet only secondary forms and modes of substance, even in the invisible, imponderable, indecomposable, indivisible ethers. And here ends, it would seem, the entire scope of physical science, for the present, as to these materials. But then we have, further, light, heat, electricity (according to some), magnetism, nervous force, gravitation, and mechanical power, which are neither ethers, gases, nor clouds of ethereal spheres, at all, but, as it seems, merely correlated and convertible forces — “exponents of different forms of force,”<sup>2</sup> say the Academicians, — that is, we may suppose, degrees and modes of power, which yet acts under laws which are found to be mathematical, and, for that matter, identical with the laws of power as thought ; and the power itself would seem to be identical in nature with the power of thought as cause. • And so, in the last physical analysis,

<sup>1</sup> De La Rive's *Treatise on Electricity*, by Walker, London, 1856.

<sup>2</sup> *Trans. Roy. Soc.*, Lond. 1850, p. 62.

and at the last stage of the forms and modes of substance, the resolvability, as well as the divisibility, of matter is found passing into an actual totality of power, at the point of beginning of creation, at the very top of Pan's pyramid, where the transition is so easy to things divine; and that power, into which all matter is thus resolved, is found to be of the nature wholly and absolutely of the power of thought as the primal thinking essence and cause of all created things. An actual experimental resolution of these simple elements into this next stage of degrees and modes of power, and these, again, into the still further and last stage of the totality of all power, has not as yet been quite effected, perhaps, by physical science alone; though some late experimentation would seem to amount almost to a sensible demonstration that the fact must be so. The demonstration is rather by the methods of metaphysical science, which transcends the limits of sensible experience, rises into the region of this totality of all power, and beholds the subject from the point of view of the one Eternal Power of Thought; for man can do this, being the image of his Maker, and his soul being so framed as to be "capable of the image of the universal world."

And so, going out with Bacon through physics into metaphysics, we arrive, at last, in the unity and continuity of all science, at Philosophy itself, and at the Divine Soul of the universe, in an eternal state of living activity in the perpetual distribution of variety in the total unity of the creation, in the universal flow of the Providential order; for, says Bacon, "the matter is in a perpetual flux," or as Plato says, again, "Soul is the oldest and most divine of all things, of which a motion, by receiving the generation [taking on generation], imparts an ever flowing existence."<sup>1</sup> Certainly, nothing less than this can give any rational and conceivable philosophy of the universe. All science leads directly to such a philosophy; all facts prove its truth; and

<sup>1</sup> *Lawes, Works* (Bohn), V. 543.

this comprehensible conception is, at least, better than any incomprehensible absurdity that ever was, or can be, invented. The Baconian caution is a good one: that we are not to give out "a dream of our fancy for an exemplar of the world," but rather, "under divine favor, an apocalyptic revelation and true vision of the tracks and ways of the Creator in Nature and His creatures."<sup>1</sup>

### § 8. SCIENCE IN POETRY.

That the author of these plays had arrived at a similar view of the constitution of the universe, is made clear in many passages. How else can we understand those remarkable lines of the "Tempest," in which, having brought upon the stage a scene among the gods, and made Juno, Ceres, and Iris enact a play before mortal eyes, when all at once they vanish at the bidding of the magician, Prospero, he makes him say: —

"These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

For, this vision of a world and this vision of the stage are made essentially in the same manner and of the same stuff, are both alike substantial; and yet, they may vanish, like an insubstantial pageant, into oblivion, at the bidding of the Great Magician, when his time shall come.

Again, says Bacon, in the *De Augmentis*, "This Janus of the imagination has too different faces; for the face towards reason hath the print of truth, but the face towards action hath the print of goodness"; an expression, which

<sup>1</sup> *Lectori, Works* (Boston), VII. 161.

appears again in a letter, in which he prays that, living or dying, "the print of the goodness of King James" may be in his heart;<sup>1</sup> but all Calibans, or other human monsters,

"turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villainous low," —

and all Stephanos and Trinculos, "abhorred slaves," that "steal by line and level," and

"Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill,"

this magician, by the help of his invisible Ariel, would soundly hunt out of his kingdom, when his "Genius" should have "the air of freedom"; and his labors would not cease until all his enemies were laid at his feet. And he was able to make this speech: —

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid  
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth  
By my so potent art. — But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses, that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,  
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

The "Tempest" was nearly the last play written, or perhaps

<sup>1</sup> Letter of July 30, 1624, *Works* (Philad.), III. 24.

the last but one or two ; and his *look* would seem to have been drowned for a long time, and buried so deep as to be beyond the reach of any but a " Delian diver." <sup>1</sup>

Well might these deep-sounding revelations and true visions of the traces and stamp of the Creator on his creations wake up whole books in the soul of Jean Paul Richter ! These all-comprehending conceptions could come only from the philosopher, the student of Nature as well as of Plato, whose thought had fathomed the depths and hidden mysteries of the universe, and discovered that " God hath framed the mind of man as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." For, as he says, again, " that alone is true philosophy, which doth faithfully render the very words of the world, and it is written no otherwise than the world doth dictate, it being nothing else but the image or reflection of it, not adding anything of its own, but only iterates and resounds." <sup>2</sup> In his scheme, philosophy is the text, and the universe is the book of plates, — the illustration and the proof so far ; that is, as far as it is visible and knowable to observation and experience : beyond all the scopes of physical science, it is, as it were, the book without the plates, and for illustration, the reader must, like the mathematician, construct his own models, charts, and diagrams. Some men, like children, see nothing but the plates, and continue all their lives to be dazzled with the pictures, scarcely conceiving that there is any text at all ; being capable of nothing but miraculous child's fables, mystic revelations, airy charms, and various kinds of spirit-playing and spirit-rapping. Things which fly too high over their heads must be drawn down to their senses. Some others advance to the end of the plates and stop there, finding no more proof of any fact, and so thinking that they have arrived at the land's end, because all around appears to be open sea ; while some others, again,

<sup>1</sup> *Timæus* of Plato, 71 ; *De Aug. Trans.*, *Works* (Boston), IX. 22.

<sup>2</sup> *Wisd. of the Ancients*, *Works* (Mont.), II. 2.

stretch onward, constructing their own plates, charts, compasses, scopes, being born pilots, and finding no end to the universe of fact but in the limits of their own lives and labors; sometimes too safely denying more land than they can discover. Still others, by the light of superior genius shining within them and reflected in the world without them, industriously, perseveringly, and fainting not, hold still onward, believing yet with such as Bacon, or Columbus, that "they are but ill discoverers who think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea"; — until they run against Fate: —

"*Othello*. Who can control his fate? — . . .  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail." — *Act V. Sc. 2*.

Bacon understood how "knowledge is a double of that which is," and that "the truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one." He considered that "the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge," as it is beautifully prefigured in the Prospero of the "*Tempest*," and he recognized "the happy match between the mind of man and the nature of things, and the science or providence comprehending all things"; as Hamlet saw, that there was "a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." He looked upon the universe as the book of God's works, and he frequently quotes Solomon as saying, "That it is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the glory of a king to find it out, as if, according to the innocent play of children, the Divine Majesty took delight to hide his works, to the end to have them found out";<sup>1</sup> and he says, again, "The spirit of man is the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth the inwardness of all secrets."<sup>2</sup> And so says the Soothsayer in the play: —

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act I. Sc. 2*.

Nor did he think it was, in Nature,

"A juggling trick, — to be secretly open." — *Tro. and Cr., Act V. Sc. 2*

<sup>1</sup> *Advancement*.

<sup>2</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XVI. Note 66.



It is no wonder that Goethe, finding that his own "open secret," as well as many other things, for the means of comprehending which, he was, as he in some degree acknowledges, much indebted to the philosophies of Plato, Spinoza, and Kant, had been known to Shakespeare as well, should pronounce this wonderful Bard of Avon the greatest of modern poets. Modern transcendental moralists and poets have discovered many new wonders in Shakespeare. They have much to say about man being "a microcosm," though not always particular to mention that the doctrine is as old as Plato, or the fable of Pan, nor that Bacon fully comprehended the meaning of that wise saw, as any one may see in his interpretation of that fable; but he frequently speaks of the "ancient opinion that man was *microcosmus*," and of "the spirit of man, whom they call the microcosm"; and we have it in the play thus:—

"*Men.* If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too?" — *Cor., Act II. Sc. 1.*

In the style of poetry, but not less according to the truth of philosophy, Goethe images forth the visible universe as the "garment" of God:—

"*Spirit.* Thus, at the roaring loom of Time I ply,  
And weave the garment which thou see'st him by."

Bacon, in like manner, interpreting the Fable of Cupid, as being intended to shadow forth some conception of the Divine Person under the image of Cupid born of the egg, hatched beneath the brooding wing of Night, and co-eval with Chaos, speaks of the primary visible matter as being "the vest of Cupid"; and a like philosophy seems to underlie this passage from the *Othello*:—

"*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragon's description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in th' essential vesture of creation  
Does bear all excellency." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

and this, again, from the "*Merchant of Venice*":—

"Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

And the same idea appears in plain prose thus : —

"For though we Christians do continually aspire and pant after the land of promise, yet it will be a token of God's favour towards us in our journeyings through this world's wilderness, to have our shoes and garments (I mean those of our frail bodies) little worn or impaired."<sup>1</sup>

And surely the author of the "*Cymbeline*" was not far from the same conception, when he wrote concerning Jupiter's tablet, delivered down out of his "radiant roof," thus : —

"[*Ghosts vanish. POSTHUMUS wakes, and finds the Tablet.*]

*Posth.* What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers. . . . .

[*Reads the Tablet.*]

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy." — *Act V. Sc. 4.*

Again, Prospero says to Miranda in the "*Tempest*" : —

"Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:  
Lie there, my art." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

Materialistic science, on the one hand, and unphilosophical theology, on the other, have, in all times, come equally short of comprehending the great truth here indicated. One thinks there is nothing but the garment, or, at least, that the garment covers nothing: the other thinks likewise that the garment covers nothing nobler than itself; but that the Maker of it, when it was finished and pronounced good, plucked it from him and hung it in the heavens, and that he has ever since sat apart on a throne above his "radiant roof," contemplating and judging his

<sup>1</sup> Dedication to the *Hist. of Life and Death.*

handiwork, only occasionally delivering down a miraculous tablet; but that his art lasted six days, and ceased altogether some six thousand years ago. As that book, that "rare one," has been more worshipped, in our "new-fangled mansions,"<sup>1</sup> than what of truth it contains and reveals, so, on the other hand, has the physical garment been held nobler than that it covers. The ancients knew better than this; for they held with Bacon, Shakespeare's plays, Berkeley, Goethe, Jean Paul, and many more modern disciples of the Higher Philosophy, that the visible world was but the vest of Cupid, the visible manifestation of the Invisible Essence, which is eternally weaving the web of His physical garment, in the Roaring Loom of Time and Space. Indeed, the hieroglyphic Sacred Books of the ancient Egyptians seem to read much to the same effect, as deciphered by Seyffarth:—"I am that I am. I weave the garments (bodies) of men. I am the shining garment of the sky. I have fashioned the verdure of the earthly pasture. I have woven the hosts of worlds,—the High and Holy God. Songs and anthems of praise to the Master Architect, who made the world, who made it for the habitation of man, the Creator's image."<sup>2</sup> As the highest ancient, so the highest modern voice, still exclaims:—"O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling-place of the *Unnamed*; and thou articulate-speaking Spirit of Man, who moulded and modelled that Unfathomable Unnameable even as we see, — is not there a miracle!"<sup>3</sup>

Time and Space, as necessary laws of thought, divine or human, as fundamental principles or conditions of ideas or things, and those complex keys which alone unlock the door of the inner sanctuaries, have tasked the brains of the deepest thinkers from Plato and his cave down to Kant, or Cousin; and this author, too, seems to have understood

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's *Theory of the Firmament*.

<sup>2</sup> *Summary* (N. York, 1857), p. 65-8.

<sup>3</sup> Carlyle's *French Rev.*, I. 344.

something of their nature. He knew that Time carried a wallet at his back wherein he put alms for oblivion; and Imogen, at the departure of Posthumus, watched him, —

“till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air.” — *Cymb.*, Act I. Sc. 4.

And Belarius, leaving his companions at the cave, to ascend the mountains, says to them: —

“Consider  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off.”  
*Ibid.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

He understood, too, how things appear great or small to mortal eyes, without much reference to what they really are in themselves, and that the truest greatness is sometimes scarcely visible at all to common senses; as when Belarius says to his boys of the forest and mountain: —

“And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-winged eagle.” — *Ib.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

Which may remind the reader of Jean Paul in search of happiness, now soaring above the clouds of life, and again sinking down under a leaf in a furrow of his garden, or rather, again, alternating between the two; or of Emerson, who says: —

“There is no great and no small  
To the soul that maketh all.”

But unto “poor unfledged” boys of the forest, that have “never wing’d from view o’ the nest,” it is

“A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,  
A prison for a debtor, that dares not  
To stride a limit.” — *Ib.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

“The common people,” says Bacon, “understand not many excellent virtues; the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no

sense or perceiving at all ; but shows and *species virtutibus similes* serve best with them " ; and so, according to Hamlet, the groundlings were, for the most part, "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise."

#### § 9. REMEMBRANCE AND OBLIVION.

The doctrine of Plato, that human knowledge is but reminiscence, seems to have taken strong hold of Bacon's mind. In the way in which this doctrine is generally stated and received, it would appear that Plato conceived the human soul to have had an existence, as such, previous to its birth into this world, and that, in that former state of existence, it was in possession of all knowledge ; and so, that the acquisition of knowledge in this world was simply a process of recollection or reminiscence of what had been better known before. So Origen and some learned fathers of the Church seem to have understood him. Burton expounds him thus : " Plato in *Timæo* and in his *Phædon* (for aught I can perceive) differs not much from this opinion, that it [the soul] was from God at first, and knew all, but being inclosed in the body, it forgets, and learns anew, which he calls *reminiscentia*, or recalling, and that it was put into the body for a punishment." <sup>1</sup> It may be doubted whether Plato has been correctly interpreted in this : his expression is somewhat obscure. Bacon states the doctrine a little differently, thus : " That all knowledge is but remembrance, and that the mind of man by nature knoweth all things, and hath but her own native and original motions (which by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body are sequestered) again revived and restored." <sup>2</sup> Here the idea is, that it is the nature of the mind to know all things, and what is wanting is, that its native and original powers, for a time overshadowed and repressed, should be restored to activity, whereby the strangeness and dark-

<sup>1</sup> *Anat. of Mel.*, I. 217 (Boston, 1862).

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learn., Works* (Mont.), II. 4.

ness of the tabernacle might be cleared up and ignorance disappear. Something of the sound and quality of this statement may be discovered as a sort of ground-swell rolling underneath the dialogue of the Bishops concerning young Henry V., the late wicked Prince Hal, who had all at once begun to reason in divinity, and debate of commonwealth affairs, war, and any cause of policy:—

*Can.* Since his addiction was to courses vain;  
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:  
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

*Can.* It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;  
And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected." — *Hen. V., Act I. Sc. 1.*

And when Prospero is sounding the youthful Miranda as to her remembrance of her origin, we have this dialogue:—

*Pros.* Canst thou remember  
A time before we came into this cell?  
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what? by any other house, or person?  
Of any thing the image tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'T is far off,  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once, that tended me?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,  
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abyss of time?  
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mir.* But that I do not." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

This is more in keeping with Bacon's statement, and contains an implied negation of the received interpretation as teaching a former existence of the human soul as such; for, certainly, if a man could remember anything before he came here, he might also remember how he came. There is a certain ambiguity in Plato himself as well as in Bacon, Berkeley, and some more modern writers, on this point, which arises from the circumstance that they do not always clearly and expressly distinguish, when treating of the soul, whether they intend to speak of the human soul, or of the Divine Soul; and hence comes the misconception. The dialectic method of Plato, pursuing the logical path and process of scientific thinking, endeavored to arrive at all science in a critical exegesis of those fundamental laws of all thought, divine or human, which are the same for all souls. All science can be in the divine mind alone; but the human mind as partaker of the universal reason, and being endowed with a certain scope of intellectual vision and a certain power of thinking, might, by the exercise of that power, its native and original motion, in a critical analysis of that reason, and in a thorough contemplation of nature, approach, if not quite attain to all science, by coming thus to a conscious knowledge of all Nature and of the laws and modes of creative thought, so be only it were creative in its faculty; and this method of attaining, or rather reviving, knowledge in the soul, was a mere process of recollection or reminiscence of what had been known before, — not by any means by the human soul in any previous state of finite existence, but by the divine mind itself, in which is all knowledge always; as when, in another place, speaking of the finite mind only, Plato says, that "recollection is the influx of thoughts which had left us."<sup>1</sup> Again, he says, "The whole of nature being of one kindred, and the soul [*i. e.* the Divine Soul] having heretofore known all things, there is nothing to prevent a person [*i. e.* a human soul],

<sup>1</sup> *Laws, Works* (Bohn), V. 151.

who remembers — what men call learning — only one thing, from again discovering all the rest ; if he has but courage and seeking faints not. For to search and to learn is reminiscence all.”<sup>1</sup> And so, he says, again, “This is a recollection of those things which our soul formerly saw, when journeying with deity [*i. e.* when identical with the Divine Soul itself, and previous to any existence as a special soul], despising the things which we now say are, and looking up to that which really is” ;<sup>2</sup> for while the divine mind contemplates only real existence and the actual truth of things, the human soul, sequestered as it is under the veil of wildness in the darkness of the tabernacle, in the short-sightedness of weak intellectual vision, and in the half-delusive purblindness of sense-perception, is, on all sides, limited, baffled, deceived, confused, and confounded, by mere appearances and illusions, and still more, by the fantasies of its own creation. Not, by any means, that it is impossible for the human mind, by pursuing in a scientific manner either the dialectic method of pure metaphysics, or the experimental, inductive, and interpretative method of physical science — by travelling either road — to compass, at length, “the order, operation, and Mind of Nature,” and to arrive, at last, at a scientific knowledge of the actual constitution of the universe and of the order of divine Providence in it, in a sound and true philosophy, which shall amount to universal science, or Sapience. But in this the inductive method must be understood in Bacon’s way ; for, with him, it was not any form of syllogism, nor any system of logic, nor any mere experimentation, observation, or experience of isolated and heterogeneous facts, with endless descriptions and catalogues, but a method for the actual interpretation of nature, using both the senses and the intellect, by the help of which the observer should get to see the facts, whether by the senses, instruments, experi-

<sup>1</sup> *Meno, Works* (Bohn), III. 20.

<sup>2</sup> *Phaedrus, Works* (Bohn), I. 325.



ments, analyses, scopes, or in any other way, and then should be enabled to read, conceive, understand, comprehend, and know, what they are, and what they mean ; in which he would have need of the faculty of intellectual vision and metaphysical insight, if he would expect to become a true Interpreter of Nature. He takes especial care to make the distinction everywhere between nature considered in reference to the human observer, and nature in reference to the divine mind creating nature :—

“ There is an art which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating Nature ” ;—

and he cautions the student against “ that grand deception of the senses, in that they draw the lines of nature with reference to man and not with reference to the universe ; and this is not to be corrected except by reason and universal philosophy.”<sup>1</sup>

But in either way, illusions must be distinguished from realities, appearance from essence, sophism from logical thinking, truth from falsehood, external fact and eternal truth from the visionary creations of the uncritical fancy, until the intellectual eye shall come to see all science correctly, or until the eye of science and sense-perception, by thorough and complete observation, searching matter and phenomena to the bottom, shall come to see all the difference between reality and appearance, cause and effect, living substance and dead substratum (the last illusion that will vanish), and arrive at last by that road at a true knowledge of “ the last and positive power and cause of nature,” that self-existent and uncaused power that creates the whole and is all in all ; when these physical eyes shall discover that they have been, or can be, nothing more than helps to the intellectual vision, which alone can clearly see, with Plato, that “ all existences are nothing else but power,” and power of the nature wholly of that power of thought, or

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), VIII. 283.

soul, which moves itself, and imparts an everflowing existence, thinking a universe.

And here it is, upon this common platform, that the two roads meet. Royal Societies and National Institutes are beginning to find, after some centuries of busy search and experimentation, that there is nothing left of matter but "laws and forces"; that these are mathematical; and that the great powers in nature are but "exponents of different forms of force," or modes of power: wherein the swelling waters of our sea of science begin to approach the same level to which they had risen in Plato, with a fair prospect that they may finally reach, with Bacon, the spring-head and fountain source of all philosophy. For physicists and metaphysicians are like two ships' companies sailing on a great circle around Bacon's Intellectual Globe, starting off in opposite directions, but sure to meet at the antipodes in one and the same land of promise, when

"The wheel is come full circle." — *Lear, Act V. Sc. 3.*

Nor did either Bacon, or Plato, imagine it was possible for all men, by either method of procedure, to attain to a complete understanding of all science, much less to a perfect knowledge of God and divine things. "A matter of that kind," says Plato, "cannot be expressed by words, like other things to be learnt, but by a living intercourse with the subject, and living with it a light is kindled on a sudden, as if from a leaping fire, and being engendered in the soul, feeds itself upon itself."<sup>1</sup> No more would Bacon repeat the offence of Prometheus against Minerva, and incur danger of the penalty of a perpetual gnawing of his liver, — being no other, says he, than "that into which men not unfrequently fall when puffed up with arts and much knowledge, — of trying to bring the divine wisdom itself under the dominion of sense and reason: from which at-

<sup>1</sup> Epistle to Dionysius, *Works* (Bohn), VII. 524.

tempt inevitably follows laceration of the mind and vexation without end or rest.”<sup>1</sup>

At any rate, the statement of Bacon would seem to admit of a construction something like this: that previous to the first appearance of the soul in a finite body and form, (at whatever precise point in the flow of the physical stream, that may take place,) it was identical with the infinite soul itself, and, as such, possessed of all knowledge: in other words, the finite soul is a special exhibition of the one divine power of thought itself, invested for the time being in a visible physical body, or as it may very well be, also, hereafter, in a spiritual or ethereal invisible physical body, and limited in that manner on the physical side so far only as to give the exact objective individuality of body, and in a special way on the side of its own origin, and in such manner as to give the exact subjective speciality, — “soul and body compounded”; the definite personality arising in the concurrence of the two kinds of limitation. Then, as to the divine power of thought itself (for, says Bacon, speaking of this power, “knowledge is a power whereby he knoweth”), remembrance would be co-extensive with the existent creation and identical with knowledge in God; and ceasing to remember and know would be oblivion, or annihilation of what was so forgotten. And so, likewise, says Plato, “do we not call this oblivion, Simmias, the loss of knowledge?”<sup>2</sup> What the finite mind could remember and know would be its own creations and acquired knowledge, whether it were acquired by the dialectics of scientific thinking, or by observation and experience; and so, what the human mind can come to know, would be, for the man himself, acquired knowledge, though, when speaking in relation to the universal soul, it might be called a kind of reminiscence. So far, then, as human knowledge may go, it may be called knowledge, or reminiscence, as

<sup>1</sup> *Prometheus, Works* (Boston), XIII. 155.

<sup>2</sup> *Phædon, Works* (Bohn), I. 77.

we speak with reference to the one mind or the other. All knowledge is, and must be, in remembrance. Beyond this extent of human knowledge, all is oblivion, and as if it were not, for the finite man; and beyond the whole present state of the divine thought, which is the existent universe, and beyond the eternal continuity of the divine Existence and his power to think and create, all is oblivion and utter nonentity. "It is an effect of one and the same omnipotency," says Bacon, "to make nothing of somewhat as to make somewhat of nothing"; that is, to think something into existence which did not exist before as such thing, or to let it vanish again into oblivion, according to the "twin propositions: nothing is produced from nothing, and nothing is reduced to nothing." But in this, we must all the while keep in view the essence, the very substance, of the thing, and not merely the temporary form: the substance is withdrawn, and the form vanishes.

The acquiring of knowledge, then, in man, is not exactly a process of reminiscence or recollection of what he ever knew before as a special soul: more strictly, for him, it is a process of getting to see, understand, and know, so far, what is remembered, thought, and done, in the divine mind; and, if possible, that he himself exists, and how, and that God and the universe exist, and in what manner; all which, by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body, has been very much sequestered. As to the finite mind, its own remembered creations constitute a part of its knowledge, and they are created in that same blank region of All Possibility, in which the universe itself is created, and its forgettings are added to that same dark blank of oblivion into which all forgotten things go, and which the ancients endeavored to figure to their imaginations under the form of that boundless shadow, the brooding wing of Night.

That something like this was Bacon's conception of the nature of remembrance and oblivion, is evident in numer-

ous passages in his writings. Here is one : — “ Solomon saith, *There is no new thing upon the earth.* So that as Plato had an imagination, *That all knowledge was but remembrance*, so Solomon giveth this sentence, *That all novelty is but oblivion.* Whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below.” He cites further the opinion of “an abstruse astrologer,” that “if it were not for two things that are constant (the one is, that the fixed stars ever stand, and never come nearer together, nor go farther asunder ; the other, that the diurnal motion perpetually keeps time), no individual would last one moment” ; and, he adds, “certain it is that the matter is in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay.” In the Pythagorean doctrine of *Palingenesia*, souls went from one body into another, first having drunk of the water of Lethe, — “*epotâ prius Lethes undâ.*”

This same Lethean doctrine of strangeness, darkness, and oblivion appears very often in the plays also. The ghost coming up from below, where the river of Lethe runs under ground, says to Hamlet : —

“ I find thee apt ;  
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Would'st thou not stir in this : now Hamlet, hear.”  
Act I. Sc. 5.

And this saying of Solomon may be traced in the following lines from the Sonnets : —

“ If there be nothing new, but that which is,  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which laboring for invention bear amies  
The second burthen of a former child ? ” — Son. lix.

And again, in these : —

“ No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.”  
Son. cxxiii.

The strangeness as well as the darkness of the tabernacle seems to have been borrowed from Plato, who says, "what is strange is the result of ignorance in the case of all"; and the play repeats it thus:—

"*Cl.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog."—*Twelfth Night, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

And the forest home of Belarius's boys was to them

"A cell of ignorance."

And this same doctrine of novelty and oblivion underlies, no less subtly, these passages from the "Measure for Measure":—

"*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* [*In disguise.*] None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

"*Duke.* [*In person.*] O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it, To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves with characters of brass  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And razure of oblivion."—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

Again, it appears thus:—

"Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist,  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd."

*Son. cxxii.*

It must have suggested the imagery of these lines:—

"When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty States characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing."—*Tro. and Cr., Act III. Sc. 2.*

And the careful student will discover numerous and very significant traces of this strangeness and darkness of ig-



Who in his circumstance expressly proves,  
That no man is the lord of anything.  
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in th' applause  
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates  
The voice again; or like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

“It is an excellent invention,” says Bacon, expounding the fable of Pan, “that Pan, or the world, is said to make choice of Echo only above all other speeches or voices for his wife; for that alone is true philosophy which doth faithfully render the very words of the world; and it is written no otherwise than the world doth dictate, it being nothing else but the image and reflection thereof, not adding anything of its own, but only iterates and resounds”; — [*Iterat et resonat*] — which may just as well be translated *renders back* and *reverberates*. And this subtle doctrine of reverberation and echo, as well as the marriage of the mind to the universe, must needs go into the piece, though the verse should halt for it. Again Ulysses continues: —

*"Ulys.*                      A strange fellow here  
Writes me, that man — how dearly ever parted,  
How much in having, or without or in —  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them, and they report that heat again  
To the first giver." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

After this touch of sequestration, strangeness, marriage of the mind to things, or of Pan to Echo, and this reverberation and reflection of the world's image, he proceeds to fold up and veil, "as with a drawn curtain," his doctrine of oblivion, thus :—

*Achil.* What! are my deeds forgot?  
*Ulys.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, —



A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

And the discourse winds up thus: —

"For Time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps-in the new comer." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

And again, thus: —

"*Agam.* . . . . Understand more clear,  
 What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks  
 And formless ruin of oblivion." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

The verdict of the Shakespeare Society upon the whole traditional biography of William Shakespeare is, that he was a jovial actor and manager, not much differing from other actors and managers. "I cannot marry this fact to his verse," says the learned critic and philosopher. No; nor anybody else. This marriage of mind to the universe, this deep river of Lethe, running as well above ground as below, this perpetual flux of remembrance and oblivion, in which all that appears is like the foam on the roaring waterfall, every instant born, and every instant dead, living only in the flow, — these subtle riddles running underneath the two writings, — will marry to nothing but the truth of Nature, or to the prose and verse of Francis Bacon: —

"Take the instant way;  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast."

#### § 10. MIRACLES AND IMMORTALITY.

With the skill of a god to conceal what it may be the glory of a king to find out, and with infinite art and beauty, the deep-seeing genius of Goethe endeavors to shadow forth the manner in which the myths of tradition have

grown into miracles of divine revelation ; and, at the same time, by sounding through the latest depths of science, to exhibit all Nature as no less than miraculous. With the aid of science and the keys of Kant, more potent than the keys of St. Peter, he was able to unlock and explore the inner secrets of the universe, and to attain to that "wit of elevation situate as upon a cliff," where Plato, Bacon, Leibnitz, Berkeley, and the like of them, had stood more or less clearly before him, upon that "topmost summit" which affords "room only for a single person"<sup>1</sup> in an age, and

"Where one but goes abreast."

In like manner, Bacon has much to say of this uppermost height and narrow strait:—

"Is there any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have the prospect of the order of nature and the errours of men?"

And again he says: "Science rightly interpreted is a knowledge of things through their causes"; and that knowledge, he continues, "constantly expands and by gradual and successive concatenation rises, as it were, to the very loftiest parts of nature"; but "the man, who, in the very outset of his inquiries, lays firm hold of certain fixed principles in the science, and with immovable reliance upon them, disentangles (as he will with little effort) what he handles, if he advances steadily onward, not flinching out of excess either of self-confidence, or of self-distrust, from the object of his pursuit,"—if he has but courage and seeking faints not,—may "mount gradually" and "climb by regular succession the height of things like so many tops of mountains." Lear's philosopher standing on the top of this same high cliff, and looking into the abysmal depths below, exclaims:—

"How fearful,  
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low."

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, ch. xiv.

And the blind Gloster, after the fearful leap had been taken, though "ten masts at each" made not "the altitude" which he "perpendicularly fell," was yet not clearly certain whether he had "fallen or no"; but one thing he *did* certainly know, the fiend was gone : —

" Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honour  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee."

And so he learned the lesson : —

" I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself  
' Enough, enough ' ! and die. That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man; often 't would say,  
' *The fiend, the fiend* ' : he led me to that place," —

*Act IV. Sc. 6.*

that height above the confusion of things, whence the fall is so deep, perpendicularly down, to him, who shall be too blind to see and keep his step, or be unable to distinguish a man from a visionary personification of evil; or who has no way, and therefore wants no eyes, having stumbled when he saw; but to the open eyes of the wise man and the seer, it is the clear safe sunshine of the empyrean, and the highest happiness of a human soul, wherein men's impossibilities become divine possibilities: that is to say, if he shall, with Bacon, deeply study and "intently observe the appetences of matter and the most universal passions, which are in either globe exceeding potent, and transverberate the universal nature of things, he shall receive clear information concerning celestial matters from the things seen here with us";<sup>1</sup> as when the veil of wildness was lifted from Prince Hal as he became more and more creative in his faculty, and (as King Henry V.) became "a true lover of the Holy Church," and

" Consideration, like an angel, came  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Mont.), XVI., Note 22.

Leaving his body as a paradise  
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits."

*Henry V. Act I. Sc. 1.*

And he must proceed upon those physical reasons "which make inquiry into the universal appetites and passions of matter, and the simple and genuine motions of bodies. For upon these wings we ascend most safely to these celestial material substances."<sup>1</sup> In short, he must be able not only to see through this globe, but even to penetrate "the globe above."<sup>2</sup> It was just so, in the "Lear":—

*"Old Man.* Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

*Glos.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
I stumbled when I saw.<sup>3</sup> Full oft 't is seen,  
Our means secure us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities. . . . .

*Edg.* . . . . Bless thee, master!

*Glos.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old M.* Ay, my lord.

*Glos.* Then, pry'thee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Whom I 'll entreat to lead me. . . .  
Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plagues  
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,  
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!  
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;  
So distribution shall undo excess,  
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glos.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm:  
Poor Tom shall lead thee."—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), VIII. 497.

<sup>2</sup> *Speech, Works* (Phil.), II. 274.

<sup>3</sup> *Soph. Antigone*, 1841-3; *Ed. Tyrannus*, 1834-5.

This Gloster is on the road that conducts the traveller "to places precipitous and impassable"; but once arrived at the brink of the precipice, he will need no further leading from fiend or philosopher; for, at that point, a man shall rise, or fall, by his own weight in the universal scheme of things. And when he has ceased to swear by devil, or by demigod, he will be ready to exclaim, with Gloster:—

"O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce."—*Act IV. Sc. 6.*

For, this height is "above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times. Yea, in some cliff, it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divination of times to come." Surely, this *Lear* was written by a man, who was, as Bacon says of Solomon, "truly one of those clearest burning lamps, whereof himself speaketh, in another place, when he saith, *The spirit of man is as the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth all inwardness.*" Heming and Condell say, in the Preface to the Folio, speaking for the author, that they would "leave you to others of his friends, whom, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others." Doubtless the writer of this well knew, that there was a height of human culture, from which the reader would "no leading need,"—being himself one of those

"clearest gods, who make them honours  
Of men's impossibilities."

And it is further not improbable that Gloster's idea of precipitating himself over the cliff of Dover was partly suggested by the story, which Bacon relates in his "*Experiment Solitary touching flying in the Air,*" thus: "It is reported that amongst the Leucadians, in ancient time, upon a superstition, they did use to precipitate a man from a high cliff into the sea; tying about him with strings, at

some distance, many fowls ; and fixing unto his body divers feathers, spread, to break the fall."<sup>1</sup>

Again, says the Essay on Death : "The soul, having *shaken off her flesh*, doth then set up for herself, and contemning things that are under, shows what Finger hath enforced her." This rather singular metaphorical use of the word *finger* makes its appearance again in the Cymbeline, thus : —

"Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

And Hamlet, considering of the subject, very much after the manner of both Plato and Bacon, soliloquizes thus : —

"To be, or not to be; that is the question : —  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? — To die: — to sleep, —  
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep: —  
To sleep! perchance to dream: — ay, there 's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have *shuffled off this mortal coil*,  
Must give us pause." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

And when he comes to his sudden end, which Horatio announces "to the yet unknowing world" as an upshot —

"Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads," —

his last words are, —

"The rest is silence."

Thus ended the pause ; and in such manner as to leave room for doubt, whether his final conclusion may not have been something like that of the Socratic poet, Euripides, when he says : —

<sup>1</sup> *Natural History*, § 886.

"The souls of dying men indeed live not,  
But surely have immortal knowledge all,  
Into th' immortal ether falling:" — *Helene*, 1014-6.

or, as in Clarence's dream, —

"but still the envious flood  
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air."

*Richard III., Act I. Sc. 4.*

or, as again, in the "Measure for Measure," thus: —

*Claudio.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Clau.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribb'd ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be, worse than worst,  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine, howling! — 't is too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

But silence is not necessarily death for the soul. That the soul may still live, after the dissolution of the body, on the soundest logical and scientific principles, must be considered as metaphysically possible; but if so, necessarily in time and space, and therefore necessarily under some form of its own, with or without a bodily investment, however thin and ethereal it may be, and in some place where-soever in the boundless universe of God. And it must have continuity in time, which may have an end, or be eternal. But identity with the infinite soul must be the extinction and end of the finite soul. The indestructibility of the fundamental essence of the soul is one thing; that of the finite soul, as such, is quite another thing. In view of the entire course of Providence, as it may be gathered from the

scientific history of the past and present universe, sacred scriptures, all the records of tradition, and what little we can read

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy," —

or in "the infinite and secret operations of Nature," according to Bacon's "Cogitations concerning Human Knowledge," — on all that we can get to see and know of the ends of Providence in the universal order, and according to what we are able to discover and understand and comprehend of the total plan and probable continuation thereof in the future purposes of the Creator, we may believe with Plato, Jesus, Paul, Cicero, Boëthius, Bacon, and many others of the most learned and wise, greatest and best, and most divine men of all ages, that the immortality, that is, the eternal continuity of the soul, in time, is in the highest degree probable; but for the fact, whether any given soul will be thus immortal or not, — that must, from the very nature of the thing, rest in the divine will of the Eternal Father, in the future course of his providence. Therefore must it be forever impossible to be foreknown to God, or revealed to man, for certain fact. And whether any finite soul will be continued in that eternally continuing providence as a fit part of the divine plan, — whether it will be saved or lost, remembered or forgotten, — may depend, at last, very much on the fact, when the time shall come, or indeed at any time, whether such soul be worth remembering and saving, or not: —

"How would you be

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? O, think on that!"

*Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.*

From this same elevation, Goethe's wanderer in the mountains descends all at once into a microscopic community of common human affairs; or sees, in a sort of magical perspective, a world of transactions in a small box; or looks across a vast chasm, and beholds a fellow-being so



far removed, that communication would seem to be, as it were, between two souls in different worlds,

"Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye."

3 *Hen. VI., Act III. Sc. 2.*

So intent, for the moment, was this wanderer on his dear object, that he was just on the point of jumping sheer over the gulf between, when a wiser companion, seizing him by the skirts of conscience, drew him back. Macbeth, looking another way, hesitated and considered, —

"that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —  
We'd jump the life to come." — *Act I. Sc. 7.*

With Goethe as with Bacon, raised upon this high cliff, all the miracles of tradition, verbal or written, sink into painted walls and tapestries for the edification of children of the mountains, with their new Joseph and Virgin Mary, in comparison with the boundless miracle of the actual universe, that lay an "open secret" to them, though for the most part invisible to the eyes of men in general. Says Bacon: "I had rather believe all the fables of the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it."<sup>1</sup> But, he continues again, there were some also that stayed not here; but went further, and held that if the spirit of man, whom they call the microcosm, do give a fit touch to the spirit of the world, by strong imaginations and beliefs, it might command nature; for Paracelsus and some darksome authors of magic do ascribe to imagination exalted, the power of miracle-working faith. With these vast and bottomless follies men have been in part entertained." Yea; and so they still are, vastly, and

<sup>1</sup> *Nat. Hist., Works (Mont.), IV. 488.*

in many respects most perniciously entertained ; for the truth is, as Bacon declares in his *Sacred Meditations*, thus : " Now every miracle is a new creation, and not according to the first creation " ; and he says, again, " as for the narrations touching the prodigies and miracles of religions, they are either not true, or not natural ; and therefore, impertinent for the story of nature." Very like was the opinion of Von Hardenberg, that " miracles, as contradictions of Nature, are amathematical. But there are no miracles in that sense. What we so term is intelligible precisely by means of mathematics ; for nothing is miraculous to mathematics " ; — that is, to the science of the laws of creative thought. So Bacon says, again, " that kings ruled by their laws, as God did by the laws of nature, and ought rarely to put in use their supreme prerogative, as God doth his power of working miracles." <sup>1</sup> Nothing but the power of Heaven could command nature ; as when King Henry's conscience

— " first receiv'd a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, in certain speeches utter'd  
By th' Bishop of Bayonne," —

and the question, whether his daughter were legitimate, entered the region of his heart " with a splitting power," he is made to say, —

" First, methought,  
I stood not in the smile of Heaven ; who had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't than  
The grave does to the dead." — *Hen. VIII., Act II. Sc. 4.*

Nevertheless, Bacon's elevation to the woolsack was, in the style of popular eloquence, at that day, as seen in his speeches, " the immediate work of God " and the King, and " their actions were no ordinary effects, but extraordinary miracles ; " and the plays adopt the same style : " Exceeding miracles ! " — " A most most high miracle ! " — though

<sup>1</sup> *Adv. of Learn., Book II.*

even a Bishop ventures to say, in the play, "miracles are ceased." And the idea seems to have become so common and popular as to get into the comedy of "All's Well that Ends Well," thus:—

*Laf.* They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 't is.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

*Par.* Right, so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable—

*Par.* Why, there 't is; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be help'd,—

*Par.* Right as 't were a man assur'd of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in—  
What do you call these?—

*Laf.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That 's it: I would have said the very same.

*Laf.* Why your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange; that is the brief and tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven."—*Act II. Sc. 3.*

And as early as 1594, we find the philosopher writing a Masque for the Christmas Revels of Gray's Inn, in which he makes the second counsellor, "advising the study of philosophy," address himself to the Prince of Purpoole in these words:—

"Thus, when your Excellency shall have added depth of knowledge to the fineness of your spirits and greatness of your power,—

["Or those that with the fineness of their souls

By reason guide his execution."—*Tro. and Cres., Act I. Sc. 3.*]

then indeed shall you be a Trismegistus; and then when all other miracles and wonders shall cease by reason that you shall have discovered their natural causes, yourself shall be left the only miracle and wonder of the world."

The fault still is, not so much in inflating plain things into marvels, or in making modern and familiar, things that are supernatural and causeless, as in attempting to conceive of things both natural and supernatural, not only as not naturally caused at all, but as supernaturally caused in a sense contradictory to all reason, the known laws of thought, the very nature of things, and what we know of the divine nature and the order of divine providence in the universe; as for instance, considerable question is made, as well by men of science as theologians, of what is called the Development Theory as against various theological theories of the Six Days Works: whereas the true theory might be better stated thus: The whole is, visibly, to the eye of the philosopher, a compound order of development, evolution, and new creation, in radiated linear branching descent, in directions in time from centre to circumference, on which is the distribution in space at a spheroidal right angle to a universal radius, in zöological provinces, which are ever carried forward on the line of lapsing time over changing surfaces in space, with successive evolution and continuous new creation of artistic type of form in the continuous destruction and extinction of old types of form (individuals, species, genera), giving, cöordinated always in time and space (which, we must remember, are merely laws of thought creative or destructive), in variable succession of creative progression and destructive retrogression, under perpetual geological oscillation and almost constant change of physical condition, under the laws of physics (also those same laws of thought creative or destructive) — sea, shore, and land; water, air, earth, and tree; hot, tropical, temperate, and cold; — first, the fundamental unity of type in the primordial cell, and thence the kingdom, sub-kingdoms, branches, classes, orders, families, genera, species, individuals, — unity and difference, — according to the Transcendental Architectonic of the Divine Idea; at once, a natural and a supernatural order, the two

being so far one and identical ; for it is a work of thought in the order of "immortal providence." And so of the vegetable kingdom, and indeed of all forms of matter, down to the last atoms of the atomic theories ; and thence further on, with the metaphysician and philosopher, who is able to see through physics into metaphysics, quite through the last forms and modes of substance, — light, heat, electricities, motions, powers, — into the totality of all substance as the Divine Power of Thought itself in activity by the necessary fact of existence, artistically thinking, creating, the universe ; and who is able to grasp all that, reducing at once the greatest of all marvels to a plain thing. And so, whether the phenomena of creation be to be called natural and caused, or supernatural and causeless, depends mainly on this : whether we look at it from the physical or the metaphysical side, and with the natural or supernatural eye. In reality, it is all the same thing in either case ; — " a natural perspective that is, and is not " ;<sup>1</sup> — or like " perspectives that show things inward when they are but paintings " ;<sup>1</sup> except that the whole materialism of *dead substratum*, and a great deal of the old theological fog and mere moonshine, should be cleared at once from our minds and swept sheer off into oblivion, whither it is fast going, and there an end of it ; for, " as the poet said of the creation of the world," according to Bacon's speech : "*Materiam noli quærere, nulla fuit.*"

This dark cloud of superstition may never be entirely swept away. It is as old as the human race ; and, in various changing shapes, it has hung over mankind like an incurable incubus, laden for the most part with awful terrors and diabolical horrors, and with severe but perhaps necessary discipline, for the poor children of men. And it seems destined to be as perpetual as that dismal cloud-belt that perennially overhangs the equatorial ocean. But the skilful navigator, if he cannot disperse the cloud, may yet

<sup>1</sup> *Nat. Hist.*

escape from underneath its dark and tearful shadow. He will inevitably sleep in equatorial dead calms, or dance his weary life out in the lugubrious doldrums of the Horse-Latitudes, if he do not. Happier winds may take him more prosperously on his life-voyage, if he can but reach them; and, if he can also keep clear of the Arctic night of unmetaphysical physics and orthodox theology, he may have temperate sailing, on an endless parallel, in the eternal radiance of the true Pole-star of the universe; but otherwise, never.

Nor need there be any fear of anything being done, in the entire universe, without a cause; nor that all mankind will adopt the phrenologico-biology and perpetual-motion machine theories of M. Auguste Comte, Harriet Martineau, and George Henry Lewes, nor the childish vagaries of dreamy spiritual rappers; at least, until all shall have sunk into that degree of intellectual stupidity, or superstitious folly, wherein the knowledge of causes, the true nature of cause, and the mode of that thing which is uncaused, is completely ignored, and all attempt to know it summarily renounced. On the contrary, a very large portion of mankind may be presumed to be still capable of appreciating what Bacon made the first and foremost article of his plan of Solomon's House, or a College of the Universal Science, thus:—"The End of our Foundation is the knowledge of Causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging the bounds of Human Empire to the effecting all things possible"; or, as he says, again, the true end of knowledge "is a discovery of all operations and possibilities of operations from immortality (if that were possible) to the meanest mechanical practice."<sup>1</sup> He well knew, that "in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause." There were

<sup>1</sup> *Valerius Terminus.*

also to be in this Solomon's House, "houses of deceits of the senses ; where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions ; and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe that we that have so many things truly natural, which induce admiration, could, in a world of particulars, deceive the senses, if we could disguise those things, and labor to make them seem more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures and lies. . . . . These are, my son, the riches of Solomon's House." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *New Atlantis.*

## CHAPTER VII.

### SPIRITUAL ILLUMINATION.

Περὶ τὸν παντὸς Βασιλέα παρ' ἐγὼ, καὶ ἐκείνους ἔρεκα πάντα, καὶ ἐκείνο διὰ τὸν ἐκείνους τῶν καλῶν. — Concerning the King of all, all things are, and for his sake are all things, and he is the cause of all the beautiful. — *Plato's Epist. II. to Dionysius.*

"The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit." — *Bacon's Essay of Truth.*

#### § 1. THE TRUE RELIGION.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT, setting out upon an investigation into the origin and progress of all religions, with a purpose of showing that Christianity was only one of the many superstitions of the world's history, becomes himself convinced that there is such a thing as religion in itself, resting on an eternal foundation of divine truth, and recognized more or less distinctly in all phases of human experience, and in all forms of human society, from the lowest barbarisms up to the highest degree of civilization; and Goethe, no less learned in historical criticism, and perhaps a still deeper philosopher, finds that there are at least "three Reverences" and "one true Religion," which stand upon such eternal foundation. Morell, writing a philosophy of religion, finds, also, that all religious opinion and belief must come to man through his own reason only; and that there can be no revelation to men of things altogether above their comprehension. These and many other learned writers and scholars, both ancient and modern, take religion to be something universal and necessary, founded in the very nature and constitution of the soul of man,





ley, Penn, Cranmer, Luther, St. Augustine, St. Paul, St. Peter, or even of Jesus of Nazareth, nor the decree of any Church council, but rather the true religion of holy men. It is not exactly philosophy; but it presumes a true philosophy of the universe to be already established in the mind of the true believer. Christianity would seem to proclaim the fact by authority of miracle, all the miracles of the universe, no less than some few, and the universal revelation therein, that God, the creator and preserver of all created things, reigns in and over all His universe, judges the quick and the dead, and raises, if He will, the soul to life, light, and immortality. Philosophy unfolds the past and present order of His providence in the known and knowable universe of fact and truth, and endeavors to explain, as far as man can comprehend, how it is possible for God and Nature and Man to exist as they have existed, and do in fact exist, and in what manner, and how it is conceivable and credible that He can create and destroy, remember and forget, govern, judge, and make souls immortal. Christianity is religious culture and worship: philosophy is the science of sciences, the Universal Science. Philosophy is to Christianity what Plato was to Jesus Christ. There must be a Plato before there can be a Jesus, and a philosophy before there can be a Christianity. Every man's Christianity will be according to his philosophy, whether he knows it or not. And when he has advanced his philosophy and his Christianity together to a knowledge of God and His providence in the universe, he will be sure to find them one, — but two names for "the same thing more large." Religion is the live worship of the living God. "It is not without cause," says Bacon, "that the Apostle calls Religion the Rational Worship of God;"<sup>1</sup> and again he says, "As to seek divinity in philosophy is to seek the living amongst the dead, so to seek phi-

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, Lib. IX.

losophy in divinity is to seek the dead amongst the living": —

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

*Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 2.*

He was one of the men, or rather the man of that age, for whom "this approaching and intruding into God's secrets and mysteries" had no terrors; nor, as it is even now with some, was he "unjustly jealous that every reach and depth of knowledge, wherewith their conceits have not been acquainted, should be too high an elevation of man's wit, and a searching and ravelling too far into God's secrets"; on the contrary, his spirit was rather that of Lear in the play: —

"Lear.

So we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court news; and we'll talk with them too, —  
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out; —  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
That ebb and flow by th' moon." — *Act V. Sc. 3.*

But, in a Latin fragment, never printed until lately, he takes care to distinguish the true limits of sobriety in the approach of sense-perception merely to things divine; "for if we attempt an impudent flight, on the ill-glued wings of sense, as if audaciously to explore more nearly the nature, ways, will, rule, and other mysteries of God, certain downfall awaits us. The summary law of Nature, which is like the vertical point of the Pyramid, in which all things come together into unity, — this, I say, and nothing else, is withdrawn from the human intellect . . . . Nor let any one fear that the Faith can be more diametrically opposed by Sense than by what is now believed by virtue of divine inspiration ["*afflatus*"]; such as the creation of the world out of nothing; the incarnation of God; the resurrection of the body. But for me it is perfectly clear, that Natural

Philosophy, which is (next after the word of God) the most certain remedy for superstition, is also (what may seem wonderful) the most approved aliment of faith; and the more deeply it penetrates, the more profoundly is the human mind imbued with religion."<sup>1</sup>

Allusion is frequently made in the plays to the ebb and flow of the sea and the action of the moon; this was a new theory of the tides, at that day, and Bacon had particularly studied the subject; and he wrote a treatise "Of the Ebb and Flow of the Sea," in which the action of the moon is curiously discussed, and the doctrine laid down very much as in the play: —

"*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon." — *1 Hen. IV., Act I. Sc. 2.*

Having lived in a world-prison, taking all knowledge for his province, from the beginning, when walled prisons were not far off, he was fully aware of the dangers which a philosophical writer had to incur from these same "packs and sects of great ones." They appear to have infested all ages: Anaxagoras had to flee from them; they made Socrates drink hemlock, and sold Plato into slavery; Aristotle had to escape through a back door into Thessaly; Jesus was crucified, Bruno burnt, Ramus massacred, and Campanella tortured; John Selden had to apologize, and Des Cartes, to hide his book; Spinoza was terribly excommunicated, and Locke banished; Kant had to stalk, Fichte, to resign, and even Cousin, to take refuge in Germany. Bacon, remembering that one of the uses of poetry was "to retire and obscure what is taught or delivered," and that "the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, and philosophy" might be involved in fables, chose a more cunning way, and got safely through by wearing a mask. But the Great Instauration itself, strictly scientific in character, and steering as clear as possible of any direct conflict with them, and full of paren-

<sup>1</sup> *Cogitationes, Works* (Boston), V. 485.

thetical savings of the established theologies, even though it flew too high over men's heads in general to be understood by them, drew down on him some animadversion from the current orthodoxies; so much so, that his friend, Mr. Tobie Matthew, deemed it worth while to give him an early caution on that head; to which Bacon replied: "For your caution of churchmen and church matters, as for any impediment it may be to the applause and celebrity of my work; it moveth me not. . . . But the truth is, that I at all have no occasion to meet them in any way, except it be as they will needs confederate with Aristotle, who, you know, is intemperately magnified by the schoolmen. . . . Nay, it doth more fully lay open, that the question between me and the ancient is not of the virtue of the race, but of the rightness of the way. And to speak truth, it is to the other but as *Palma* to *Pugnus*, part of the same thing more large."<sup>1</sup> In the *Advancement*, he gives a general view of his scheme of all knowledge, which he divides into Divinity and Philosophy. By Divinity, he appears to have understood, or at least to have included in it, "Inspired Theology," or the revealed religion of the Bible: it might not have been safe for him altogether to have omitted it, at that day. This department of inquiry, however, he places beyond the pale of philosophy, and being thus summarily disposed of, it no longer disturbs his philosophical investigations. In the *Novum Organum*, he ventures to say, that the corruption of philosophy, by the mixing of it up with superstition and theology, is of a much wider extent, and is most injurious to it, both as a whole and in its parts. . . . Against it, we must use the greatest caution; for the apotheosis of error is the greatest evil of all, and when folly is worshipped, it is, as it were, a plague-spot upon the understanding. Yet some of the moderns have indulged this folly, with such consummate inconsiderateness, that they have endeavored to build a system of natural philos-

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Matthew.

ophy on the first chapter of Genesis, the book of Job, and other parts of Scripture, seeking thus "the dead amongst the living." He is considering the Scriptures here, in the popular way, as the source of that living divinity, compared with which philosophy is, as it were, dead science. Doubtless if he had written in another age, or even in this, though to a wide extent still, the authority of Prophets, Law-givers, Kings, Messiahs, Apostles, Teachers and Workers of Miracles, and even the very letter and text of what they said, or wrote, the old poetic genesis of creation, books of ancient Law, Histories, Chronicles, Prophecies, Proverbs, Lamentations, Songs, Psalms, Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, in prose and verse, in Hebrew and Greek, are allowed to have more weight, and are more devoutly revered, than living divinity itself, —

"and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words," — *Ham., Act III. Sc. 4.*

he would have reversed the order of the expression, without changing his own meaning, and said, *seeking thus the living amongst the dead!* But "to turn religion into a comedy or satire . . . is a thing far from the devout reverence of a Christian"; and so long as "the church *is situate as it were upon a hill*, no man maketh question of it, or seeketh to depart from it"; but "*there be as well schismatical fashions as opinions*," and some appropriate "to themselves the names of zealous, sincere, and reformed; as if all others were cold minglers of holy things and profane, and friends of abuses. Yea, be a man endued with great virtues and fruitful in good works, yet if he concur not with them, they term him (in derogation) a civil and moral man, and compare him to Socrates or some heathen philosopher: whereas the wisdom of the Scriptures teacheth us contrariwise to judge and denominate men according to their works of the second table; because they of the first are often counterfeited and practised in hypocrisy. . . . And St. James saith,

*This is true religion, to visit the fatherless and the widow, etc.* So as that which is with them but philosophical and moral, is, in the phrase of the Apostle, *true religion* and Christianity.”<sup>1</sup> Indeed, when it is considered with what desperate pertinacity and dire perversion of all reason and sense the modern mind still persists in looking for living light only in the dead works of past history, taking old phosphorescent gleams for the veritable divine fire of the universe, one might almost be persuaded it would be a thing scarcely to be regretted, if a certain African Society of London should actually succeed in carrying the Bible into Africa.

In what is expressed in his writings concerning the revealed religion of Biblical theology, it appears that his views were of a liberal, comprehensive, and elevated character. The Prayers and Confession of Faith, which he put in writing, exhibit a sublime conception of the Divine Nature, the subtlest metaphysical theism, and a profound reverence for divine things. Nowhere does he descend to the level of a narrow bigotry, a contracted dogma, or any childish superstition. On the one hand, distinguishing “the faith” from science, he handed it over to the ministers of inspired theology: while on the other, he took care that God and religion should not by his aid be narrowed down to the set formula of any established church, dwarfed into the compass of any extant orthodox reason, nor circumscribed within the limits of any present state of knowledge. “Out of the contemplation of nature, or ground of human knowledge, to induce any verity or persuasion concerning the points of faith,” was, in his judgment, “not safe;” nor ought we to attempt to draw down or submit the mysteries of God to our reason; but, contrariwise, to raise and advance our reason to the divine truth.”<sup>2</sup> And so, also, “in the true inquisition of nature, men should accustom them-

<sup>1</sup> *Controversies of the Church*, I. Spedd. *Letters and Life*, 80-91.

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. of Learn., Works* (Mont.), II., 129.

selves by the light of particulars to enlarge their minds to the amplitude of the world, and not reduce the world to the narrowness of their minds." <sup>1</sup> On the contrary, the interpreter of nature rising from particulars and expanding his mind to the breadth of the universal world, and the human reason, searching into the mysteries of the Divine Being by the light of faith, and, with sapience, advancing to the full comprehension thereof, must both at length arrive at the same spring-head and fountain of all science, and find themselves standing together, at last, upon the same universal platform.

In philosophy, he considered that "the contemplations of man do either penetrate unto God, or are circumsfered in nature, or are reflected and reverted upon himself"; whence he divided knowledge into three kinds; first, Divine Philosophy or Natural Theology; second, Natural Philosophy, including Metaphysics; and third, Human Philosophy or Humanity, including all that pertains to the mind and the practical life of man. But over and above all, he thought "it was good to erect and constitute one universal science, by the name of *Philosophia Prima*, or Summary Philosophy, or as he sometimes calls it, Philosophy itself. The grounds and scope of this Summary Philosophy are merely indicated, rather than systematically and at large expounded in his works. Enough, however, appears, to show that he comprehended it in the full depth, breadth, and significance of a universal philosophy; and it was nothing less than realism and idealism all in one, — an identity-philosophy. The fundamental difference between cause and effect, substance and phenomena, being and appearance, universals and particulars, degrees and differences, unity and variety, he draws as clearly and in almost the same language as the best of the moderns. "Logic," says he, "considereth of many things as they are in notion, and this philosophy as they are in nature; the one in appearance, the other in

<sup>1</sup> *Nat. Hist.*, § 200.



existence"; but he had found this difference "better made than pursued."<sup>1</sup> He comprehended the necessary relation of cause and effect as consisting in essential continuous activity, or living power; and he had some adequate conception of the true nature of the First Cause, as "the last and positive power and cause in nature," and of "the mode of this thing which is uncaused." There is no extended exposition of this Higher Philosophy in his writings, and it may be admitted that his expressions are somewhat general and vague; but the outlines are there. He did not dwell here. Metaphysical thinking, from the time of Plato down to his own time, and especially in the centuries next preceding him, had degenerated into mere cloudy logomachies and dreamy mystical vagaries, and the great need was, then, that the human mind should be turned about and confronted with actual Nature, and drawn into the surer methods and safer paths of physical inquiry as the best, if not the only, means of escape from the bewilderment of mysticism, the wordy stupidities of scholastic logic, superstitious ignorance, and the all-deadening torpidities of orthodox theology. Nor is it to be supposed that mere beginners in the study would very easily make it out in his writings alone. But such as have been made masters in this hidden science by the study of the great transcendental teachers of it, from Plato downward to our time, will be apt to conclude, that the whole view lay open to him, and that he was at least able to be a master in poetry, which, according to a great modern critic and philosopher, is "the essence of all science, and requires the purest of all study for knowing it."<sup>1</sup>

In the general upshot, divine philosophy ascends up to God; natural philosophy is circumfered in nature; and human philosophy, or humanity, comprises all possible human culture, in which philosophy itself has its end and use for man, whose life begins in the sphere of physical

<sup>1</sup> *Advancement.*

<sup>2</sup> Carlyle's *Misc.*, I. 321.

nature, in the midst of the woods, thorns, and briers of the earth and the mere necessities upon it, and ascends upward by the several and successive degrees of ascent to the highest tops of mountains and uppermost elevations of nature, reaching, at last, "the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill" of the Muses, through the entire range of human culture, from the fundamental plain of nature up to the height of the divine philosophy, taking for "rule and guide," that "all knowledge is to be limited by religion, and to be referred to use and action." Philosophy itself, however, having its source at the spring-head of the highest cause, and beginning at one pole, as it were, of the Intellectual Globe, descends through the metaphysics of universals downward into actual nature; but the most successful way of studying it is, to begin in the field and sphere of physical nature itself, and, as it were, at the other pole of the Intellectual Globe, and to proceed by the paths, methods, and instruments of natural philosophy, taking metaphysic as handmaid and guide, until this second philosophy shall reach the height of the first philosophy, and the two become one, when the globe is completed, in a thorough comprehension of God, Man, and Nature, and in a perfect knowledge of the universal science and all philosophy. Then, the descent to all the practical arts would be perfectly easy, and the highest human culture would be attainable; but the end was not to be merely "contemplative enjoyment," but "a complete power of action." And so, in a true sense,

"the art and practic part of life  
Must be mistress to this theoric." — 1 *Henry VI.*, *Act I. Sc. 1.*

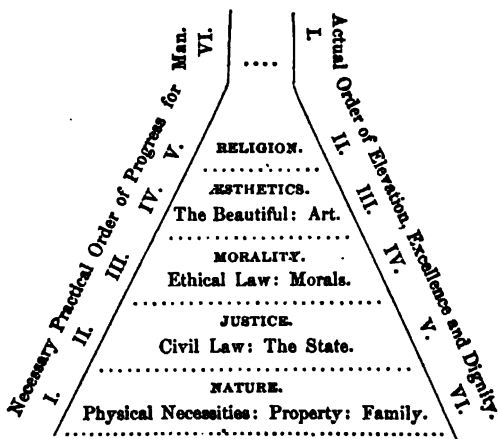
For it is laid down, that "nothing can be found in the material globe, which has not its parallel in the crystalline globe or Intellect; that is, nothing can come into practice, of which there is not some doctrine or theory."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug., Scient., Lib. VIII., Works* (Boston), III. 90.

And so, Jupiter, in the "Cymbeline," descends, sitting upon an eagle, and ends his speech thus : —

"Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline." — *Act V. Sc. 4.*

As touching the moral order in this business, it is (as it were) reverted on itself, the necessary practical order of progress for man ascending ever upward, while the actual order of elevation, excellence, and degree, stands eternally fixed and immovable ; and in the course of human culture, the soul, seeking "to climb Heaven" by the Hill of the Muses, or the Pyramid of Pan, in this Intellectual World, must proceed in a sort of inverted tunnel, thus : —



For, according to Bacon, "knowledges are as pyramids, whereof history and experience are the basis. And so of Natural Philosophy the basis is Natural History: the stage next the basis is Physic; the stage next the vertical point is Metaphysic. As for the cone and vertical point (the work which God worketh from the beginning unto the end, namely, the summary law of nature) it may fairly be doubted whether man's inquiry can attain to it. But these

three are the true stages of knowledge ; which to those that are puffed up with their own knowledge and rebellious against God, are indeed no better than the giant's three hills : —

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,  
 Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum : —  
 (Mountain on mountain thrice they strove to heap,  
 Olympus, Ossa, piled on Pelion's steep;) —

but to those who abasing themselves refer all things to the glory of God, they are as the three acclamations : Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! For God is holy in the multitude of his works, holy in the order or connexion of them, and holy in the union of them. And therefore the speculation was excellent in Parmenides and Plato (although in them it was but a bare speculation) *that all things by a certain scale ascend to unity.*"<sup>1</sup>

But a divine man must needs have more faces than Vishnu, and be able to see all ways at once ; not forgetting that there is higher law for higher regions, and lower law for lower regions. One face must look to physical nature, that he may make sure of life and health ; another face must look to property and family, that life may be comfortable here, with a hope of posterity coming after ; another face must look to justice and the civil law, that he may have safety in civilization, and keep his life, his liberty, his property, and his family ; another must see to good morals, that the soul may have rest and be at peace with the world and itself ; another must have an eye to the beautiful, that he may find heaven and be glad he is alive ; and another must pierce deep, quite through the natural into the supernatural world beyond, reaching even unto God and religion, in such manner as to see, that all, anywhere, now or hereafter, must necessarily depend upon the all-seeing divine providence, himself helping, or at his peril not helping, with all his might. For no man need expect to see

<sup>1</sup> Trans. by Spedding ; *Works* (Boston), VIII. 507.

God, before being able to see the beautiful ; nor the beautiful, before good morals ; nor good morals, before justice ; nor even justice, before being clear of physical necessities. Nevertheless, it will not do, to look after physical comforts, this year ; justice, the next ; morals, the next ; and religion, on the death-bed. The vision of the mind's eye must stretch always and at once from top to bottom, from equator to pole, and take all latitudes into one view. Until a man reach this height, and begin to lead a divine life in heaven, he may be sure he is not yet out of hell : through being of the elect the days of affliction are cut short : being once clear, he will then be also ready, either to go or to stay. But concerning the day and the hour, no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only. Be therefore awake. And then, — “ we defy augury : there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all.”<sup>1</sup>

For the rest, it may be left, with Bacon, to “ God's providence, that (as the Scripture saith) reacheth even to the falling of a sparrow.”<sup>2</sup>

The mind is the man. His power of thought, and the doings of his thought are himself. His material limitations and bodily investment are changing in every instant, in the constant flow of the physical stream : the soul only is his continuous self. “ A man is but what he knoweth,” says Bacon. So, too, God is the eternal mind of nature, continually thinking a universe. His power of thought and the acts and creations of his thought are himself ; the eternal course of his thought measures the perpetual flow of the providential order ; and so, the student of nature and philosophy, ascending, or rather, as it may be, descending, through particulars to the knowledge of the present existent universe and all its past states and conditions, so

<sup>1</sup> *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Nat. Hist.* § 737.

far as ascertainable and knowable, comes thereby to know Him so far, and by the contemplation of the entire scientific order and whole history of nature, in all its kingdoms, and man in all the streams and phases of his development, civilization, and culture, and the order of necessity, justice, good, beauty, and purpose therein, to comprehend something of the mystery of his providence. But He is something over and above and beyond any existent universe, or present state of his thought: He is the eternally continuing Power of Thought and "Immortal Providence,"<sup>1</sup> whose mind's eye sees all things; as when, in the "Measure for Measure," the reigning Duke, being about to absent himself from his dominions, devolves the government upon his substitute, but immediately returns himself in the secret disguise of a friar, in order to see how things will be managed by his deputy; and then, a chapter in human affairs is enacted in his presence, as if to draw down to the senses of the theatre some conception of an all-seeing eye. And when, on his return in person, it became apparent to the delinquent and erring deputy, that the Duke had been "a partaker of God's theatre," and that all his acts were known to him, he submits thus:—

*"Angelo.*                    O, my dread lord!  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

"For," says Bacon, "if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest;" and again, that "men ought to look up to the eternal providence and divine judgment":—

*"Miranda.*                    How came we ashore?  
*Pros.* By providence divine." — *Temp., Act I. Sc. 2.*

This is that same "Deity, which is the author, by power and providence, of strange wonders."<sup>2</sup> And again he

<sup>1</sup> *Tempest, Act V. Sc. 1.*

<sup>2</sup> *Nat. Hist., § 730.*

says : "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth" : —

— "arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below." — *Jul. Caesar, Act V. Sc. 1.*

And the strangers, that arrived in the island of Bensalem, in the New Atlantis, finding that the Governor knew all about them and their country, while they had never before heard of him or his island, were lost in wonder, not knowing what to make of it; for that it seemed to them "a condition and propriety of divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen of others, and yet to have others open and as in a light to them." Among other very admirable observations upon the ideal in Shakespeare, Gervinus makes this happy remark : "This ideality shows itself, also, in the high moral spirit, which in Shakespeare's plays controls the complications of fate and the issues of human actions, in that spirit, which develops before us that higher order, which Bacon required in poetry, indicating the eternal and uncorrupted justice in human things, the finger of God, which our dull eyes do not perceive in reality."<sup>1</sup> Indeed, throughout both these writings, the universe, human affairs included, is contemplated as being moved, governed, and directed by an all-pervading and immanent divine providence; a fact, of which the mere materialist, or politician, who imagines that states and peoples, lives and fortunes, are to be manipulated by cunning and manœuvre, like machines that go by wire-pulling and money, is not supposed to take much note, any more than certain politic church-building priests, but of which Hamlet seems to have been fully aware; as when, at the grave, taking up the skull that had been "knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade," he speculates thus : —

"This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?" — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Shakes. Comm.*, by Prof. Gervinus, II. 582 (Lond. 1863).

The world known to us may be but a small part of the whole existent creation : as far as we may come to see and know it, we may know Him and no further. So far as we are able thus to discover and see the course and ends of providence in the known and knowable universe of mind within us and mind without us, extending our view around us, and with the eye of prevision forward into the certain, the possible, and the probable future, as well as with the eye of science backward into "the abyss of time," back through the whole historical and traditional line, and thence backward through the archæological and ethnological lines, extending far into geological epochs ; and thence still backward through the entire zoölogical scale of ascending types of created forms and the stratified leaves of the geological record to the cooling crust of the molten globe ; and thence still backward, through the astronomical order, even to the time when the first forms of substance began to be created and gathered by the creative power into a spiral nebula, perhaps, to form a world, — when time and chronology for a solar system, or a globe, began, being bounded out of eternity, which is the possibility of time, and out of immensity, which is the possibility of space ; — and taking even so much of the past order of creation into view, and learning to comprehend the present and ever continuous order, with due perception of the actual and eternal, and with due prevision and anticipation of the possible and probable in the future continuation thereof, we may come not only to understand something of the mystery of His providence, but even to possess a certain degree and measure of foreknowledge ; but not otherwise. This law is never dead, nor asleep : —

" Now, 't is awake ;  
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,  
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)



Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But ere they live to end."

*Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.*

So much may be revealed to man ; no more can be revealed to him in any way ; for nothing streams into man from the supernatural world, in the direction in which the thinking soul comes, but his existence as such and the power to perceive, conceive, remember, think, know, and do. Thoughts, ideas, or knowledge of what the ideas and purposes of the Creator are, or have been, or foreknowledge of what they will be, do not, nor can, by any conceivable possibility, enter into the mind of man from that direction, nor by that road.

## § 2. DESTINY.

Men have tried to believe, that some Dæmon, or Genius, or Angel, or some other kind of spiritual phantasm, stood behind their inmost selves, pouring into them, as it were, from the supernatural world, thoughts, ideas, revelations, divinations, prophecies, auguries, and foreknowledge ; and that they had nothing to do but to put themselves into an attitude of passive receptivity, and to let these supernatural communications flow into them, as it were by the divine grace, or some kind of spiritual telegraphy. The idea is as old as Socrates, at least ; and it has made a large figure among the poets, both ancient and modern. Even Goethe must have a Dæmon, and a spirit must tell his Mignon who was the father of Felix. Our author had need of the same conception for his poetical purposes, and he makes good use of it thus :—

"*Macb.*                      And under him,  
My Genius is rebuk'd." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

and again :—

"*Sooth.* Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar is not ; but near him, thy angel  
Becomes a fear." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act II. Sc. 3.*

and still again : —

" *Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these: which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? " — *Com. of Errors, Act V. Sc. 1.*

and still again : —

" *Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so  
Cries, 'Come!' to him that instantly must die."  
*Tro. and Cr., Act IV. Sc. 4.*

and thus, again, in the "Julius Cæsar" : —

" *Brut.* Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The Genius, and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

And thus guardian angels, guiding geniuses, good dæmons, and spirits good and bad, have, from the earliest times, haunted the imaginations of men. The Chaldaean astrology, the Hebrew inspiration, the divinations of the Grecian oracles, and the Roman auguries, were little else than more or less gross forms of this same superstitious conceit. Even in the days of St. Paul the order of dignities in the Church was such, that prophecy and divination held only the second place, and miracle-working, only the fourth rank; for, says St. Paul, "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet shew I unto you a more excellent way."<sup>1</sup> Bacon treated all these imaginary supernatural powers, spirits, and gifts, with little more ceremony than he did those powers

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xii. 28-31.

of miracle-working faith, that presumed to command nature, — those “vast and bottomless follies,” which were to be driven back into the limbo of Paracelsus and “the darksome authors of magic.”

But, for the substance of the soul, he believed it was not “extracted out of the mass of heaven and earth,” but was “a spirit newly inclosed in a body of earth.”<sup>1</sup> He was not of the school of those who look upon mind, or soul, as a mere secretion of the brain, or as a simple result of some kind of arterial brain-flow and consumption of neurine, as light comes of the burning of a candle; for he says, “the nature of man (the special and peculiar work of providence) includes mind and intellect, which is the seat of providence; and since to derive mind and reason from principles brutal and irrational would be harsh and incredible, it follows almost necessarily that the human spirit was endued with providence not without the precedent and intention and warrant of the greater providence”; and in reference to final causes, he thought it was to be regarded as “the centre of the world.”<sup>2</sup> Again he says, “the soul on the other side is the simplest of substances; as is well expressed, —

— purumque reliquit  
Æthereum sensum, atque aural simplicis ignem.

Whence it is no marvel that the soul so placed enjoys no rest: according to the axiom that the motion of things out of their place is rapid, and in their place calm.”<sup>3</sup> It was not a product of dead substratum, but “was breathed immediately from God; so that the ways and proceedings of God with spirits [souls] are not included in Nature, that is, in the laws of heaven and earth: but are reserved to the law of his secret will and grace: wherein God worketh still and resteth not from the work of redemption, as he

<sup>1</sup> *Valerius Terminus, Works* (Boston), VI. 28.

<sup>2</sup> *Prometheus, Works* (Boston), XIII. 147.

<sup>3</sup> *Trans. of the De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 28.

resteth from the work of creation ; but continueth working to the end of the world ; what time that work also shall be accomplished, and an eternal Sabbath shall ensue."<sup>1</sup> Again, in the Advancement, he expresses the opinion that the soul of man "was immediately inspired from God ; . . . . and therefore the true knowledge of the nature and state of the soul must come by the same inspiration that gave the substance." This passage in a work intended for the general reader, and dedicated to an orthodox king, as well as some others, in popular works, might admit of an interpretation in accordance with some views of inspired theology ; but whether his idea of the mode and manner of this inspiration of a soul into the body was that of Gratiano, when he was almost made to waver in his faith, and

"To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men," —

*Mer. of Ven., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

or whatever precise signification may be attributed to the very common words, *inspired*, *breathed into*, or *infused*, it is plainly the substance of the soul that he considers as coming from that source, and in this way ; and any true knowledge of its nature and state, its origin and constitution as a speciality of thinking essence, must be sought in that same source, "the greater providence" itself ; that is, we may suppose, in ontology or the science of all being. Having thus got a soul, we must look into it in order to see what it is ; and a sound psychology will begin with the actual fact, and proceed with an exact analysis of its operations as a thinking power. In his interpretation of the Fable of Pan, he gives us some further light, with some more definite expression, on this subject, and proceeds thus : —

"The Nymphs, that is, souls, please Pan ; for the souls of the living are the delight of the world. But he is deservedly the commander of them, since they follow, each her own nature as leader, and, with infinite variety, each as

<sup>1</sup> *Confession of Faith, Works* (Boston), XIV. 147.

If in her own native manner, leap and dance about him, with never ceasing motion. And so, some acute one of the moderns has reduced all the faculties of the soul to Motion, and noted the conceit and precipitation of some of the ancients, who, considering of the memory, the imagination, and the reason, and, with careless eye, hastily viewing the subject, overlooked the Thinking Power, which holds the first place. For whoever remembers, or even recollects; thinks; and whoever imagines, likewise thinks; and whoever reasons, also thinks: indeed the soul, whether prompted by sense, or acting by its own permission, whether in the functions of the intellect, or in those of the affections and will, leaps to the modulation of thoughts; and this is what was meant by the leaping of the Nymphs." <sup>1</sup>

And in the following passage from the "Othello," we may discover a similar course of reasoning upon the will, and the thinking power acting by its own permission, thus :—

"*Iago.* Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbidden lusts, whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will." —  
*Act I. Sc. 3.*

A learned interpreter of the Sonnets, bringing the light of the "Hermetic Philosophy" to bear upon them, with an excellent appreciation of their quality, scope, and purpose in general, very justly remarks upon the 135th and 136th, in particular, that "far from being a play upon the poet's name, as many suppose," they "contain the poet's metaphysical view of God as Power" <sup>2</sup> or Will; an interpretation which may find additional warrant in the Baconian distinction between the human and the divine soul, fatally separated from each other (as our Hermetic philosopher profoundly conceives) by the mystic *Wall* of the flesh or material nature, as illustrated in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; for, between this poet and the philosopher, there

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakes.*, (New York, 1865,) p. 50.

is everywhere a remarkable concurrence of idea, and his doctrine of the will is made the burden of these singular sonnets, running thus :—

"Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store;  
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*  
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will thy soul knows is admitted there,  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 I fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy store's account I one must be,  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me a something sweet to thee:  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me for my name is *Will*." <sup>1</sup>

When Pyramus and Thisbe both die on the stage, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the play proceeds thus :—

"*Thea*. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem*. Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot*. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers."

*Mid. Night's Dr., Act V. Sc. 1.*

There is here most certainly an influx, inspiration, or infusion of a power to think; a power to perceive, conceive,

<sup>1</sup> See also *Shakes. Sonnets*, (Facsimile of ed. of 1609,) London, 1862; which uses italics and capital letters as here printed.

remember, and act; a reason and a power of will that, by its own permission, leaps to the modulation of thought. That power contains under it the whole content of the term soul, a self-acting, self-directing thinking power; and the analysis of that content gives the faculties of the soul, or those modes of operation, which are called the mental powers. This influx of the substance of the soul, as such thinking power, is all that comes from that source; and the conceit of a genius, dæmon, angel, or any other kind of soul or spirit, accompanying it, lying in behind it, and guiding and directing its operations, other than perhaps "the secret will and grace" of "the greater providence" itself, he would seem to have considered as a visionary invention of the imaginations of men. "Divination by influxion" was a notion of like nature, "grounded upon this other conceit, that the mind, as a mirrour or glass, receives a kind of secondary illumination from: the foreknowledge of God and spirits."<sup>1</sup> And surely, any supposition of revelations of the thoughts, ideas, will, and purposes of God being poured, inspired, or breathed, into this soul from this same direction, and in addition to the soul itself, like a "flowing river," of which the receptive soul is only a sort of "pensioner" and a "surprised spectator,"<sup>2</sup> as some think, or as any kind of secondary illumination out of the foreknowledge of God and spirits, can be no less superstitious and absurd than the fantastical vagaries of divination. Soul, indeed, streams into man from a source which is hidden, but his thoughts and visions are his own work. No knowledge of the supernatural world, nor of the ideas, thoughts, purposes, foreknowledge, and providence of God in the universe ever did come, nor ever can come, to man directly in that way, nor by that road; though behind this soul there may continue to be "the law of his secret will and grace," as in the play:—

<sup>1</sup> Trans. of the *De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Emerson's *Essays*, First Series (Boston, 1854), p. 244.

"*K. Rich.* All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny."

*Richard III. Act IV. Sc. 4.*

And the witch says of Macbeth, —

"He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear." — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

And again, the operation of this same grace may be distinctly seen in the following lines : —

*Mal.* Comes the King forth, I pray you?

*Doc.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great assay of art; but at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, Doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What 's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'T is call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king,  
Which often, since my here remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,  
Himself but knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,  
To th' succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sunny blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace." — *Macb., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And in the end, when he has been proclaimed King of Scotland, he concludes his speech thus : —

*Mal.* This, and what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,

We will perform in measure, time, and place." — *Act V. Sc. 7.*

"For we see," says Bacon, "that in matters of faith and religion our imagination raises itself above our reason; not that divine illumination resides in the imagination; its seat being rather in the very citadel of the mind and understanding; but that the divine grace uses the motions of the imagination as an instrument of illumination, just as it



uses the motions of the will as an instrument of virtue ; which is the reason why religion ever sought access to the mind by similitudes, types, parables, visions, dreams " : — <sup>1</sup>

"*Aug.* I did but smile till now :  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;  
My patience here is touched. I do perceive,  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member.  
That sets them on." — *Meas. for Meas.*, Act V. Sc. 1.

Bacon clearly saw, that over and above " this part of knowledge touching the soul," there were " two appendices," divination and fascination, under which he appears to have included all the imaginations, vagaries, and waking dreams of oracles, auguries, prophecies, visions and apocalyptic revelations, astrology, divination, natural magic, incantations, and miracle-working (spiritual-rapping having died out for once with the old Montanist schism long before his time) ; " for," says he, " they have exalted the power of imagination to be much one with miracle-working faith," and " have rather vapoured forth fables than kindled truth." All this was grounded on the conceit " that the mind, as a mirror or glass, should take illumination from the foreknowledge of God and spirits " (as stated in the *Advancement*) ; and the retiring of the mind within itself was the state which is most susceptible of these " divine influxions, save that it is accompanied, in this case, with a fervency and elevation, which the ancients noted for fury." But in his opinion, this divination by influxion, or any direct communication to man out of the foreknowledge of God, or spirits, was a mere superstitious conceit, such as had filled the heated fancies of the ancient Furies. But this part, he continues, " touching angels and spirits I may rather challenge as fabulous and fantastical : " —

" This is the very coinage of your brain :  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in." — *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 4.

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the *De Aug.*, *Works* (Boston), IX. 61.

Not by this way comes the knowledge of God, his thought, his purposes, his will, or his providence in the universe, nor of the duties, ways to happiness, destiny, or future life of man. If he would seek that knowledge, he must address himself to the fore-front view of the boundless universe of God's thought and providence, and by the light to be derived from the study of the laws and nature of thought in his own soul, and by the power of thought which is given him, and the light which it creates and lets be within him, both see and read, in that infinite book of revelation that lies wide open before him, as much as it may be in his power to comprehend and contain. It would certainly be idle for him to attempt to read any more, and absurd to imagine that more could be imparted to him in any way. No further revelation is, or ever was, possible to be made to any man. No greater revelation can be necessary for his use ; for, if he will but open his eyes and look into it, if he can but see far enough and deep enough, he may see the whole reflected in his own mind, which "God hath framed as a mirrour or glass, capable of the image of the universal world."

According to Bacon's interpretation, besides Mercury, who was the ordinary messenger, Pan, or the universe, was "the other messenger of the gods [*"alter Deorum Nuncius"*]; and this was plainly a divine allegory ; since, next after the word of God [the usual salvo to the Biblical orthodoxies], the image of the world, itself, is the herald of the divine power and wisdom ; as the Psalmist also sung, *"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."*

But it is idle for man,

— "proud man !

Drest in a little brief authority ;  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,"

to look for the image, or the reality, in the back of the mir-

ror; for, in this way, he merely makes a fool of himself, and

"like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep."

*Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2*

For nothing can be seen there but that "deceiving and deformed imagery," which the mind of man, in any age, has been, and is, capable of imagining and representing to itself, with or without the help of teacher, prophet, or messiah; book, bible, gospel, sermon, speech, or other mode of communicating the thoughts and visions of men to one another. Nevertheless, men will persist in looking for light and knowledge from within and behind the mirror, deceived by the miraculous reflection; for, as Bacon says again, "the mind of man (dimmed and clouded as it is by the covering of the body), far from being a smooth, clear, and equal glass (wherein the beams of things reflect according to their true incidence), is rather like an enchanted glass, full of superstition and imposture."<sup>1</sup> But in truth and reality, "man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does, and understands as much as he has observed of the order, operation, and mind of nature; and neither knows nor is able to do more."<sup>2</sup> And "every thing depends upon our fixing the mind's eye steadily in order to receive their images exactly as they exist, and may God never permit us to give out the dream of our fancy as a model of the world, but rather in his kindness vouchsafe to us the means of writing a revelation and true vision of the traces and stamps of the Creator on his creatures" [creations]. And in the plays, we have this same metaphorical use of the stamp, thus:—

"Aug.                      It were as good  
To pardon him that hath from Nature stolen  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their sancy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the *De Aug.*, *Works* (Boston), IX. 98.

<sup>2</sup> *Novum Organum*.

In stamps that are forbid. 'T is all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put metal in restrained means,  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'T is set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth."  
*Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 4.*

And again thus : —

"*Lear.* Hear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful!  
. . . . . If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth."

*Lear, Act I. Sc. 4.*

And thus again : —

"*Posth.* We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamped." — *Cymb., Act II. Sc. 5.*

And in the same play thus : —

"*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:  
It was a mark of wonder.  
*Bel.* This is he,  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.  
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

Nothing real is to be discovered in the back of the mirror : on the contrary, with all due reverence, "that angel of the world,"<sup>1</sup> or with the "three reverences" of Goethe, reverence for what is above us, reverence for what is around us, and reverence for what is under us, or Shakespeare's reverence for Nature as it stands "in all line of order and authentic place," and Bacon's reverence for ourselves, which is, "next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices,"<sup>2</sup> and that true religion which is founded upon a rock, wherein, according to Goethe, man attains "the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself

<sup>1</sup> *Cymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

<sup>2</sup> *New Atlantis.*

the best that God and Nature have produced," let us turn about and front the world, with all our faculties, perceptive, reflective, creative, intuitive, those first and last God-given guides to our steps, our hands, and our souls, with any help, indeed, that may come of such as are wiser, better, and more able to see than ourselves, whether poet, seer, philosopher, or divine, — whatever Saviour may be able to save and keep us from falling ; — but never losing sight of the mind of Nature and that Immortal Providence, which alone is most able to save : " So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Therefore must he work and be vigilant, thoughtful, reverential, prayerful, hopeful, cheerful, all the days of his life, and

" fling away ambition ;  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ? "

*Hen. VIII., Act III. Sc. 2.*

So, Goethe made the eternal " droning roar " of the universe sing through the " huge bass " of the son of Anak,

" Life's no resting, but a moving,  
Let thy life be Deed on Deed." — *Meist. Trav., ch. xv.*

And according to Shakespeare, " whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise ; " <sup>1</sup> or as Doctor Faust expounded out of the sacred original, " In the beginning was the Deed " ; or as Macbeth became thoroughly convinced,

" The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the Deed go with it." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

or as Philo Judæus interpreted out of the Old Testament, man being created in the image of Him, whose Word is his Deed ; — or, according to the old Bactrian Zoroaster's Ormuzdian Trinity of Thought, Word, and Deed, as taught by him in the year 6350 B. C.<sup>2</sup>

The final consummation of all philosophy, in that in-

<sup>1</sup> *Tro. and Cr., Act II. Sc. 3.*

<sup>2</sup> *Bunsen's Egypt's Place in Univ. Hist., III. 472.*

tended Sixth Part of the Great Instauration, was to have for its end and object, not merely "contemplative enjoyment," but "a complete power of action"; for in activity is our life and being and our greatest happiness, —

But that the dread of something after death, —  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of:  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action." —*Ham., Act III. Sc. 1.*

And Troilus, the youngest son of Priam, was

"a true knight;  
Not yet matured, yet matchless; firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath,  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindictive than jealous love."

*Tr. and Cr., Act IV. Sc. 5.*

Indeed, as the last outcome of the philosophy of life, all men find, with Bacon, that "it is pleasanter to be doing than to be enjoying," or, with the play, that

"Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing."

*Tro. and Cr., Act I. Sc. 2.*

But as for the perfect intuition of divine things, as Berkeley delivers out of Plato, that must be "the lot of pure souls, beholding by a pure light, initiated, happy, free and unrestrained from these bodies, wherein we are imprisoned like oysters. . . : It is Plato's remark in his *Theætetus*, that while we sit still we are never the wiser, but going into the river and moving up and down, is the way to discover its depths and shallows. If we exercise and bestir ourselves,

we may even here discover something.”<sup>1</sup> As Bacon also teaches, “much natural philosophy and wading deep into it, will bring about men’s minds to religion.” There is need, too, of great care and an all-seeing vigilance ; for in this world-stream in which we swim, there is always some danger of drowning.

While we contemplate the universe as the present state of the divine thought, and all objects and things in nature as the actual ideas, conceptions, or special creations of the divine mind, as form and cause conjoined, infinite particulars compacted, combined, compounded, crystallized, moulded, and constructed into the universal variety of things, all bearing the stamp of the Master Architect, and the whole full of movement and motion, from infinitely rapid to infinitely slow, an ever-flowing stream in which we float, as it stands forth for the time being to the perception of our senses and faculties, it must be remembered, also, that into this physical body of ours, existent at any and every instant of time as a part of those creations and a part of the streaming flow, there is inspired or breathed, or rather, specially exhibited within us, from underneath and within the physical web, but really from the same creative source, and in the same plane, as the physical creation itself, this finite metaphysical manifestation of that same infinite power of thought itself, and in essence identical with it so far, which, under its special limitations in this finite form, constitutes the soul as a special power of thought of the same nature, and therefore in itself self-acting and self-directing cause so far, and, as such, a self-moving soul ; but limited thus in degree of power and in mode of activity and in manner of exhibition of itself, invested as it is with the surrounding web and fabric of the whole physical universe, the rest of creation ; and so, coming to have a certain specific total constitution as a created object and a special subject combined in one — a man ; because it is

<sup>1</sup> Berkeley's *Siris*, *Works* (Dublin), II. 627.

most true, says Bacon, "that of all things comprehended within the compass of the universe, man is a thing most mixed and compounded, insomuch that he was well termed by the ancients a little world" (*microcosmus*):—

"*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust whereto 't is kin";—

and Mark Antony, describing the virtues of the "great Cæsar," says:—

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, This was a man!"

*Jul. Cæ., Act V. Sc. 5.*

And so of Imogen, in the "Cymbeline," Cloten says:—

"I love and hate her, for she 's fair and royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one  
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all."—*Act III. Sc. 5.*

For while, in this, we have at bottom merely two manifestations, or exertions, of one and the same creative power of thought, meeting from opposite directions, and, as it were, a convolution of the divine thought upon itself, or of one conception, or thing, upon another, there is this difference, nevertheless, to be observed, that the exhibition of the creative power, on the physical side, is more limited and in some measure fixed, more or less permanently, and so carried forward in time in the divine remembrance, wherein is the equilibrium of stationary balance and the stability and permanence of the whole universe in so far as it is ever stable and permanent: while that exhibition or exertion of the same power, which comes in the opposite direction (so to speak), and constitutes the essence of the soul, has a greater degree of liberty, though still limited in extent and sphere of activity, and in amount of power, by the very nature and mode of its constitution as a speciality of thinking essence, acting under the necessary laws of all thought,



and being in itself an exertion or exhibition, in a special way, of the one causative and creative power itself; as a wave of the ocean is, and is not ocean. And thus the soul comes to have a certain special existence as a special causative and creative power of thought, when considered by itself, together with a special consciousness of its own, and a certain limited sphere of liberty, free-will, and power of choice, beyond which and the farthest range thereof, and beyond the possible extent of practical effect of the soul's own action, all is the order of divine providence in the rest of the universe, and, as such, absolute fate for this soul, (being that fate which is providence, according to Bacon,) except in so far as the order of that providence may be changed in any instant (if it so please the Divine Majesty) to help and save such soul from its own follies and the innumerable traps into which it may blunder; and, as consequent upon that liberty, a certain degree of moral accountability, proportionate to the sphere of liberty and the given amount of power, and no further, on pain of immediate, ultimate, and inevitable consequences just so far. The unavoidable, irresistible, and terrible nature of fate, at once scourge of the vicious, heedless, reckless, and unwise, and affliction of the wisest and best, wherein "unaccommodated man" may find himself no more but "a poor, forked animal," or even worse, is portrayed in awful sublimity in the great play of Lear:—

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

This author seems to have had very clear conceptions of the nature of providence and fate, and of that fate which

*"Lady M.*                      Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal."—*Act I. Sc. 5.*

"*Macb.* Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope."—*Act V. Sc. 7.*

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Hence we have, added to the creations and doings of the divine mind, as such, the special creations, perceivings, and doings of the finite soul, as such; and in true statement, the universe is the thought of God, the uncreated thinker, plus the thought of all finite created thinkers; for the animal kingdom is to be included, down to the last point where a self-directing cause appears in action under a special consciousness, however limited; where conscious mind passes into mere unconscious instinctive function, existing and being moved under the divine consciousness alone; where, as Bacon expresses it, "art or man is added to the universe"; and "it must almost necessarily be concluded," he continues, "that the human soul is endued with providence, not without the example, intention, and authority of the greater providence."<sup>1</sup> This art has as wide a range in nature as the special creator: in man, it becomes a kind of lesser providence. "Man, too," says another philosopher, "creates and conquers kingdoms from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men."<sup>2</sup> All art is creation, as Plato said: "For that which is the cause of anything coming out of non-existence into existence is altogether a creation. So that all the operations effected by all the arts are creations; and all the makers of them are creators, . . . . are poets (*ποιηταί*)." <sup>3</sup>

This art may begin in a microscopic animalcule, or if not there, in the least ganglioned structure in which the eye of science can detect a self-acting and self-directing cause. It may live the life of an encrinite, and find its whole scope of activity in a stony cup. It may rule on the bosom of a swarm of organic instincts in the bee. It may have the eyes, fins, ink-bag, and hydraulic apparatus of the cuttlefish, and swim the ocean, being to some extent its own

<sup>1</sup> *De Sap. Vet.*, Works (Boston), XIII. 44.

<sup>2</sup> Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, 239.

<sup>3</sup> *Banquet*, Works (Bohn), III. 539.

pilot and protector ; or it may have a higher organization, a greater amount of power, and a greater range of thinking faculty, in the fish, reptile, bird, mammal, ape, or oldest Tertiary, or Quaternary, inventor of the flint axe, or earliest Papuan, Negro, or Titicacan, even up to the highest intelligence, widest range of liberty, and largest amount of power of thought and action in the latest and best Caucasian man ; and, in each degree of the great scale of being, have its own appropriate share in the management of its own affairs, and, in some sort, the affairs of the universe ; acting so far on its own responsibility, and helping, or as it may be, not helping, God create a world of order, art, excellence, and beauty. So, from the beginning, man has been a creator, according to his ability, of stone axe, bronze axe, iron axe ; bow and arrow, canoe, and skin-tent ; hut, plough, and shop ; picture-writing, hieroglyphics, alphabets ; house, temple, and city ; civil polity, sacred scripture, and jurisprudence ; poetry, history, literature ; science, arts, commerce ; philosophy and religious culture ; and the sum total of human civilization on this globe ; for all is the work of his art, invention, and industry, and a creation of his thought. There is no end to his creative function ; and his highest happiness, and his greatest good, is in being a creator. Carlyle agrees with the old monks, that "work is worship ;" and, certainly, Plato was not far from the same teaching, when he said : " But I will lay this down, that the things which are said to be made by nature, are (made) by divine art ; but that the things, which are composed from these by men, are produced by human art ; and that according to this assertion, there are two kinds of the making art, one human, and the other divine." <sup>1</sup>

Bacon appears to have entertained the same opinion ; and carrying this philosophy of art into his own studies of nature, he concludes, after much consideration, " to assign the Natural History of Arts as a branch of Natural History,

<sup>1</sup> *Sophist, Works* (Bohn), III. 180.

because an opinion hath a long time gone current as if art were some different thing from nature, and artificial from natural." <sup>1</sup> But he has ascertained that "nature is either free, unfolding itself in its own accustomed course as in the heavens, in animals and plants, and in the whole apparatus of the universe; or, by the perverse and intractable qualities of matter and the violence of impediments, it is detruded from its own proper state, as in monstrosities; or, again, it is constrained, fashioned, and, as it were, made anew, by the art and work of man, as in artificial productions"; that these, again, differ from the natural, not in "the form and essence" of the thing itself, but only in respect of "the efficient cause," or the "restrained means"; that man has no power over the nature of things, beyond a power of moving, so as to apply, or remove, natural bodies; and therefore, when natural bodies are applied, or removed, conjoining (as they say) the active with the passive, man can do everything: where this is not granted, nothing. Nor does it matter, if things are placed in order for a certain effect, whether it be done by man or without man." And so we see, that "while Nature governs all, these three things are in subordination, — the *course* of Nature, the *deviation* of Nature, and *art* or *man* added to things." So far the *De Augmentis*; and in the Advancement, he lays down, also, that "it is the duty of art to perfect and exalt nature": —

"so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes." — *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

As we learn from the Wisdom of the Ancients, the story of Atalanta was "an excellent allegory, relating to the contest of Art and Nature; for Art, which is meant by Atalanta, is in itself, if nothing stand in the way, far swifter than Nature, and as we may say, the better runner, and comes sooner to the goal. For this may be seen in almost

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient.*, II. c. 2.

everything; you see, that fruit grows slowly from the kernel, swiftly from the graft: " —

" You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock " ; —

but, " it is no wonder if Art cannot outstrip Nature, but according to the agreement and condition of the contest, put her to death or destroy her ; but, on the contrary, Art remains subject to Nature as the wife is subject to the husband." And, with but a slight change of the word *outstrip* for *outwent*, we may discover the same idea in these lines of the " Cymbeline " : —

" *Jach.*                      The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was another nature dumb, — outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out." — *Act II. Sc. 4.*

Darwin, prying into this subject from a merely geological point of view, and with the help of all that science had done for him since Bacon's time, discovers only that, by a certain kind of manipulation and tampering, he can produce all manner of domestic breeds and varieties, and, in short, almost, if not quite, an actual difference of species: whence he concludes, that what creates a difference of species in nature is, not any art in nature, but a certain blind manipulation of mere circumstances and conditions, — variation, divergence, inheritance, natural selection, struggle for life, and the like, — on a basis of dead substratum and the properties thereof, " laws acting " <sup>1</sup> included; as if, these being given, an animal could create himself as easily as wink. It seems never to have occurred to him, that any efficient and essential cause, or creative power, was at all necessary in the business; much less, that he should undertake to inquire what that cause is, or the nature of it, though so plainly in action there under his very eyes. Much

<sup>1</sup> Darwin's *Origin of Species* (New York, 1860), 424.

better and decidedly more Baconian, is the philosophy of the poet, Cowper: —

“ But how should matter occupy a charge,  
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law  
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd  
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,  
And under pressure of some conscious cause?  
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,  
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
Nature is but a name for an effect,  
Whose cause is God.” — *Task, Book VI.*

Darwin reasons thus: A species can be made to vary: therefore species is not immutable. Good. But Agassiz will not agree that Mr. Darwin can manipulate a new species into being; but only a transient variety, though presenting differences as wide as a difference of species, not a permanent species in nature; and he thinks the logic should run thus: Man manipulates a temporary variety into being; ergo, God created the permanent species. Good, again. But what if the temporary variety should continue permanent for a thousand years? or what if the permanent species should actually continue to change through the next geological period? According to Bacon, this art of manipulation, or placing things in order for a certain effect, whether by man, or without man, is not, after all, anything different from nature, nor artificial from natural, in respect of the form and essence of the thing: the art itself is in the “order, operation, and Mind of Nature.” Man, with his manipulation, can only help a little.

Now, in the year 1611, we find Sir Francis Bacon in full possession of Gorhambury and the beautiful gardens there, always a student and lover of Nature and a curious observer of her ways, in gardens or elsewhere, now diligently experimenting upon the natures of plants, flowers, and fruits, marshalling in their proper seasons rosemary and rue, primrose, violets, cowslips, hyssop and germander, —

“ Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,  
And with him rises, weeping; ”

practising in the art of grafting and the art of manipulation for producing new varieties, "carnations of several stripes"<sup>1</sup> and "streak'd gilliflowers";<sup>2</sup> trying "what natures do accomplish what colours, for by that you shall have light how to induce colours by producing those natures;" grafting "several scions upon several boughs of a stock"; gathering "the excellent dew of knowledge, distilling and contriving it out of particulars natural and artificial, as the flowers of the field and garden."<sup>3</sup> He has lately published the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, and learned from the fable of Atalanta as well as from his own experience, that art is swifter than nature, yet cannot outstrip nature, but must remain subject to her, as the wife is subject to the husband.

The nuptials of the young Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, are about to be celebrated at Court, with masques, triumphs, and stage-plays for many months. The succession to the Attorney-General's place as well as fables and gilliflowers, the art of politics as well as the art of nature, is constantly running in his mind. He is now in the mood for attempting another model, and the "*Winter's Tale*" shortly makes its appearance. As usual he snatches up any old romance that will serve for the germ of the story, so much the better if it be well-known and popular; and the popular tale of "*Dorastus and Fawnia*" is laid hold of for the present occasion. Perdita, the lost child of the King of Sicily, is cast away upon "the deserts of Bohemia," — his Bohemia will have shores if need be; why not? — and the young Perdita shall be brought up in a cottage among clowns as the daughter of an old shepherd; and this "gentler scion," growing upon "the wildest stock," will furnish a happy instance of the grafting art in the higher kind. But

<sup>1</sup> *Natural History*, §§ 501, 507, 510.

<sup>2</sup> *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3. Mr. White reads "*gilliflowers*," which is the old form of the word.

<sup>3</sup> *Advancement*, Book II.



at sweet sixteen, this "bud of nobler race" shall be clearly distinguishable still from "a bark of baser kind," at least to a king's son Florizel; but "the rule is certain, that plants for want of culture degenerate to be baser in the same kind," though

"Wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality." — *Sonnet*.

As is his wont, he will himself put on the mask, and slip into the scene in all characters, more especially, here, in the character of Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and, into the mouth of this blooming child of nature, returned fresh from her "rustic garden," with whole handfuls of the "fairest flowers o' the season," rosemary and rue, —

"Carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,  
Which some call Nature's bastards," —

he will put the best results of his latest meditations upon the art and mystery of Nature. For even Perdita had

"heard it said

There is an art which, in their pledness, shares  
With great creating Nature.

*Pol.* Say there be;  
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,  
But Nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art,  
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend Nature, — change it rather; but  
The art itself is Nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,  
And do not call them bastards." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

In the "Natural History," identical ideas, words, and expressions occur, if indeed any possible doubt could remain of the identity of the philosopher and the poet here; as for instance: —

"First, therefore, you must make account, that if you will have one plant change into another, you must have the nourishment overrule the seed: " . . .

"This I conceive also, that all esculent and garden herbs, set upon the tops of hills, will prove more medicinal, though less esculent than they were before." . . . . .

"The second rule shall be, to bury some few seeds of the herb you would change amongst other seeds;" . . . . .

"In which operation the process of nature still will be (as I conceive), not that the herb you work upon should draw the juice of the foreign herb (for that opinion we have formerly rejected), but there will be a new confection of mould, which perhaps will alter the seed, and yet not to the kind of the former herb." . . . . .

"The sixth rule shall be, to make plants grow out of the sun or open air; for that is a great mutation in nature, and may induce a change in the seed." . . . . .

"Some experiment would be made, how by art to make plants more lasting than their ordinary period." — *Nat. Hist.*, § 527, 531, 587.

Here, the identity of the idea is clear enough, and the same use of the words *change*, *baser kind*, and *art*, is quite palpable; and especially the outcropping of the same word *conceive* is one of those singular instances of the manner in which the vocabulary of the same author will pass into writings of a very different nature, but upon kindred topics, all unconsciously, perhaps, to the author himself.

We know from many parts of Bacon's writings, as well as from his personal biography, that he took great delight in gardens and flowers. The *Essay on Gardens* is alone sufficient to show that he had a delicate appreciation of this kind of beauty, as well as an exquisite taste in the art, of which he was himself a great master. He begins by saying, "God Almighty first planted a garden;" and he speaks of it as "the purest of human pleasures." He holds that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season"; and he proceeds to name the flowers proper to each month and season. Now, the flowers named in the cottage-scene of the fourth act of the "*Winter's Tale*" appear to have been drawn from one and the same calendar, and in about the same order as those of the *Essay*, as thus:—

"For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must



Here 's flowers for you ;  
 Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram ;  
 The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun :  
 And with him rises, weeping : these are flowers  
 Of middle Summer, and I think they 're given  
 To men of middle age." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And as another instance of the source of Bacon's metaphors, it may be noted that in a letter to Burghley he uses this expression : " though it bear no fruit, yet it is one of the fairest flowers of my poor estate ; " <sup>1</sup> which is repeated in another letter of the same year thus : " I will present your Lordship with the fairest flower of my estate, though it yet bear no fruit." <sup>2</sup>

Mr. Spedding notices these resemblances, and observes, that if this Essay had been contained in the earlier edition, some expressions would have made him suspect that Shakespeare had been reading it <sup>3</sup> : and well they might. But it was not printed until 1625, and, of course, William Shakespeare could never have seen it. Nor is it at all probable that Bacon would have anything to learn of William Shakespeare concerning the science of gardening. In short, when the Essay and the play are read together, written as they both are, in that singular style of elegance, brevity, and beauty, and depth of science, which is so markedly characteristic of this author, whether in verse or prose, it becomes next to impossible to doubt of his identity.

### § 3. THE GREATER PROVIDENCE.

Whence it may be understood how it must be impossible that any knowledge out of the foreknowledge of God, or through angels, dæmons, or spirits, or any information of his actual thoughts, intentions, purposes, or future providence, through divination, influxion, inspiration, or any kind of special illumination, can be imparted, or directly

<sup>1</sup> Letter (1597), II. Spedding, 52.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Egerton (1597), *Ibid.* 62.

<sup>3</sup> *Works* (Boston), XII. 235.

communicated, to man from within, behind, and beyond the origin and source of his own soul. Indeed, in this sense of foreknowledge, there is none possible with God himself, within the power of human conception; for, with him, to think and know is to create and bring into actual existence what is thought and known. The actual present state of his thought, in any instant, is the real universe that lies before us and around us. His purposes therein are revealed to us only in the providential order and scientific history of the past and present universe. The future continuity of the creation must depend, for the actual details thereof, upon his future thought and the plan and purpose that may be therein, in the freedom of his power or will; and it must be forever impossible to be foreknown to Him, or revealed to us. Man premeditates: God creates. His thought, his word, is his deed. Though man's thought be his deed, in respect of his own creative thinking, and his imaginations, his conceptions, according to Spinoza, "regarded in themselves, contain no error," it is not always so, when regarded with reference to things external to them, nor in his execution of his thought into outward act, nor in his judgment of the works of other men; much less, in his conceptions of the works and providence of God. The difference between the human mind and the divine mind must no more be lost sight of than their identity, in so far as identical. The common conception of Deity as of a being who reasons, deliberates, premeditates, and thinks within himself, before acting and creating; who frames ideals, types, and archetypes in his mind, first, and then moulds the chaos of dead matter into some degree of conformity with them, and gradually builds up a universe upon a preconceived and well-considered plan, like a common carpenter, who is angry and pleased, is offended and propitiated, and rewards and punishes, after the manner of men, is a weak invention, a mere waking dream, and the offspring of superficial and uncritical thinking.

Nor much better is that other view, that takes the universe indeed, to have been "the free conception of the Almighty Intellect," but as having been "matured in his thought before it was manifested in tangible forms," as if there had been "premeditation prior to the act of creation,"<sup>1</sup> and concludes from a consideration of the entire order of the animal kingdom, that "the whole was devised in order to place man at the head," and that "millions of ages ago, his coming was seen as the culmination of the thought, which devised the fishes and the lowest radiata."<sup>2</sup> For, duly considered, there is here no other anticipation necessarily, or logically, to be inferred than this: that when the first ideal type, for instance, the cell, wherein is the fundamental unity of type of the whole animal kingdom, was conceived and executed as one act in the actual creation of the first animal cell that was created, the entire ideal architectonic of the whole kingdom, man included, was then, as it may truly be said, merely within the bounds of the possible for the creative power, acting under the necessary laws of thought and in accordance with the divine nature and in consistency with his attributes of wisdom and goodness, within the scope and scheme of that most general type, whenever it should please the Divine Majesty further to conceive and execute other less general types in other actual details (still falling under that most general type, if it should so please him), in the order of his providence in the work of creating an animal kingdom. But until so actually conceived and brought into existence as a part of his thought, for the rest uncreated, it need be considered only as being as yet in possibility, and still lying in all the possibilities of his thinking existence, not yet thought out of non-existence even into the divine contemplation in any sense of preliminary premeditation; for He is that absolute Power of Thought, with whom "being and knowing" are

<sup>1</sup> Agassiz's *Contrib. to Nat. Hist. of N. Amer.*, I. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Agassiz's *Remarks*, (*Am. Sci. Disc.* 1856.)

one, whose knowledge is that Sapience which is at once both knowledge and wisdom in all that is, or will be, created, and with whom, to think is to create just so far and no further ; and so, in like manner, of any secondary and subordinate type, or less general ideal plan, in any branching direction, in time and space, of Branch, Class, Order, Genus, Species, or Individual, even to the minutest details, in the actual order of their creation and succession, existence and disappearance, in geological consecutiveness and progression ; individuals, only, having actual existence in time and space, form and cause conjoined, so as to present " tangible forms " and physical existence in nature, recognizable to human senses, scopes, instruments, and all the methods of experimental science, and copyable and conceivable to the human mind, no less and no more than those intangible ideal and more general forms, types, and archetypes, which fall within the scope of the intellectual vision and metaphysical science only ; for this science alone can discover, or see, the transcendental architectonic of the universe. And we have on the geological tablets and in living nature a record sufficient, when thoroughly studied, to enable us to penetrate the mystery, to see through nature up to nature's author, and finally to grasp a true science of the whole creation by that way, whenever we shall have arrived with Bacon at a knowledge of " the order, operation, and Mind of Nature " and that truth which, by the oath of Lear, was to be Cordelia's dower : —

*" Lear. So young, and so untender ?*

*Cor. So young, my lord, and true.*

*Lear. Let it be so : thy truth, then, be thy dower :*

*For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,  
By all the operation of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me,  
Hold thee from this forever." — Lear, Act I. Sc. 1.*

But we should take care, also, with Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, not to lend to God any intentions, but to observe and study the fact, and read the plan and intent therein, as a "revelation and true vision" of the actual thought of the Creator as it is found presented to us in the existent creation, or in what remains of any past creation, resting assured, all the while, that no thought, nor creation, is at all possible without plan and purpose therein. Nor need we expect to find any record, fossil or other, of any past creation that had no plan in it, nor imagine that any future creation will be given without a plan therein; though there has certainly been, and doubtless there will be, more or less of continuous change of plan in respect of the details, parts, or even whole of any given creation. And in respect of the fossil order and succession of animals, through the changing surfaces of past time, as in respect of the existing order and succession of them, in space, on the present surface of the globe, still as ever changing, when we collect, arrange, and classify the facts in a scientific manner, according to the ideal architectonic which our minds are capable of discovering in them, we may then find revealed to us therein what was the plan and purpose of the Creator in them so far, and what was the actual course of change of plan and purpose in them as they successively came into existence and disappeared, without need of any supposed premeditation further concerning them.

And herein, also, we may see how the thought of the Creator is indeed simultaneous in respect of any whole present state thereof, and also consecutive, no less than human thought, in respect of all change therein; inasmuch as it is continually streaming into time and space in nature, and continually vanishing out, or not vanishing, into oblivion, according as it may, or may not, be held in existence for the time being in the continuity of the Divine Remembrance. And of all this Plato had some knowledge, though not in that more exact and particular detail of natural laws



and physical facts in which our modern science also discovers it ; for he, at least, among the ancients, taught much the same doctrine, when he said that "that which is the cause of anything coming out of non-existence into existence is altogether a creation ;" that all creation is a work of art, divine or human ; and that a destructive change of thought whereby something vanishes out of existence into non-existence, — "do we not call this oblivion, Simmias, the loss of knowledge" ?

The fact of the Divine Existence, his nature, power, laws, wisdom, goodness, love, and perfection, being eternal facts, or unalterable necessities, or unchangeable attributes of his being, must be always known to him ; and they may be always known, foreknown, and predicted by us with unerring certainty ; and likewise even the general stability of the universe, the revolution of the heavenly bodies, an eclipse, or other like natural phenomena, so far as necessarily involved in that nature, those laws, and those attributes, and so far as necessarily implied in that general stability. So far as these things depend upon the necessary laws of thought and those unchanging attributes, and so far as in respect of them the Divine Remembrance is ever continuous, our knowledge of them may amount to definite and certain prevision ; for of these things knowledge is foreknowledge always : —

"*Imog.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.  
O, learn'd, indeed, were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open." — *Cym., Act III. Sc. 2.*

But over and above and beyond these eternal facts and necessary laws, the particular changes that may take place in the existent creation, or the particular details that may be given in any new creation in future time and space, can only be matter of probability and conjecture to man, grounded on his knowledge of God, and on what he may come to know of the past and present providential order,

plan, and purpose as disclosed in a scientific history and true knowledge of the universe so far ; for all this must depend upon his free will, which must remain forever free. Absolute foreknowledge in this would reduce God and his universe to mere necessity, fixed fate, and foreordination absolute, and the order of his providence to a blind, immovable, inevitable fatality, and world-machine. There is no conceivable possibility of such foreknowledge, and any attempt to conceive it, or state it, must always end in contradiction and absurdity : therefore no revelation out of any such foreknowledge can possibly be made to man in any way, and none such ever was made.

We should not attempt to conceive of God as a being outside the universe itself, and simply operating upon a self-subsistent dead matter as a something coeternal with him and distinct from his own thinking essence, substance, or power, but rather as the Master Architect, who works with his own materials, indeed, in the structure-building process of construction of a universe, but who is, at the same time, that absolute and sovereign architect, who first forms his own materials in whatever infinitesimal atoms, or thinnest imponderable ethers, and, as it were, Arachne-like, spins his material out of the one substance of all substances, himself, and builds ether upon ether, atom upon atom, crystal upon crystal, cell upon cell, and structure upon structure, throughout the fabric of nature, beginning the work at the point of beginning of all creation, where infinite passes into finite, and is bounded out of all the possibilities of a thinking power ; as when the sixty-two simple substances (more or less) were created ; or as when this evolving and constructing power, starting at the germinal dot, or innermost centre of the innermost vesicle of the seed, or the egg, spins the thread and weaves the tissue out of existing materials, and builds up a shoot, or an embryo, breathing into it, or exhibiting within it, at the same time, as much life, or as much soul, as it needs, or can have.

And it is precisely at such point, always, that a mathematical science of force, motion, revolution, number, magnitude, quantity, proportion, and instrumentation, begins to be possible ; for mathematics is the science of the laws of thought, creative or destructive, under which the actual given creation comes forth into existence, and alone can come : of which science of laws, again, knowledge is foreknowledge always, just so far. But for the rest, it must be left to the fabled three, Clotho, the spinner, Nemesis, the fate which is judicial providence, and Atropos, whose tearless shears are necessity and death.

What is given in the origin of the finite soul, is the special thinking power. That power is simply a specialization of the total divine power of thought ; and it is of the very essence and nature of that power to be self-acting and self-directing cause, and self-moving soul ; or nearly what Bacon calls "the highest generality of motion or summary law of nature," which God would "still reserve within his own curtain."<sup>1</sup> There is a difference between power and will, and between will and free-will. Will is that which measures the given amount of power, and the totality of all power ; and it is not free. It is a necessary fact : it merely expresses the fact of the existence of the power in its actual totality. The power as such totality is by its own nature necessarily in activity as self-acting and self-directing cause : this is a part of the fundamental fact of its existence. Free-will, again, is not the active, choosing, and directing cause, or power itself, but only the freedom of the power as choosing cause, and that which admits of difference of direction of the power which exists already as self-acting and self-directing cause. Free-will expresses only that necessary law and condition of all thinking, wherein is the possibility of duality, plurality, difference, variety, coördination, opposition, and involution of particulars, in the creation of conceptions : it is merely freedom as one of the possibilities of a thinking existence.

<sup>1</sup> *Valerius Terminus.*

But besides the freedom which exists under this inner law of thought, there is another kind of freedom for a finite soul; and that is freedom of practical action and effect, or operation, upon the body and the rest of the external world; for which the limitations are the order of divine providence in the rest of the universe external to the soul, and which, beyond the extent to which it may be modified or changed, by the action of the soul upon it as causative power, must exist as absolute fate for the soul. In that change, there is necessarily a certain concurrence in the mind of the Creator, ending in an equilibrium of stationary balance, depending on the necessary general stability of the whole and the essential natures of particular things, the providential plan in the distribution of particulars in the universal variety, the amount of power given and exerted in the twofold direction, and the extent and scope of liberty allowed to the finite soul as a practical free agent.

The direction cannot precede the power. Some direction must follow, of necessity, the activity of the power. A point cannot move without creating a line, straight, or curved, nor create a line without moving; nor move without causative power. Movement, that is, creation, begins at a mathematical point; and on this fundamental truth Newton based the Calculus."<sup>1</sup> The direction must begin at exactly the same point in time and space as the activity of the power. Free-will is that freedom or liberty on all sides, in which is determined the direction of the power in action as self-directing cause, within the given range of liberty, one way rather than another, giving the straight line, or the curve, and what line, and what curve. Will is that which necessitates some direction, and some line, or some curve, the power being in activity as an ultimate fact. The range of free-will for the finite soul is circumscribed by the limitations of its own specially constituted sphere of activity, consisting of the given limited amount of power

<sup>1</sup> *Principia*, Bk. I., § 1, Lemma II.

and the inner laws of power as thought, on the one side, and of the outer world, the external order of providence, or fate, on the other side ; within which arise and exist all the external and foreign limiting determinators of the self-directing power, the inner metaphysical and necessary, the external physical, whether fixed, or variable, the judicial, the moral, the æsthetical, and the religious ; and the range of liberty is given in the whole sphere thus constituted. Will, measuring the total amount of power, the inner limit of freedom on that side, expresses the fact of its existence and the necessity of some action and some direction, if there be a living soul ; even though it should be no more than is necessary in order to maintain a stationary equilibrium of bare existence as an active power. This necessary some direction is given with the power itself, at the same time and from the same source : it is a part of the ultimate fact of existence. As self-directing cause, this soul may give direction, that is, choose, within the given range of liberty, or it may not : if it do not so act and choose, then the direction of the power must be determined by necessity ; and the soul will act in the direction taken by the choice, if any be so taken, or if not, then by mere necessity and blind chance ; or it will move by virtue of that more inward and original direction, which it has received and possesses with its primal existence : wherein may consist that guiding and controlling guardianship, or " secret will and grace " of the Greater Providence, which may sometimes determine the direction and the choice, when the self-directing specialty, as such, is unable to decide and determine for itself, being for the time in a certain unresolvable quandary ; which guardianship, again, may be that which is sometimes called Luck, and sometimes Destiny, being that same

" destiny

(That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in 't" ) : — *Temp.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

or, as Holinshed wrote, "the divine providence and appointment of God, as St. Augustine saith; for of other destiny, it is impossible to dream."<sup>1</sup> In like manner writes Hooker, about 1594, in the "Ecclesiastical Polity" (which this author may have read), "that the natural generation and process of all things receiveth order of proceeding from the settled stability of the divine understanding. This appointeth unto them their kinds of working; the disposition whereof in the purity of God's own knowledge and will is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves here disposed by it, was wont by the ancient to be called natural Destiny. . . . Nature therefore is nothing else but God's instrument."<sup>2</sup> And Hamlet was not far from this same doctrine, when he said:—

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—  
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well  
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us  
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.*

That is most certain."

*Act V. Sc. 2.*

And so, this soul must act upon something out of the whole range and field of view, and either remain fixed in stupid equilibrium in one direction and upon the same thing, or it must shift upon the chosen things, or upon the destined things; as when a child first opens its eyes to the light, then needing much guidance and guardianship; and it will perceive, conceive, or act and do, something, or remain in stationary equilibrium; and that, too, by the determination of voluntary choice, sheer necessity, blind chance, or the all-seeing Destiny, out of the whole possi-

<sup>1</sup> *Chron. of Eng.*, I. 49.

<sup>2</sup> *Hooker's Works* (Oxford, 1850,) I. 158. .



Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
 Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,  
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
 And make him stoop to th' vale. 'T is wonder  
 That an invisible instinct should frame them  
 To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,  
 Civility not seen from other, valour  
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
 As if it had been sow'd! " — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

Thus is the soul constituted a special thinker and creator by itself, under a special consciousness of its own; and all its perceptions, conceptions, thought, ideas, knowledge, wisdom, culture, and insight, even to a knowledge of God and the universe and the order of his providence in it, must be exclusively its own, and arise out of its own special activity as such given power of thought, with whatever helps it may have. All the while, man must remember, that he lives in a world-prison as close as that in which the fallen King Richard meditated: —

"*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:  
 And, for because the world is populous,  
 And here is not a creature but myself,  
 I cannot do it; yet still I'll hammer 't out.  
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;  
 My soul, the father; and these two beget  
 A generation of still breeding thoughts,  
 And these same thoughts people this little world;  
 In humours like the people of this world,  
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
 As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
 With scruples, and do set the Word itself  
 Against the Word:  
 As thus, — 'Come little ones'; and then again, —  
 'It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'  
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs





tion and to fall back (as a wave falls to the level of the sea) into total identity with the "oversoul," the Greater Providence itself; a supposition, which would necessarily involve the logical and inevitable destruction and utter extinction of the special soul, as such; and it would vanish into silence and oblivion. True, this might happen, or it might not, at the will of the Creator: if the ocean covered the globe, a wave might roll eternally on a given circle. Says Jean Paul Richter, "I believe in a harmonious, an eternal ascent, but in no created culmination."<sup>1</sup>

#### § 4. THE LESSER PROVIDENCE.

Returning to the question of the origin and nature of the Lesser Providence, it is to be considered that the soul, so constituted, must exist as an object and a fact of the divine consciousness, in like manner as the body. The power given and specialized in that particular way in the creation of the soul in the universal distribution of variety in the totality of the universe, under that consciousness, must depend, always, for the amount of power, on the divine power in its freedom as self-acting and self-directing cause in the whole providential order and plan of the divine thought; and so, the capability of any soul to think — to perceive, conceive, see, understand, judge, know, and do, must depend at bottom upon the amount of power so given; and just so, from the lowest self-conscious animal up to the highest human intelligence. But nothing but the power and the specialization of it are given from that direction and on that side. Identity with the divine Existence extends no further than to this fundamental essence of the soul as a finite power of thought. By virtue of that identity it is power in fact of the nature of the power of thought, in a state of activity, and that "sparkle of our creation light whereby men acknowledge a Deity burneth still within," and, as such, self-acting, self-directing cause so far. Dif-

<sup>1</sup> *Kampaner Thal, Werke, XIII. 44.*

ference from the universal soul consists in the special constitution of the finite thinking sphere, so far as the specialization goes ; and it embraces the whole specialization and no more, the limitations being, on one side, the physical organization and the outward world, and on the other, the given amount of power and the necessary laws of thought ; and between the two sides or halves of the sphere (as it were) is, in fact, not a hollow sphere, nor a blank-sheet *sensorium*, but only that invisible sheet-plane which is yet neither a substance, nor a space, but a mere region of possibility of thinking, action, and sense-perception, and that same All Possibility in which God himself exists and creates the universe as His thought. In this unbounded possibility, in which lies the whole outer world and field of sensible experience, however undiscoverable its limits to us, as well as our own inner world of intellectual conception, there is no end to the creations of God and man : art and science have no bounds in this direction, being limited, in this respect, in man, or animal, only in the exhaustion of his power to act, to discover, and to create, but being, in God, as boundless as all the worlds of his creation, that are, or have been, and as inexhaustible as the eternal continuity of his existence and power to think and create.

But it is in the special constitution and by virtue of the specialization, only, that special thinking and a particular consciousness arise. The whole individual identity of the soul as a thinking personality depends upon the specialties, and it must cease if and when they cease. The soul so specialized, and bounded like a wave out of the whole ocean of soul, stands as a created object and a thought in the divine consciousness, in the same manner as a tree, or a microscopic cell of a tree ; but while it is such object in the divine mind, it is also a special subject for itself. But a tree, or a cell, is not, any more than is a body without a soul. The inner powers active in a cell are in motion under the divine consciousness alone, like all the powers of phys-

ical nature, to which we give no higher name than mechanical, chemical, electrical, or, in general, physical forces. But when we come to a self-acting, self-directing, self-conscious power, a new name is necessary in all science and in all languages to designate this new fact and peculiar phenomenon; and it is called a mind or a soul. As Plato says, and it cannot well be better said, "the beginning of motion is that which moves itself; and this can neither perish, nor be created, or all heaven and all creation must collapse and come to a standstill, and never again have any means whereby it might be moved and created"; and again, he says, "every body which is moved from without is soulless, but that which is moved from within, of itself, possesses a soul, since this is the very nature of soul."<sup>1</sup> And so, says Bacon, "all spirits and souls of men came forth out of one divine limbus": —

"Porter. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days." — *Hen. VIII., Act V. Sc. 2.*

It has become as difficult in science to draw the dividing line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms in respect of organization as it has been, in metaphysics, to mark the line of division between instinct and intelligence. There is a large class of animalcular cell-like bodies, with reference to which naturalists of the highest distinction differ in opinion as to whether they belong to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom; and of many species, even an Ehrenberg cannot determine with his microscope whether they are to be classed with animals, or with plants. Science is every day shifting some species from the one kingdom into the other. That they have an apparently voluntary motion, vibratory, or oscillatory, or revolving, is not sufficient to determine the question; for in this they are all alike. And Lankester finally resolves the essential organic difference between the two kingdoms into a difference of merely

<sup>1</sup> *Phædrus, Works* (Bohn), I. 321.

chemical operations. Nevertheless, it is easy to distinguish a mere excito-motory instinctive motion, whether of a sensitive plant, or a sensitive animal, which is a mechanical or a physiological result of organization and applied forces, from an independent self-moving, self-directing cause and a self-conscious power. The most delicate water-creeper, the most infinitesimal rotifer, starts and stops, goes and comes, as he wills. A loom, be it ever so ingeniously constructed, presents only a certain mechanical practicability of cloth being woven: it has not, nor can it have, a self-moving power to weave cloth, as the spider has, to spin and weave his web. Applied power, as of water or steam, may put the instrumental machine in motion; but even then, it weaves nothing, and only runs as an empty mill. The power that actually weaves cloth is only in the soul of the weaver. It is clear, that the fly-catching movement of the leaf of *Dionæa*, or the vibrating motion of the leaflet of *Hydesarum*, or the life-like motion of the sensitive *Mimosa*, is a mere result of organization and of the action of external or internal physical forces or both together, though a Schleiden cannot discover the "causes" with his microscope.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, all nature is, in one sense, alive: —

"All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being; to our mind,  
In their ascent and cause": — *Herbert*.

or as another poet sings: —

"L'anima di ogni bruto e delle piante  
Di complession potenziata tira  
Lo raggio e il moto delle luci sante." — *Dante, Par. c. vii.*

The eye of science has not yet discovered, in all cases, the exact stage in the scale of organized being, whether in the Kingdom, or in the Branch, or in the individual, where this kind of power first distinctly appears in a special form: the exact point of its first appearance in the flow of the physical stream may not be very essential. Nor is it at all

<sup>1</sup> Schleiden's *Prin. of Botany*, p. 554 (London, 1849).

necessary that this fact should be taken as a criterion of distinction between an animal and a plant, or between one Branch, or Class, of the animal kingdom and another, but only, for that matter, between an excito-motory, or merely instinctive function and a self-conscious power or will, between an animal that has, and one that has not, a self-moving soul, though it be so limited and diminutive in amount of power of thought and action in the particular instance as to be sometimes rather called an instinct than a soul. But it is necessary critically to distinguish between a true soul and that structural, physiological, excito-motory function of motion and even apparent self-activity which is properly called an instinct; that is, between a movement which is due to the Greater Providence and one that is the work of the lesser providence as such.

It was an opinion of Bacon, that even insects had some small amount of mind. "The insecta," he writes, "have voluntary motion, and therefore imagination; and whereas some of the ancients have said that their motion is indeterminate and their imagination indefinite, it is negligently observed; for ants go right forward to their hills; and bees do (admirably) know the way from a flowery heath two or three miles off to their hives. It may be, gnats and flies have their imagination more mutable and giddy, as small birds likewise have. . . . And though their spirit [soul] be diffused, yet there is a seat of their senses in the head."<sup>1</sup>

It is evident that all mental manifestation or exhibition of psychical power in man or animals is immediately connected with, and somehow dependent upon, the brain and nervous structures. At the base of the kingdom, Owen finds the Protozoic *Acrīta* without a nervous system. With the *Nematoneura*, a mere thread-nerve appears. The next ascending type (*Radiata*) is characterized by an oesophageal nervous ring; the next (*Articulata*) has two ganglia in

<sup>1</sup> *Nat. Hist.*, § 693.

this ring, one above and one below the œsophagus ; and as we ascend in the scale, this upper ganglion becomes a true cerebrum, and the lower, a cerebellum ; that is, they will be found to correspond in ganglionic function. In the next type (*Mollusca*), we have three ganglia in the œsophageal ring, the third and additional one corresponding in nervous function with the medulla oblongata of the higher Branch (*Vertebrata*.) In the cuttle-fish (*Sepia*), the highest type of mollusc, these three ganglia are already well concentrated into the head, and the cerebral ganglion has now become a well-defined cerebrum, and begins to be enclosed in a cartilaginous brain-case. In the first class of Vertebrates (*Fishes*), the second ganglion, too, has become a distinctly rounded nodule and a well marked cerebellum ; and the whole brain begins to be enclosed in a brain-case, cartilaginous, at first, and afterwards and higher in the scale, in a bony cranium. In these *Fishes*, the three ganglia, now become a distinct triplex brain, lie extended on a horizontal line, with the cerebrum in front, then the cerebellum, and last, the medulla oblongata ; and the cerebellum is smallest in comparative size, the cerebrum larger, and the medulla oblongata, largest. In the *Amphibia*, the next higher type, the cerebellum has become larger than the cerebrum, the medulla oblongata being still the largest. In the next higher, the *Reptiles*, the cerebrum is still smallest, and the other two have become nearly equal in size. In the *Birds*, the next higher still, the cerebrum is largest, the other two remaining nearly equal in size. And in the *Mammals*, the cerebrum has become still larger in comparison, and the cerebellum larger than the other. And with the relative and comparative size goes, in general, the increase in development and complication of the brain structure. And still further, with the *Birds* the cerebrum, moving backward in position, already begins to be placed partly above the other parts of the brain ; in the *Mammals*, it covers them still more ; in the *Lemurs*, the first family

of the Ape tribe, it is placed nearly on top of the other parts, not yet quite covering them ; in the higher Apes, it fully covers them, and in Man, still more completely ; and this progress, on the whole, appears to exhibit an ever increasing development and perfection in respect of the extent, depth, complication, and distinctive prominence of the convolutions of the brain, and, as it would seem, with a corresponding degree of fineness and delicacy in the most intimate and inward organization and structure of the microscopic cell-tissues ; and the whole ascending order of development, arrangement, evolution, and new creation of artistic form, is thus completed in the erect stature and commanding presence of the lord of creation. Not that this progress consists in any mere development along one continuous line of linear descent ; for such is not wholly the fact ; but it takes place along several divergent and consecutively branching lines of linear descent, travelling over different surfaces in space in concurrent times, the concurrent spaces and times giving the distribution in time and space, and the true ascent is in respect of the ideal type alone, executed in material form in the individual, wherein it is seen how the whole is an ideal and real creation in time and space, or times and spaces, and a work of thought only. Herder, as well as Agassiz, was able to see this gradual approximation to the erect posture and the right angle of highest perfection in this direction, and that all further ascent must needs be exclusively in the intellectual and moral order, in power of soul, knowledge, discipline, and culture.

Throughout the scale, taking the nervous system and the brain in particular as basis of the comparison (with Owen), as is just, mind and the order of exhibition of psychical power being the most fundamental and important thing of all, the correspondence of the psychical powers and faculties with the organic structures, from the thread-nerve to the full human brain, is clearly manifest. In the thread-nerve,



it is scarcely more than a physiological function ; in the nerve-ring, it is no more than a mere excito-motory instinctive function ; in the homogangliate duplex brain of the Articulates, a self-conscious, self-directing psychical power becomes more decidedly evident, with an increased amount and variety of sensational phenomena ; the heterogangliate triplex brain, in the molluscous cuttle-fish, reaches a still higher degree of mental manifestation and power ; and in the Vertebrate Branch, with still greater concentration into the head and a more rapidly increasing development and evolution and new creation of brain structure, in comparative relation to the whole body and to the Class, or Branch, the whole psychical and sensational endowment advances by ascending steps and degrees, as the animal procession, in the order of creative divine providence, advances in geological time from out of the sea into the air, from sea and air to shore and land, to island, to continent ; and it becomes difficult (though it may yet be possible) to say, exactly when and where finite mind, or soul, first began ; for as we trace backward the order of the ascent in past time, just as when we attempt to trace it in the order of ascent in the scale of classification in present space, we find it dwindling by degrees from the highest intellectual power in man down to a mere instinct, to a simple function of motion, or even to merely physiological, mechanical, and general physical powers or forces.

A fabulous opinion is still quite prevalent, that man only (and some would even leave out the lowest races of men as well as the higher apes) has a soul. It is based upon certain foggy, mystical, and obscure notions of the Biblical revelation, and means only that man alone has such a soul as can be saved and go to Heaven. Dr. Carpenter thinks there is no mind, or soul, below the Vertebrates. What his idea of mind or soul is, it would be difficult to determine or define. The phrenologists begin by assuming at once a whole psychology, wherein the human mind appears to be

an agglomeration of some forty distinct faculties and powers, which they as readily proceed to locate within the skull from the outside. Carpenter works from the inside, but ends in finding a "Sensorium" in the Sensory Ganglia (*thalami optici* and *corpora striata*), wherein he seats what he calls "Sensation," "Ideation," and "Consciousness"; and he discovers "internal senses" in the commissural fibres, and locates the will and intelligence in the cortical substance of the cerebral hemispheres. This, too, is psychology with "a splitting power."

The work of creation of an individual seems to proceed in a manner closely analogous to the mode of procedure in the creation of an animal kingdom. Descending by the light of science and the help of the microscope into the inner laboratory of God and Nature, wherein the work of creation never ceases, we arrive at length at the germinal vesicle with its central dot, or point of beginning of the creation of the new individual, being nearly that same mathematical point at which all creation, divine or human, always and everywhere begins. From this centre proceeds the formation and evolution of new cells as materials of construction. All sorts of powers are evidently at work here, mechanical, physiological, chemical, electrical, or other, and, underneath these, the creative thinking power itself, wielding all these other and secondary forces as means and instruments, under the laws and conditions thereof, and using the existing forms of substance and modes of force, solid, liquid, gaseous, or ethereal, as materials and instruments at hand ready made for the work; and the artistic operation begins. — How do you know this? Know it! When we see a Homer's Iliad, do we not know it came from the soul of a Homer? or a St. Paul's, a St. Peter's, a watch, or a world, do we not know it came from the mind of the architect and artist? for, surely, of all things else we know anything about, nothing but mind works and creates in that way.

But this work does not proceed beyond a certain stage, it seems, according to the nearest scientific exploration, until the male seminal cells actually reach the outside of the initiative egg-cell, containing this germinal vesicle, and there deliquesce in contact (and M. Tulasne finds it to be just so, in the vegetable kingdom,) the fluid contents of these cells being taken into actual mixture with those of the egg-cell by imbibition or endosmose through the cell-walls. So much science has settled for us ; and this is called impregnation. Reinforced thus, the work of producing new cell-material starts anew and proceeds with renewed vigor. By a wonderful process of segmentation, it seems, a single cell, or a whole mass of cells, is made by halving to chop itself into a million portions, each containing a part of the contents of the parent cell, or mass of cells, and a share of the cell-producing power, which appears, in some measure, to continue throughout the life of the new animal, living in all the tissues, and not exhausted even in the hardest bone ; and so, the work of new creation continually runs along the interior basis of the individual structure, in like manner as it runs along the base of the entire animal pyramid and of the entire vegetable pyramid. Materials enough being ready, the Architect (so be the work be not detruded by the intractable and perverse nature of matter, and by fatal intervening impediments, and thereby deviated from the ordinary course,) distributes them into layers ; out of one he fashions an alimentary canal system and reproductive organs, and this we may call the first story of the building ; out of a second layer, he unfolds a whole vascular system of heart, lungs, arteries, veins, for a second story ; and for the third, out of the other layer, (which is first begun,) he moulds the skeleton (to serve as basement) and the muscles, tendons, tissues, nerves, and brain, for frame-work and inside finish of the whole fabric ; and the brain is pushed up, as it were, into the very top and dome of the living temple. But, by the time this embryonic process of evolu-

tion and construction is completed, there begins to be exhibited from within the cerebrum, at whatever exact point in time and space, the psychological phenomenon of an actual thinking soul and a specialized manifestation of that same creative thinking power that built the embryo; and thus a veritable incarnation of the Word is accomplished: —

“E tutti li altri modi erano scarsi  
 Alla giustizia, se il figlio di dio  
 Non fosse umiliato ad incarnarsi.”

*Paradiso di Dante, c. vii.*

[And all the other modes were insufficient  
 For justice, if the son of God did not  
 Humiliate himself, and be incarnate.]

Nutrition ascends from the first story into the second, and from thence into the third, and even down into the basement, and upward into the dome, and so keeps the animal alive. That the work proceeds, in each individual, through nearly all the ascending steps and grades of cell-development and embryological evolution as exhibited in the graduated ascent of the entire animal kingdom as a whole, or in the Vertebrate Branch, in particular, in respect of type, passing through fish, reptile, bird, mammal, monkey, up to man; or, that the construction proceeds by stories, somewhat as in the entire kingdom of organic nature, with mineral structures in the first or basement story, with reproductive organs only in the second, as in Protozoa, with a nutritive system, only, in the third, as in some lower orders of animals and in the vegetable kingdom also, and then a vascular system superadded in a fourth story, and a nervous system in a fifth and last, with an internal skeleton and a true and perfect brain in the uppermost loft of all; — all this is only to be taken as another evidence that the Divine Architect takes his own simplest and perhaps nearest way in all his works: all which not only seems to be true, according to exact science, but agrees remarkably well with that divine revelation, which the shade of the poet

Statius made to Dante, when under the guidance of the soul of Virgil, he had reached the seventh hill in Purgatory, concluding in these words : —

“ Ma come di animal divegna fante,  
Non vedi tu ancor: questo è tal punto,  
Che pui savio di te già fece errante,  
Sì, che per sua dottrina fè disgiunto  
Dall' anima il possibile intelletto,  
Per che da lui non vide organo assunto.  
Apri alla verità, che viene, il petto  
E sappi che, sì tosto come al feto  
Lo articular del cerebro è perfetto,  
Lo motor primo a lui si volge lieto  
Sovra tant' arte di natura, e spira  
Spirito novo di virtù repleto,  
Che ciò, che trova attivo quivi, tira  
In sua sustanza, e fassi un' alma sola,  
Che vive, e sente, e sè in sè rigira.” — *Purg.*, c. xxv

[But how an infant of the animal  
Doth come, thou see'st not yet: this is such point,  
That wiser men than thou have err'd therein, —  
They, who by their own doctrine have disjoin'd  
From soul the possible intelligence,  
Because they saw no organ by 't assum'd.  
Open thy heart to th' very truth which comes,  
And know thou, that as soon as in the fetus  
Th' articulated brain is once perfected,  
Himself kindly to 't the First Mover turns,  
On so much art of Nature, and inspires  
A new spirit, with virtue all replete;  
So that you see, what 's found there active, shoots  
His essence in, and makes a soul distinct,  
Which lives, and feels, and rules itself in self.]

The ascent from the bottom of the animal kingdom up to the top, as from the vesicular cell up to the full-grown man, is by a wide scale of steps and degrees. Until a nerve is reached, there can be no pretence that any special psychological power exists in any particular structure. In certain microscopic animalcules in which fine nervous threads, infinitesimal ganglia, and some appearance of senses, seem to be discernible, if really so, as also in the Nematoneura and the Radiata, there is little or no ground of probability that

there exists anything more than that kind of physiological movement and excito-motory and reflex nervous action in obedience to external, or internal, sensational impressions, which may properly be called instinct, and in which there is otherwise no distinct self-moving, self-conscious power. The ganglia of the œsophageal ring in Articulates and Molluscs, though in part subservient to certain senses and to the functions of sensation and motion, must be, for the most part, (if not entirely), like the other ganglia of these animals, confined to the same kind of excito-motory and reflex activity, which is to be considered as purely physiological in its nature, with the addition, perhaps, in the upper or cerebral ganglion, of that very small degree of psychical power, which is necessary to give a faculty of choice in the direction of the muscular movements and the motions of the animal, in obedience to actually present sensations, determining the animal to one direction, or to one act, rather than another, but not amounting to such a degree of this power as to be capable of conceiving ideas, ideal images, conceptions of imagination, or dreams; much less, of carrying on any continued, or connected, process of rational thinking. Indeed, it is conceivable, if not probable, or even very certain, that the highest power of soul in man, under special circumstances, as when in sound sleep, or as when stunned by a blow on the head, or under the suffocation of carbonic acid gas, or the influence of chloroform, or in any comatose state of the brain, or in disease when near the point of unconscious insensibility, or death, or when as yet unborn, may sink, or only rise, for the time being, to a like diminutive degree of psychical power, and yet be a distinct living soul. It must be admitted that insects and molluscs, say, for instance, the bee, with his skilful instincts and industrial economy in the composite organic structure of the swarm, or the cuttle-fish, with his larger cerebral ganglion, his great powers of motion, and his cunning arts of self-protection, possess the power and faculty

of voluntary motion, at least ; but this, perhaps, need not argue more of psychical power, or self-directing will, than a simple power of choice between present conflicting sensations, in conformity also with the mechanical, physiological, and other physical conditions, which result from their organization and the state of existence in which they live. If the act of the bee in returning straight to his hive when laden with honey from the flowery mead, wherein he seems to have something of the faculty of the wild Indian in the deep woods, if the act of the cuttle-fish in darkening the waters with his ink when danger threatens, necessarily implies some degree of memory as well as an act of will, or choice, we may as easily allow the memory as the choice, and also such small degree of psychical power, or soul, as is therein necessarily implied ; and in this memory, there is also necessarily implied some small faculty of imagination, that is, a capability of framing ideal conceptions in a thinking soul, however limited in amount and degree of power. In general, nerves and ganglia are plainly subservient to the physiological processes of the animal economy merely. The three great ganglia, which gradually become concentrated into the head, are as clearly subservient, in the first instance, and excepting only the cerebral, first and last, to those functions of sensation and muscular motion, for which an excito-motory and reflex activity of a merely physiological nature may be considered as sufficient. But this cerebral ganglion, even in these Articulates and Molluscs, as later among the Vertebrates, would seem to be the seat, also, of some small degree of that higher kind of power, which can only be designated as psychical power, or soul that thinks and moves itself.

As we ascend the scale in the Vertebrate Branch, we find an increased development of these same ganglia, corresponding with the increased faculties of sensation and the increased power and complexity of muscular motion ; and with the enlargement of the cerebral sensory ganglia into

expanded cerebral hemispheres, with an ever increasing proportion in size, convolution, and fineness of texture therein as the scale mounts, we find this same psychical power exhibited, everywhere and throughout, in a very nearly, if not an exactly, corresponding proportion ; so that no one can deny, for instance, that the psychical powers of the higher apes, as in the Orang, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla, approach as much more nearly to those of man, on the whole, than do those of the other inferior orders of animals, as the structure and development of their cerebral hemispheres, and indeed all the rest of their organization and structure, approximate more nearly than the other to the human type. Nor does the scale stop here : it still continues to ascend, only with a proportionately less degree of difference in the advance upward through the ascending races or species of men. The result of all ethnological study goes to establish this fact ; and though there be a wide gulf between the highest living species of ape, and the lowest existing species of man, it is nevertheless true, that some human tribes, lowest in the living scale, and only not yet quite extinct, (and many species, or distinct tribes, have doubtless long since become extinct in the lapse of immense geological ages since the Pliocene man lived,) for instance, the Papuas of the East Indian Islands and Australia, are found to be utterly incapable of abstract notions, that is, general rational ideas or conceptions, or any kind of abstruse reasoning. It is just so with the American Indian and other inferior races, the African Negro inclusive, in greater or less degree only. Thoreau found it to be so with the civilized Indians of the Maine woods ; and he was a good observer of such facts. The Gorilla, or Chimpanzee, may have sensation, voluntary motion, will, and understanding enough to come down from his tree and warm himself by a deserted camp-fire, but not reason, foresight, or rational thinking power enough to put on more wood when the fire burns down, as the naturalists say ; and yet he



may have a very considerable amount of self-conscious, self-directing power or will, with memory and imagination ; — some not inconsiderable degree of thinking soul. The wild naked Papuas, or the Hottentots, four feet and a half in height, may have reason enough to do acts of this kind, but scarcely more ; for they have never had understanding, invention, power of thought, or skill and sense enough, in the course of long ages, to raise themselves above the condition of wild men of the woods, nor sufficient intelligence or rational thinking power, to be able to comprehend, by the help of any teaching, the general ideas, the higher reasonings, and more comprehensive conceptions, nor the arts and sciences, of the superior races of men. The lower races are scarcely more than grown up children : they represent the several stages of the childhood of the human race. The American Indian, though somewhat more capable, is still but little better than a natural-born Caliban, —

“ A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers.” — *Temp.*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

With them, all progress is, and must be, slow and gradual, and for the most part in their own best way. John Elliot's converted Naticks are extinct, and their agglutinate, polysynthetic Bible is a dead tongue. In the course of unnumbered geological æons, the white type is reached. In the lapse of untold centuries, the Turanian grows into a Chinese straight-jacket ; the Gangetic Malay, into a Hindu, the Nilotic African, into an Egyptian ; the American Indian, into an Aztec, or Inca-Peruvian ; the Caucasian, into a Bactrian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, European. Within the gently stretching envelope, each lives, grows, expands, improves, and is transmuted. Take either suddenly out of it, and he suffers, or perishes, as when you wrench a turtle out of his shell. Boat-heads,

flat-heads, and pigmy dwarfs, become fossil, before the advance of more gigantic long-heads and high-heads. The westward-flowing white streams of the temperate zones overwhelm the inferior indigenes, or sweep them aside into bogs and mountain fastnesses, or strand them upon remote, inhospitable shores. Guanches, Tasmanians, Tahitians, Indians, Negroes, vanish into utter darkness, before the burning face of European civilization; or the civilization, flowing backward upon the tropical zones, is itself extinguished in the dark multitude, as a light goes out in carbonic acid.

The difference is not so much a difference in kind, or in essence, as a difference of degree; but as the psychical power increases in degree, as we mount in the scale, there is exhibited that ever-enlarging scope, and that consequently increasing number and variety of capabilities and faculties which, in the new and varied applications and uses that arise out of and go along with this increase in amount of power, present themselves to a superficial apprehension as new, additional, and distinct mental powers or faculties; and hence the illusion of the phrenologists, the mental physiologists, and all those materialistic philosophers, who try to imagine that all the phenomena of mind are a mere result of the physical organization and a direct effect produced by the organic machine; that memory consists merely in an accumulated volume and mass of sensational impressions stamped and recorded, one set above another (with Sir Benjamin Brodie), upon the gossamer tissues of the cortical layers of the brain; and that all thought is a product of nervous electricity, or some kind of arterial brain-flow and consumption of neurine, as light comes of the burning of a candle, or time-keeping from the running of a clock.

The necessary laws of thought, constituting the impersonal reason (as defined by Cousin), exist absolutely; that is, as necessary fact, and are common to all thinking souls, from insect to man, and from man to his Maker.

Hence, the only difference there can be, in respect of pure reason, between one created soul and another, whatever the place of either in the scale of existence, is a difference in the extent and measure in which each finite soul may be able to share, partake, use, employ, and exercise these laws and this reason in perceiving, conceiving, thinking, and knowing; for these operations of the mind, as far as they go, must necessarily be, and always are, carried on in exact accordance with these laws, whether the special thinker himself be aware of it or not. This measure may be large or small in the given instance, and the use made of it may be in some degree more or less, much or little, good or bad, logical or illogical, wise or unwise. The soul in itself is active choosing cause and thinking power, the "sparkle of our creation light," the "lamp of God" shining within us, and the light of the understanding whereby the mind intellectually and spiritually sees, knows, perceives, conceives, understands, comprehends, and is self-conscious, and the power whereby it acts, wills, and creates; and its existence as such is an ultimate and final fact. Any man may deny the fact, not see it, and disbelieve it; yet the fact still exists and remains so. Such being the nature of it, it is plain that neither soul, nor thinking, can be the result or effect of the physical organization, nor a simple product of the working of the physiological machine, though a finite soul may never exist at all without an organic body; that brain and mind, speaking of the finite creature, do not stand in the relation to one another of cause and effect; that mind and brain, speaking of the divine mind, and the created brain, do stand in the relation to one another of cause and effect; but that the true relation of the finite mind, or soul, to the brain and general structure of the body, is one of correspondence and adaptation only, as Swedenborg said. And the specialization of the soul is made to correspond with the special organic body: the larger and better the receiving basin,

the more powerful will be the swell of ocean that streams into it; and the more soul, the nearer to God.

As a special subject, the activity of any given soul, and its power as thinking cause, is as primary, original, fundamental, and immortal, as the Divine Soul itself, the totality of all power and cause: it is only in so far as it is a speciality, that a finite soul is secondary and a creation. But the thought and consciousness of God must necessarily be in the unity and totality of his being, as such, wherein is the Divine Personality. 'The personality of the special' thinker, in like manner, must be only in the unity and totality of the special soul, as such. Consciousness is the fact of being and knowing; and it can by no possibility be more extensive than the thinking personality. And the finite soul being thus bounded off, as it were, into a separate and distinct sphere of consciousness of its own, there can be no possibility of its being or becoming directly conscious, that is, knowing, of the thought, knowledge, purposes, or foreordination of God, nor any conceivable possibility of an intermediate flow of thoughts, ideas, conceptions, or revelations, out of the one mind into the other, whether that of a Moses, an Isaiah, a Jesus, or a Pope. A man may become conscious, indirectly, of some part of the divine thought and providence, by discovering and seeing it in the fore-front view of the universe, an infinite phantasmagoria, as it were, capable of being reflected in the mirror of his mind's eye, which is always able to find therein as much revelation as it can discover, see, or in any way receive and comprehend, or have need to know; but never any more. There can be no back-door passage from the one consciousness into the other, and it is of no use to look in the back of the mirror: it can be conceived only in the heated fancies of uncritical thinkers and mystical dreamers. The 'open passages are all in front: we stand face to face with our God. It should be left to spiritual-rapping doctors only, to believe that knowledge, foreknowledge, revelation, divination, proph-

cies, auguries, gifts of healing, helps, and diversities of tongues, are, or can be, poured into the human soul, as it were, through an imaginary hole in the back of the head.

Since the invention of the electric telegraph, certain visionary dreamers, possessing souls only half awake, have abandoned the theory of influxions, and imagined that disembodied souls or spirits could send communications from the spirit-world by some sort of telegraphic rapping. That a departed soul may live in a spiritual form may be very possible, if not highly probable, or indeed quite certain. Some persons have believed that they walked the upper air, like the spectral ghosts that poets, superstitious persons, and diseased minds have created in their wandering fancies; but since it has become scientifically demonstrable, that no such vision of a ghost could possibly be visible to any human eye, telegraphic rappings from imaginary invisible spirits have been substituted in the place of the visible spectres. As a living power of thought, a soul can act, directly, in its own inner sphere of self only; and indirectly, upon the world external to itself and upon human senses, only by means of organic physical instruments, and through the agency of material means. A human soul, as we see, has power to move an arm of flesh and bone, and so to produce great effects on solid bodies. But here, we have the necessary gradation of organized material structures and instruments, rising by degrees of solidity and strength from the most ethereal invisible particles, microscopic cells, finest conceivable fibres and gossamer tissues of the brain, through the infinite ascending complication of ganglionic, nervous, vascular, muscular, and bony structures up to that completed complex and substantial instrument, the arm, with its terminal, ingeniously constructed hand, capable of great power. And so, too, we may imagine a spirit soul to have a spiritual body, with a corresponding and similar structure of brain, nerve, muscle, bone, arm and hand, made of forms of spiritual substance

(as indeed all substance is spiritual) ; but whatever power or force such an organization of body might be able to exercise upon other spiritual bodies of like nature and constitution, it is clear that if it be so thin and ethereal as to be invisible to the microscope, and wholly imperceptible to the most delicate scientific tests of the presence of matter or force, it would be utterly absurd to imagine it could, by any conceivable possibility, so rap a table at the will of a spirit-soul as to produce a vibration in solid wood, or in so dense a fluid as the air, which is the only medium of sound to the ear, any more than could the imaginary hand of an impossibly visible ghost. Both our eyes and our ears are forever closed to any such agency, and our souls and our senses alike are happily inaccessible to all such communications : so says Hamlet : —

“ And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself? ”

Honest ghosts have scarcely been suspected of such impossibilities : even the ghost of Hamlet's father, that “ perturbed spirit,” old truepenny, “ the fellow i' the cellarage,” that was “ *hic et ubique*,” and could “ work i' the earth ” like a mole, knew better than to undertake to rap anything. He only ventured to speak aloud ; and even that voice was never heard by mortal ear until uttered by some living medium under the stage. Even when poetically visible, face to face with Hamlet, he cut a long story short with this sensible speech : —

“ But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine :  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.” — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

And all spiritual rappers will know better, when they

have learned more, than to undertake any such performance: that work belongs only to poets. In the mean time, all may rest assured, that in literal truth this "eternal blazon" must not be, and, in the order of Divine Providence in the known world, cannot be, to "ears of flesh and blood." The universe is neither made nor governed so, nor are men to be instructed here in that way; and the sooner all rappers find this out, the better it may be for them, both here and hereafter. There should be established for their use "houses of deceits of the senses, all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions, and their fallacies;" and they should beware of the fate and the curse of Macbeth.

#### § 5. REVERENCE AND DEGREE.

That sprightly antithesis of Pope, straining a truth to point his wit, —

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"

like much other wit and many old saws, contains more point than truth; and as is usual, when vulgar satire flings its envenomed shafts at what is nobler than itself, the slander is apt to stick better than the truth. Bacon was not the meanest of mankind. He was not mean at all, unless by some mean standard of meanness, but one of the loftiest and noblest of his time, as well as one of the wisest and brightest of all time. That he partook in some measure of the abuses of the time, and shared the faults of good men in all times, need not be denied. He was not a martyr, nor a hero, in any ordinary sense; but in a very extraordinary sense, he might be found to have been both. He did not attempt impracticabilities, nor absurd impossibilities; but he was certainly one of those "clearest burning lamps,"<sup>1</sup> and

"clearest gods, who make them honors  
Of men's impossibilities";

<sup>1</sup> Bacon.

"which, nevertheless," says he, "it seemeth they propound rather as impossibilities and wishes than as things within the compass of human comprehension."<sup>1</sup>

Without stopping, now, to extenuate his faults, such as they were (and they have been enormously magnified), it may be remembered here, that he was wiser than to break his own head against the dead stone walls and brazen idols of the age in which he lived. He knew it was better to set the slow hand of all-conquering Time at work upon them, and he did more than any other of his time toward contriving the plans, indicating the ways, inventing the means, and constructing the ideal engines and instruments for their demolition. He made a virtue of necessity, perhaps, and adapted himself as well as he could to the medium in which his life was cast; and he made use of the materials and instruments that were at hand for such uses as they were fit for, and for objects, ends, and aims, far higher, nobler, and better, than was dreamed of by many in his own time, or even by a large portion of posterity down to this day. Comparatively speaking, he lived in an age of darkness and despotism, not in an age of light and liberty. His "Genius" could not have "the air of freedom"; and this he well knew. Hamlet gives sage advice:—

"Not this, by no means,—that I bid you do: . . .

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down."—*Act III. Sc. 4.*

Sovereignty, in that age, resided in the king, not in the people, and if he may be judged by his writings, it was certainly not Bacon's fault, if the reigning sovereign were not really as wise as Solomon and a true vicegerent of the Divine Majesty; for he taught that kings "be live gods on earth," as the play also teaches:—

<sup>1</sup> *Valerius Terminus.*



"Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?"

*Per., Act I. Sc. 1.*

And again thus, in the "Richard II." : —

"*Boling.* With all my heart  
I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on Earth thou art." — *Act V. Sc. 3.*

And again in the "Rape of Lucrece" : —

"Thou seemest not what thou art, a god, a king,  
For kings like gods should govern everything."

He had to take "the age and body of the time, his form and pressure," for what it was, as he found it, believing, perhaps, with the play, again, that

"All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity." — *Rich. II., Act I. Sc. 3.*

In Euripides, the same doctrine stands thus : —

"Wise men have said, (it is no speech of mine,)  
There's nothing stronger, or more terrible  
Than dire necessity." — *Helene, 512-14.*

Probably, Bacon alluded to this very passage, when he said, "It was said among the ancients, '*Necessitatem ex omnibus rebus esse fortissimum*'" <sup>1</sup> (Necessity is the strongest of all things). And it is repeated in this same play, thus : —

"*K. Rich.* I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

And again, the same idea appears in the second part of the "Henry IV.," thus : —

"*K. Hen.* Are these things, then, necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

And there may be some truth in the sonnet, as applied to himself : —

"'T is better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being,

<sup>1</sup> *De Aug. Scient., Lib. VIII.*

And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No, I am that I am, and they that level  
 At my abuses reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shewn,  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign." — *Son. cxxi.*

And this, again, would seem to echo almost the very words of Helene in Euripides, which, being interpreted, run nearly thus: —

"Being no way unjust, I am disgrac'd;  
 And this, to whomsoever comes reproach  
 Of evil deeds, belonging not to him,  
 Is worse than all the vileness of the truth." — *Helene, 270-3*

Even victorious Cæsar, in the play, could speak in praise of the fallen Antony, admire his greatness, and lament his fate; and Antony could think the Egyptian Cleopatra, "thrice nobler" than himself, when, forgetting all her human frailties, he exclaimed, as he imitated her example, and fell upon his own sword, —

"My queen and Eros  
 Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
 A nobleness in record." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act IV. Sc. 12.*

As Bacon says, "at best, nobleness is never lost, but rewarded in itself."<sup>1</sup> And reading the "Antony and Cleopatra" from the high philosophic point of view of Plato's Republic, some touch of this same nobleness may be discovered in it: —

"*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch  
 Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.  
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

<sup>1</sup> Letter, 1623.

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind  
On pain of punishment, the world to wit  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.*

Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?" — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

Nor would Cleopatra stay in this world, Antony being in the other: —

"*Cleo.* O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too. —

[*Applying another asp.*

What should I stay —

[*Dies.*

*Chor.* In this wide world? — So fare thee well.<sup>1</sup>

Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

This author's breadth of view, his greatness of soul, his lofty standards of moral judgment, and his deep insight into the confusions of men and things, whereby the most precious jewels are discovered where least looked for, even in the toad's head, and purified and redeemed from the rubbish of affairs, life, and opinion, which had long concealed them from the sight of most men, this brave instruction, this nobleness in record, and these unparalleled mortals, all together, reveal to our apprehension a genius and a soul which readily suggests but few living parallels. For style and diction, depth and breadth, and all-sided clearness of vision, the "Cymbeline" and the "Troilus and Cressida" may compare with the best of the moderns. The open secret is therein laid more open; but the world will not see it, howsoever open: they will rather stay under the clouds, and mope still in theological fog, believing only —

"The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers, though those that are betray'd,  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. White reads "in this wild world," after the Folio of 1623, which reads "*wilde world*"; a misprint, as I believe, for *wide world*, the true reading. See White's *Shakes.*, XII. 128; Notes, 147.

Bacon would have the true interpreter of nature pry *messe* deeply into this open secret, and write a new Scripture:—"We desire," he says, "this primary history to be conscientiously collected, and as if upon solemn oath of its verity in every particular; since it is the volume of God's works, and (so far as a similitude between the majesty of divine things and the lowness of the terrene, may be allowed), as it were another Scripture";<sup>1</sup> for, as he continues again, "this writing of our *Sylva Sylvarum* is, to speak properly, not a natural history, but a high kind of natural magic"; and according to Dr. Rawley, it was "a usual speech of his lordship," that it was to be "the world as God made it"; that is, not a work of the imaginations of men, but the work of the divine mind; and such being the nature of it, we need not wonder that he should call it a high kind of natural magic and an actual Holy Scripture. So he says that Homer "was made a kind of Scripture by the latter schools of the Grecians"; and his fables "seemed to be like a thin rarefied air, which, from the traditions of more ancient nations, fell into the flutes of the Grecians"; as the celestial spirits, in "The Tempest," "melted into air, into thin air."

According to Goethe, out of the three reverences, reverence for what is above us, reverence for what is around us, and reverence for what is under us, springs the highest reverence, the reverence for one's self and that true religion, wherein a man is "justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced," as in the play:—

"though mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence  
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low."—*Cymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

And again:—

"The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest: so his successor  
Was like to be the best."—*Winter's Tale, Act V. Sc. 1.*

<sup>1</sup> *Parasceve, Works* (Boston), II. 57.

And again, thus : —

"Those that I reverence, those I fear, — the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them." — *Cymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

So, we may remember, Bacon says, that "the reverence of a man's self is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices," and that, "whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself"; and we find the same sentiment nearly repeated in idea (though not in words), and enforced with all the powers of rhetoric, and in a splendid amplitude of metaphorical expression, all drawn from the common language of the Christian religion, in this fine passage from the "*Troilus and Cressida*:" —

"Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.  
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself!  
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid!  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle  
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.  
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of Heaven:  
Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself;  
The bonds of Heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;  
And with another knot, five-finger tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed."

*Tro. and Cr., Act V. Sc. 2.*

Bacon comprehended "the nature of this great city of the world," as he expresses it. So Carlyle says of Shakespeare, that "in his mind the world is a whole; he figures it as Providence governs it; . . . . a world of earnest-

ness and sport, of solemn cliff and gay plain"; or as Bacon also says, again, comparing poetry with history as a mode of representing acts, or events, "poesy feigns them more just in retribution and more according to revealed providence." And what Schlegel said of Shakespeare may be said as well, — nay, rather better, — of Bacon himself, that he had "deeply reflected on character and passion, on the progress of events and human destinies, on the human constitution, on all the things and relations of the world"; and again, that "the world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet; in strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of the higher order, he lowers himself to mortals as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child."<sup>1</sup> But of most men, who will not, or who cannot, "so by degrees learn to read in the volumes" of God's universe,

"I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest"; — *Cymb.*, Act III. Sc. 4.

for they will continue to believe with the fool, Thersites, that it is, in God and Nature as in Cressida, —

"A juggling trick, — to be secretly open." — *Tro. and Cr.*, Act V. Sc. 4.

They will

"rather think this not Cressid";

and so thinking, they will proceed to create for themselves an ideal Cressid, after such pattern as they have; for "they have ever left the oracles of God's works, and adored the deceiving and deformed imagery, which the unequal mirrours of their own minds have represented unto them." But having so created the human ideal idol, they must find, sooner or later, that

"this is, and is not, Cressid."

And hence, losing sight of all just reverences, the highest

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on Dram. Lit.*, by A. W. Schlegel, p. 290-298 (Philad., 1833).

wisdom, the true religion, and all just conception of the due line of order and authentic place of things in this universe, there reigns in the minds of men, for the most part, a confusion of ideas and opinions, and a moral disorder, which is not merely a

"musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction,"

but an appalling chaos, equal to that of Agamemnon's Grecian camp: —

"Degree being vizarded,  
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'rd  
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,  
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!  
What raging of the sea, shaking of the earth,  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenity and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong  
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, a universal wolf,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

So says Bacon, "It is owing to justice that man is a god to man, and not a wolf";<sup>1</sup> and "when the judgment-seat takes the part of injustice, there succeeds a state of general robbery, and men turn wolves to each other, according to the adage";<sup>2</sup> and —

"Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
When judges steal themselves." — *Meas. for Meas., Act II. Sc. 2.*

And again, he says, "If to be just be not to do that to another which you would not have another do to you, then is mercy justice": —

"And earthly power doth then shew likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice." — *Mer. of Ven., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Indeed, the careful reader, who will diligently compare the "Antitheses of Justice," a mere example of a collection of common places under the head of "Promptuary or Preparatory Store," thrown into that very notable Book VII. of the *De Augmentis*, on the Exemplar of Good, the Colors of Good and Evil, moral knowledge concerning the Georgics of the mind, and the "Antitheses of Things," with the first scene of the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," can scarcely fail to see, that the fine exposition of the quality of mercy and justice, there given, is but an amplification in verse of these very antitheses; and by comparing also the Aphorisms on "Universal Justice or the Fountains of Equity" in civil society, in the VIIIth Book,<sup>3</sup> with the "Measure for Measure," he will discover therein a still further illustration of these same doctrines of justice and the

<sup>1</sup> Trans. of the *De Aug., Works* (Boston). IX. 166.

<sup>2</sup> Trans. of the *De Aug.* 259; *Erasmus' Adagia*, I. 70.

<sup>3</sup> *Works* (Boston), IX. 311.



"three fountains of Injustice," namely, mere force, a malicious ensnarement under color of law, and hardness of the law itself, until Escalus exclaims :—

"Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?"—*Act II. Sc. 1.*

The antitheses of justice and injustice, chastity and lewdness, are therein exhibited as in a model, after his own usual manner, by contrast of opposites, whereby the limits, or antinomies, of the passions and moral laws, are more easily represented, more distinctly defined, and better illustrated by example. The same "commission" for the reform of obsolete laws appears in both. "For," says the Aphorism, "since an express statute is not regularly abolished by disuse, it comes to pass that through this contempt of obsolete laws the authority of the rest is somewhat impaired. And from this ensues a torment like that of Mezentius, whereby the living laws are *stifled in the embraces of the dead.*" . . . "For though it has been well said, 'that no one should be wiser than the laws,' yet this must be understood of *waking and not of sleeping laws.*"<sup>1</sup> And so says the Duke (disguised as the Friar) in the play :—

"My business in this State  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes  
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark."—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

And again :—

"Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) *Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,*  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch  
Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd; so our decrees,  
*Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;*

<sup>1</sup> *Works (Boston), IX. 322.*

And liberty plucks justice by the nose,  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum." . . . — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

" *The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.*"

*Act II. Sc. 2.*

The treatise of Universal Justice begins by saying that it rather belongs to statesmen to write concerning laws than to philosophers, who lay down "precepts fair in argument, but not applicable to use," or to lawyers, who "talk in bonds"; but "statesmen best understand the condition of civil society, welfare of the people, natural equity, custom of nations, and different forms of government." He recommends Pretorian Courts, which shall have power "by the judgment and discretion of a conscientious man, . . . to abate the rigour of the law and to supply defects," but not to be allowed "to swell and overflow, so as under colour of mitigating the rigour of the law to break its strength and relax its sinews, by drawing everything to be a matter of discretion." He observes that "there are no worse snares than legal snares, especially in penal laws, if, being infinite in number, and useless through the lapse of time, instead of being as a lantern to the feet they are as nets to the path." And thus continues the play on this same subject of the conscientious man and the rigor of the laws: —

<p>" <i>Fri.</i> To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd, And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd Than in Lord Angelo. <i>Duke.</i> Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope, 'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done, When evil deeds have their permissive pass, And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my Father, I have on Angelo impos'd the office, Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never in the fight, To do in slander. . . . . . . . . . Lord Angelo is precise;</p>	<p>It rested in your Grace I do fear, too dreadful: I have on Angelo impos'd the office, Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never in the fight, To do in slander. . . . . . . . . . Lord Angelo is precise;</p>
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In this same Book, the author dwells on "character and reputation" as one of the necessary means, together with the amendment of the mind, of raising and advancing a man's own fortune in life, and begins the treatise with these words: "Wherefore let it be my present object to go to the fountains of justice and public expediency, and endeavour with reference to the several provinces of law to exhibit a character and idea of justice [*"character quidam et Idea Justi"*] in general comparison with which the laws of particular states and kingdoms may be tested and amended." Again, the play proceeds thus: —

"Duke. Angelo,  
There is a *kind of character* in thy life,  
That, to th' observer, doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;  
Not light them for ourselves; *for if our virtues*  
*Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike*  
*As if we had them not.* Spirits are not finely touch'd,  
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor —  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise:  
Hold, therefore, Angelo, [our place and power:]  
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary:  
Take thy commission." . . .  
. . . . . So fare you well:  
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

Here, we are again reminded of that saying of Bacon, that "good thoughts (though God accept them,) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be *without power and place*, as the vantage and commanding ground."<sup>1</sup> And in this passage,

<sup>1</sup> *Essay of Great Place.*

Mr. White's restoration of the words "*our place and power*," in brackets, may find additional warrant, as well as in the following line (which he notices), from the next scene but one : —

"My absolute power and place here in Vienna;"

except that he has transposed the order of the words, while, doubtless, the author himself used them in the same order, in all three instances;<sup>1</sup> and there can be scarcely any doubt that the line originally stood thus : —

"Hold, therefore, Angelo, our power and place."

In like manner, he proceeds to discuss the *Evil Arts* as well as the *Good Arts*, and enumerates "the depraved and pernicious doctrines" and principles of Machiavelli, of which one was, "*That virtue itself a man should not trouble himself to obtain, but only the appearance thereof to the world, because the credit and reputation of virtue is a help, but the use of it is an impediment.*" He vigorously combats "such kind of corrupt wisdom" and "such dispensations from all the laws of charity and virtue," and lays it down, that "men ought to be so far removed from devoting themselves to wicked arts of this nature, that rather (if they are only in their own power, and can bear and sustain themselves without being carried away by a whirlwind or tempest of ambition) they ought to set before their eyes not only that general map of the world, "*that all things are vanity and vexation of spirit*," but also that more particular chart, namely, "*that being without well-being is a curse, and the greater being the greater curse*," and that "*all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished in itself*;" as the poet excellently says : —

"Quæ vobis, quæ digna, viri, pro laudibus istis  
Præmia posse rear solvi? pulcherrima primum  
Dii moresque dabunt vestri."

And so, on the other hand, it is no less truly said of the wicked, "*His own manners will be his punishment.*"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> White's *Shakes.*, III., p. 14; Note, p. 112.

<sup>2</sup> Trans. of the *De Aug.*, Works (Boston), IX. 295.

An attentive study of these passages can scarcely fail to penetrate the subtle identity of thought and doctrine that pervades them both, and it will be observed that the close of the Duke's speech runs upon the same idea of justice and mercy, which has been already quoted from the "Antitheses," the word *mortality* being used for the verse, instead of *justice*; that is, the power of life and death in civil justice.

“And thus,” he tells us, in the conclusion of this Book, “have I intended to employ myself in tuning the harp of the muses and reducing it to perfect harmony, that hereafter the strings may be touched by a better hand or a better quill.” He then felicitates himself upon the condition of learning in his time, alludes to the excellence and perfection of his Majesty’s learning, which called “whole flocks of wits” around him, “as birds around a phoenix,” and, lastly, points out the inseparable property of time, ever more and more to disclose Truth : —

**"for truth is truth**

**To the end of reckoning." — Act V. Sc. 1.**

If there be any one thing for which these plays as a whole are præeminently remarkable, it is a profound recognition everywhere of an immanent world-streaming Divine Providence. In this fine play, in particular, it may be seen in the Duke being made a partaker of God's theatre and of "power divine," and in the "gentle Isabella," the nun, of whom Lucio is made to say:—

**"I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit;  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint." — *Act I. Sc. 5.***

And there is perhaps nothing loftier, or more impressive, in any teaching, sacred or profane, than her final appeal to Lord Angelo:—

*Isab.* Alas, alas!  
Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once;

And He that might the vantage best have took,  
 Found out the remedy: How would you be,  
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
 But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
 Like man new made." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

And not less pious, noble, and true, whether as applied to the *De Augmentis* alone, or to these dramas also, both inclusive, as twin products of the labors of a life, written chiefly in the earlier part of it, but enlarged, amended, elaborated, and finished in his later years, and finally given to the world together in the same year 1623, not openly as twins, but as utter strangers to each other, the one heralded to mankind under favor of a princely dedication and high-sounding titles, the other carefully hidden, though secretly open, under a mask of Momus, and set to parade the universal theatre on its own merits in the name of a "noted weed," is the conclusion of this Advancement of Learning, an almost equally superb monument of his piety, his learning, his genius, and his intellect, in these words: "And certainly it may be objected to me with truth, that my words require an age; a whole age perhaps to prove them, and many ages to perfect them. But yet as even the greatest things are owing to their beginnings, it will be enough for me to have sown a seed for posterity and the Immortal God; whose Majesty I humbly implore through his Son our Saviour that He will vouchsafe favorably to accept these and the like offerings of the human intellect, seasoned with religion as with salt, and sacrificed to His Glory."

Finally, this order of degree, justice, and authentic place of things, from the glorious planet Sol, enthroned like the commandment of a king, down through states, communities, and brotherhoods in cities, sounds very much like this passage from a Speech of Lord Bacon: "We see the degrees and differences of duties in families, between father and son, master and servant; in corporate bodies, between

commonalties and their officers, recorders, stewards, and the like ; yet all these give place to the king's commandments." The planets, too, were a favorite source of metaphor with him, as thus in the "Pericles" : —

"The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

And thus it appears in another speech of Bacon : "You that are the judges of circuits are, as it were, the planets of the kingdom," and again, "it will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly united together than they have been ; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action." And here, again, we may remember "the magnificent palace, city, and hill" of the wise and good man of the New Atlantis, who wore "an aspect as if he pitied men," and "the several degrees of ascent whereby men did climb up the same, as if it had been a *Scala Cœli*." This is "the ladder to all high designs" — Heaven's Ladder ! And doubtless for this reason, the intended Fourth Part of the Great Instauration was to be called "*Scala Intellectus* : The Scaling Ladder of the Intellect, or Thread of the Labyrinth." Holinshed speaks of "the palpable blindness of that age wherein King John lived, as also the religion which they reposed in a rotten ray, esteeming it as a *Scala Cœli*, or ladder to life."<sup>1</sup> Possibly, this passage may have been seen by William Shakespeare ; but here, also, we have distinct and indubitable proof of the fact, that it had become imprinted in the memory of Francis Bacon.

<sup>1</sup> *Chron. of Eng.*, II. 333.



## CHAPTER VIII

### CONCLUSION.

"I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men." — BACON.

#### § 1. REFORMATION OF ABUSES.

How such a man could fall into the actual guilt of bribery to pervert justice, would be difficult to conceive, if that were really true in the full sense in which we understand the judicial offence of bribery and corruption; for this would necessarily imply, not only a direct contradiction to the tenor and spirit of all his writings, but such absolute want of moral principle and such Machiavellian baseness and utter worthlessness of character as would be wholly irreconcilable, as he himself said, when speaking of the Machiavellian *Bad Arts*, with any just notion of virtue, nobleness, or honor. A candid view of all the facts and circumstances, of which it is not improbable that we now know more, and can judge better, than the partial historians and personal enemies who have written against him, will certainly not justify this sweeping conclusion. We must take into view the state and condition of things in that age and the actual nature of the case; — the character of the government as practically an absolute despotism, in which the most capricious favoritism was supreme arbiter of individual fortunes about the court; money a necessary, or the best, passport to place and power; abject subserviency a common condition of favor with the monarch and his greater favorites; and the most vile and corrupt practices a general thing among the principal courtiers, and

the custom notorious among nearly all the higher officers of state, judicial and other, the chancellor included, of receiving, not bribes as they understood them, but unlimited fees, customary gifts, gracious presents, and bountiful largesses, as well as the "ancient and known perquisites" of office. Many grew rich and great by sheer knavery, corrupt intrigue, and merciless plunder; and no man was quite safe in the possession of a lucrative and splendid office. All this is clearly exhibited in the history of such miscreants as Churchill, Cranfield, Williams, and the Villierses, not altogether omitting Buckingham himself. The Lord Chancellor was not merely a judge, but a high State functionary, next to royalty itself, and keeper of the King's conscience, which would not always be kept, in an age of princely magnificence, absolute prerogative, and unlimited power, and in a bottomless whirlpool of avarice, intrigue and ambition. Political rivalries, common enough in any age, were hugely grim and fierce in this reign, as witness the life-long struggle of Coke and Bacon for the ascendancy in the State and over each other. Coke gained honor in being deposed from the King's Bench, and his defence of Magna Charta and his great merits in the law have made his name illustrious with posterity. Bacon, greatly his superior in knowledge, learning, genius, science and arts, if not his equal in law, and with a reputation and character far more illustrious than his, in his own time, is suddenly tumbled from the woolsack into eternal disgrace, and comes down to posterity a very by-word of infamy and meanness. But looking to the whole life and conduct of these men, and comparing the nobleness, disinterestedness, and purity of Bacon's life with the coarse ferocity, the insatiable malignity, and the really unutterable meanness of Coke in many things, old Escalus might inquire, "Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?" Not that all these things together can extenuate a crime, or a guilt confessed, nor that badness in others can be any excuse for baseness

in him; but that considerations like these may help to explain the fact of Bacon's fall from power, without the necessity of imputing to him the moral guilt of actual bribery and corruption, or any degree of meanness; much less a total want of moral sense, and an habitual baseness of character, as some of his biographers have ignorantly done.

Only some three years before the attack on Bacon, we find Buckingham and Coke fomenting charges of the like nature, and with the same corrupt and wicked purpose of creating a vacancy to be filled by some new minion, and putting up the same pretence of corruption in taking bribes, of money, a ring, a cabinet, a piece of plate, and the like, against the Lord Chancellor Egerton (Ellesmere), nearly breaking the old man's heart; and it might have been as successful with him as it was with Bacon, afterwards, had not the King himself come to his relief, and defeated the scheme by giving an earldom to Egerton and the Seals to Bacon. The real truth of the matter was, that the age began to discover that an ancient custom needed to be reformed, because it began to be felt as a grievance and an abuse. Old blackletter laws, fallen obsolete, practically superseded by custom almost equally ancient, and now lying more dead than asleep, were suddenly revived and put in force, and all at once what had been a lantern to the feet became a net in the path.

In like manner, long afterwards, in the reign of George I., the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was arraigned before the House of Lords for "the sale of offices" in chancery. He had followed the custom and practice of his predecessors in office, time out of mind, and received presents from newly appointed officers as "the ancient and known perquisites of the Great Seal." Being a little avaricious, perhaps, he had carried the thing to a pretty high figure. The Masters had fallen into the practice of paying the presents out of the funds of the suitors in their hands and then

speculating in stocks to make them good again. Suddenly, the great South Sea Bubble burst, and there was a great loss. Masters and suitors were ruined ; and a loud cry for reform became the rage of the day. The brunt of the storm fell on the head of the Lord Chancellor. Against the custom were paraded certain old obsolete Statutes of Richard II. and Edward VI., in unreadable law French, "several hundred years" forgotten, within the letter of which his case happened to fall, and did not happen to fall within the exception, as that of the Judges of the Law Courts did ; and so Macclesfield was condemned to everlasting infamy for doing about the same thing that the Judges were doing, and had a right to do, without any thought of wrong. But it was all wrong, undoubtedly : offices never ought to have been sold at all, nor presents taken. On the trial, a witness was asked, if the Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Harcourt, had not done the same thing, in their times. "O yes," answered the witness. But, breaks in Lord Harcourt from his seat on the benches, "Did I ever haggle for more ?" and "Didn't they pay me out of their own money ?"<sup>1</sup> In modern times, a rational remedy for such evils would be found in a new Statute, giving an ample fixed salary, with utter prohibition of all fees, perquisites, and presents, any custom to the contrary notwithstanding ; but in these more ancient days, it was by summary outbreak — Off with the Chancellor's head ! hurl his name and reputation into the bottomless pit ! — and let the bursting of South Sea bubbles forever cease !

. In the reign of James I., the Lord Chancellor had no fixed salary, or a merely nominal one, and yet his income was expected to be some £15,000 a year : it came from ancient perquisites and customary fees, not regulated by other law than the custom. But to such a pitch had grown all manner of abuses, in this reign, in monopolies, patents, prerogative exactions, fees, presents, and largesses, reaching

<sup>1</sup> 16 Howell's *State Trials*, 1151.

all the Courts of Justice and nearly all the offices of State, that every Parliament opened with a thundering demand for reform and a redress of grievances, and was immediately prorogued and sent home because it did so, until at last reform had to come. Buckingham, the prime favorite, whose frown was fatal to all lesser dependants, did not scruple to write letters to the Lord Chancellor, urging upon him a favorable consideration of particular suitors in his court. Here was indeed danger that justice might be perverted, if the judge were really dishonest. There is no charge that Bacon was ever swerved under this pressure; and it is certain that he counselled in eloquent terms against a practice which he had no power to correct. And is it any matter of wonder that, yielding to the necessities of his actual condition, and unconscious of any dereliction of duty, or any falling from virtue and honor, he should adopt and continue the customs and usages of former Chancellors, or even slide into the common practices and abuses of the Court and time and throng in which he had to live and move? Birth-day presents, New Year's gifts, splendid offerings on various occasions, largesses of money, and magnificent favors, were common, and Bacon seems to have participated in these things in some small degree with the rest. Transition from the State functionary to the judge in the same person, or from the courtier to the suitor, was but a short distance to travel, and the distinction between a fee, a present, and a bribe was not well marked by any law, and more easily lost sight of than in our day. Practically, hardly any distinction existed, then. According to the researches of Mr. Dixon, the compensation of all the great officers of State, including the Chancellor, Judges, and Bishops, from the King down to the King's Sergeant, was derived from these indefinite fees, gifts, and perquisites, there being no such thing as a civil list, and such fixed salaries as there were being merely nominal.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pers. Hist. of Lord Bacon*, 290.

Most of the charges against Bacon were founded upon gifts accepted as usual after the cases had been determined, as a compensation justly due in the absence of fees fixed by law, of which there were none. Some were received by his servants, or under-officers, without his personal knowledge, before the cases had been decided ; and in some of these instances, the money was ordered to be returned as improper, when reported to him. In other cases, he was not actually aware that the donors had causes pending in his court. In nearly all cases, the gifts were presented through eminent counsel and persons of high standing, and in most cases, openly, and with the knowledge of all concerned ; and as Coke himself admitted, as it were, in the presence of witnesses. In general, they were received by his clerks and the officers whose business it was to collect and receive the fees and emoluments of his office. The grievance of the chief complainants was, that their cases had been decided against them, notwithstanding the gifts ; nor does it appear that his judgments were at all affected by these alleged bribes. None of the cases were reversed on appeal ; but appeals were not common in those days, says Lord Campbell. After a thorough scrutiny into the whole matter, Mr. Dixon comes to the conclusion, that there is no fair and just ground for supposing that Bacon " had done wrong, knowing it to be wrong," in a single instance ; that " not a single fee or remembrance traced to the Chancellor can, by any fair construction, be called a bribe. Not one appears to have been given upon a promise ; not one appears to have been given in secret ; not one is alleged to have corrupted justice." This conclusion would almost bring the case within the precedent of the play, in which Bassanio offers the judge, after judgment pronounced, the " three thousand ducats due unto the Jew " for his " courteous pains withal " : —

*" Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied:  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid.  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:  
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,  
Not as a fee.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
Give me your gloves; I 'll wear them for your sake;  
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you."

*Mer. of Ven., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

All this may be true; and yet it would seem to be clear from the recorded facts and his own admissions, that the gifts were too large, in some instances, to come under the head of ordinary fees, and the circumstances such as to make him, at least, a partaker in the abuses of the time. Indeed, the actual facts as formally confessed by himself would, undoubtedly, by strict legal construction, bring the case, in some instances, within the judicial offence of bribery as technically defined by law, where the intent would have to be inferred from the facts. Said Lord Macclesfield, "If you are to judge me by the strict rigor of the statute, all my fees were bribes; for the fees were no more lawful than the presents." And yet it would be absurd to charge the judge with the moral guilt of base corruption, in such case and under such circumstances. Considering the imperial nature of Bacon's mind, habitually soaring aloft amidst the highest contemplations, and intending, as he said, to move "in the true straight line of nobleness," and more or less constantly preoccupied, as he was, with other matters than the business of the court and the watching of servants, clerks, and chancery suitors, and blinded in some degree, perhaps, by the splendor of state which attended him, and never particularly attentive to money affairs, and always rather munificent than avaricious or griping, it is easy to see how he might insensibly fall into a somewhat negligent and inconsiderate indulgence in the common

practices and abuses, especially with the example of illustrious predecessors before him to justify them, even to the extent of all the facts necessary to make out a case of bribery, in strict legal construction, without his conscience being aroused, though sensible to all honor and virtue, to any sense of wrong, much less to a consciousness of corrupt guilt in the perversion of justice at the fountain head, as it must be admitted, would, and should, be the case with any honest judge in our time, under any similar circumstances which could now take place. But no such case could now arise. Though it be difficult to make such "gross sins look clear," or wholly to justify or excuse them, on the highest moral grounds, when the whole matter is duly considered, it is perhaps still possible to believe that no corrupt intent, or thought, ever entered into his mind in these matters, and that what he said for himself may have been really true: — "And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail and partake of the abuses of the times."

In a draft of a paper to be delivered to the King, before the formal proceedings in the House of Lords, and in which he appears carefully to have considered the real state of the case, he distinguished cases of gifts received into three degrees: 1. Of bargain or contract for reward to pervert justice; 2. Where the judge conceives the law to be at an end, by the information of the party, or otherwise, and useth not such diligence as he ought, to inquire into it; 3. When the cause is really ended, and the gift is *sine fraude* without relation to any precedent promise. Of the first, he declared his entire innocence; of the second, he doubted in some instances he might have been faulty; and of the third, he considered it to be no fault; but in this respect he desired to be better informed, that



he might be twice penitent, once for the fact, and again for the error. After a critical examination of the particulars of the charge, which were admitted to be true in fact, and constituted the whole foundation of the confession that he, was therein technically "guilty of corruption," Mr. Dixon fairly and justly concludes, that most of the cases fall under Bacon's third division; one or two under the second; but not one under the first.<sup>1</sup>

In our day, when judges receive compensation by adequate fixed salaries, no such thing as the receiving of presents of money, or other things of value, before or after judgment, with or without the party having a cause then pending in his court, would be countenanced at all: it would justly be taken as evidence of a fraudulent and corrupt character. But it was quite a different thing in that age, when there was not only no salary, but no fees that were definitely fixed by law, and the revenues of the office were notoriously understood to be derived from the customary, ancient, and known perquisites, presents included. In this indefinite state of the thing, there was necessarily large room and a pretty wide range for the exercise of discretion. In the upshot, the truth would seem to be, that ancient practice, at first strictly against law, had so grown into use, in the course of time, that it might well be matter of doubt whether the custom, or the ancient statute, was to have the force of law. In this way, small fees had grown into large fees; perquisites into presents, and presents into bountiful largesses; until the practice finally came to be felt as an enormous abuse. The Commons had determined, long before, to have a reform of these abuses, and a redress of grievances generally. Complaint being made of the Lord-Chancellor, they struck at him first. Bacon, finding himself suddenly confronted with this movement and the strict law of the subject, probably saw at once that he must be made a victim to the rigor of the statute, and that the facts

<sup>1</sup> *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, 443.

taken literally and by strict legal construction would bring him within the technical definition of bribery and corruption; though he had never imagined that he could be charged with anything criminal or corrupt in what he was doing. And so, the literal facts he freely admitted and confessed as they were: —

“ Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,  
(An honour in him which buys out his fault) ” ;

while at the same time solemnly protesting that he had never had “ the fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking bribes to pervert justice.” And this may be very true. His confession, too, must be taken with some allowance for the nature of the case. He was in effect as good as forbidden to make any formal defence to the charge; and perhaps no successful defence could have been made against the technical offence. He must either make a defence, or confess the full scope of the charge, the intent and guilt included: technically, he was guilty, if the corrupt intent were to be an inference of law from the facts admitted, or if the House of Lords should so find, sitting as a jury. But even this need not prevent us from considering the real nature of the case, nor (in reference to his character) from viewing it in a just and true light. We may bear in mind, also, that the character of Lord Bacon was of that Christian quality as to be loudest of all in the confession of his own sins.

It is evident, on a review of the contemporaneous history, that the action of the Commons was taken mainly in pursuance of the general measures of political reform in the State, which had been previously determined on; while on the part of the immediate and prime movers in this instance, it was as plainly a mere intrigue, and a base plot and contrivance, to create a vacancy for a new minion of the favorite. The knavish insinuations and open charges of Churchill, Cranfield, and Williams, secretly fomented by Buckingham, and publicly supported by the vigorous malig-

nity of Coke, his old enemy, gave the movement a particular direction against Bacon; and upon him the wall fell, though he was far from being the greatest offender in Israel. Whether he was actually constrained by the power of Buckingham and the King to abandon his defence, or not, it is plain he saw that his only hope was in the favor of the King, and he certainly expected that the King would pardon any sentence that might be pronounced upon him, and save him from total ruin. Buckingham controlled the King, and Bacon knew it very well, and therefore avoided as much as possible any breach with him. As soon as the harpies had made sure of his office, they began to strip him of his estates. Buckingham insisted upon having York House. At first, Bacon positively refused to part with it: "York House," he said, "is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God, and the King will give me leave." But the King would not give him leave against Buckingham, and York House had to go. Buckingham was so incensed at his refusal, that he caused him to be sent immediately to the Tower, four weeks after the sentence, and in open violation of the King's promise; though by the King's own order, he was discharged the same day.<sup>1</sup> Next, they demanded Gorhambury, with its forests and gardens, until it seemed to his friend Meautys that they had such a word as "*fleeing*"<sup>2</sup> in their vocabulary: — "I will not be stripped of my feathers," roars the lion at bay. The King did not allow him to be made quite a beggar: he gave him his fine, which, it seems, barely enabled him to satisfy his creditors and make a will. "Thank God," says the fallen Chancellor, "I can now make a will." While he was yet determined to defend himself against the charges, and after the wily and intriguing Dean Williams had suggested to Buckingham and the King the project of

<sup>1</sup> Dixon's *Per. Hist. of Lord Bacon*.

<sup>2</sup> *Letter to Bacon*.

a submission and full pardon for Bacon as the only sacrifice that could save them, being summoned to an interview with the King, he prepares some minutes for the conference, in which he says: "The law of nature teaches me to speak in my own defence. With respect to the charge of bribery, I am as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's day: I never had bribe or reward in my eye or thought when pronouncing sentence or order. If, however, it is absolutely necessary, the King's will shall be obeyed. I am ready to make an oblation of myself to the King, in whose hands I am as clay, to be made a vessel of honour or dishonour." The King advised (that is, commanded) a submission, and gave "his princely word he would then restore him again," if the Lords "in their honours should not be sensible of his merits." Bacon answered: "I see my approaching ruin; there is no hope of mercy in a multitude, if I do not plead for myself, when my enemies are to give fire. Those who strike at your Chancellor will strike at your crown." But he acquiesced, at last, with these words: "I am the first; I wish I may be the last sacrifice."<sup>1</sup>

But when Coke, at the head of the Commons, sounding the trumpet of reform, had made an oblation necessary, and the first stroke fell upon the head of his hated rival; when Bacon discovered that a venal, corrupt, and perfidious crew of upstart minions, Churchill, Cranfield, Dean Williams, and the widow Villiers, following in the slimy train of Buckingham, and conspiring deeper than he knew, or could imagine, for the spoils of place and his ruin, had involved him and the King, too, in the inextricable meshes of an invisible net, and that his fall was inevitable; when he saw that he had

"stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it,"

and found himself caught in the fatal trap, and the sen-

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, by Montagu, l. xciii.

tence came with utter ruin to his fortunes, for which he cared less, his titles of honor and nobility being barely saved, under mercy of Buckingham, with the help of the Prince of Wales, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, and others of the most illustrious peers, together with the whole bench of Bishops, yet with some loss of that "sweet odour of honour and reputation throughout the world," which he prized more, "honour," as he said to the Lords, "being above life," or as it is said, elsewhere:—

"The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done";  
[*Rick. II., Act I. Sc. 1.*]

when he saw the dark cloud lowering across the future ages, casting its shadow upon his credit, name, and memory, and obscuring his light to unborn generations; he was overwhelmed with the keenest anguish. He appealed to the magnanimity of the British Senate to make his fault no greater than it really was, and his sentence no more than was "for reformation's sake fit";—not "heavy to his ruin, but gracious, and mixed with mercy":—

"O, my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good."—*Tim., Act III. Sc. 5.*

When the committee of the House waited upon him to know if his submission and confession were genuine, he answered in deep distress: "My Lords, it is my act, my hand, and my heart. I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." Lord Campbell seems to take this touching humility as the last proof of baseness and guilt:—is there any wonder that his distress was deep, and his affliction great,—

"Seeing his reputation touch'd to death?"—*Tim., Act III. Sc. 5.*

Rather, when the whole matter is duly weighed, charitable minds may be inclined to lend an ear to rare Ben Jonson, who says : " In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want ; neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest : " —

" O mighty love ! Man is one world  
And hath another to attend him."

All men see the world without, after a certain fashion ; but each man only can see his own world within. We are accustomed (safely enough in general) to judge the soul of another by the relations which it may seem to sustain to the moving world of things without. But inasmuch as the best soul has to swim on the bosom of the stream, it may, in spite of itself, fall into the strangest apparent relations to the whirl of things that float together upon the surface : it is still possible for a pure soul to swim unstained in very guilty looking company. What if it were possible for a great soul to be able to administer justice to a school of bribers ! A certain other, for doing the like of this, was nailed up between two thieves as if he had been no better than they ; for to the nailors he appeared to steal corn on Sunday. Temples of Jerusalem, and Ephesus, and St. Peter, and St. Paul ! What sums have not been expended in attempting to bribe the Supreme Judge to pass in goats among the sheep ! So much may be permitted, and justice be administered, nevertheless, at " the top of judgment."

## § 2. PHILOSOPHER AND POET.

Shakespeare has long been considered by all that speak the English tongue, and by the learned of other nations likewise, as the greatest of dramatic poets. The ancients had but one Homer : the moderns have but one Shakespeare. And these two have been fitly styled " the Twin Stars of Poesy " in all the world. These plays have kept the stage

better than any other for nearly three centuries. They have been translated into several foreign languages; a vast amount of critical erudition has been expended upon them; and numerous editions have been printed, and countless numbers of copies have been distributed, generation after generation, increasing in a kind of geometrical progression, through all ranks and classes of society from the metropolitan palace to the frontier cabin, until it may almost be said, that if there be anywhere a family possessing but two only books, the one may be the Bible, but the other is sure to be Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, the plays have been understood and appreciated rather according to existing standards of judgment than according to all that was really in them. In general, our English minds seem to have been aware that their poet was more or less philosophical, or rather that he was a kind of universal genius; but that he was a Platonic thinker, a transcendental metaphysician and philosopher, an idealist and a realist all in one, not many seem to have discovered. Coleridge certainly had some inkling of this fact, and to Carlyle, it stood perfectly clear, that Shakespeare "does not look at a thing, but into it, through it; so that he constructively comprehends it, can take it asunder, and put it together again; the thing melts, as it were, into light under his eye, and anew *creates* itself before him. That is to say, he is a Thinker in the highest of all senses: he is a Poet. For Goethe, as for Shakespeare, the world lies all translucent, all *fusible* we might call it, encircled with WONDER; the Natural in reality the Supernatural, for to the seer's eyes both become one."<sup>1</sup> And so also Gervinus concludes upon the question of "the realistic or ideal treatment," that "he is sometimes the one, sometimes the other, but in reality neither, because he is both at once."<sup>2</sup> Deep searching criticism, on this side of the sea, has been able to sound the depths and scale the heights of the Higher

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*, III. 209.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakespeare Comm.* (London, 1863), II. 508.

Philosophy of Bacon, and it is almost equally clear that it has discovered in it the world-streaming providence of Shakespeare. "The English shrink from a generalization," says Emerson. "They do not look abroad into universality, or they draw only a bucket-full at the fountain of the First Philosophy for their occasion, and do not go to the spring-head. Bacon, who said this, is almost unique among his countrymen in that faculty, at least among the prose-writers. Milton, who was the stair or high table-land to let down the English genius from the summits of Shakespeare, used this privilege sometimes in poetry, more rarely in prose. For a long interval afterwards, it is not found."<sup>1</sup> We know how Bacon attained to these heights; but it is not explained how the unlearned William Shakespeare reached these same "summits" of all philosophy, otherwise than by a suggestion of "the specific gravity" of inborn genius. Have we any evidence outside of these plays, that this "dry light" of nature was greater in William Shakespeare than in Francis Bacon? In Bacon, as in the plays, we have not only the inborn genius, but a life of study, knowledge, science, philosophy, art, and the wealth of all learning. Are these things to be counted as nothing? Then we may as well abolish the universities, burn the libraries, and shut up the schools, as of no use:—

"Hang up philosophy:

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more."

*Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 3.*

For the most part, all that has been seen in Shakespeare has been considered as the product of some kind of natural genius or spontaneous inspiration. The reason has been nearly this, that since Bacon, if Berkeley be excepted, England, or the English language, has never had a philosophy at all: we have had nothing but a few sciences and a theology. Bacon's Summary Philosophy, or Philosophy

<sup>1</sup> *English Traits*, 244.



itself, seems to have fallen still-born from his delivery, a dead letter to our English mind. It was not grasped, and the existence of it in his works seems to have been forgotten. No English, or American, philosopher has yet appeared to review, expound, and complete it, in any systematic manner: this work has been left to those who are said to hold dominion of the air. Some there have been, doubtless, as capable as any of undertaking to give a complete systematic statement of all philosophy; but they probably knew too well what kind of an undertaking that would be, when a perfect work might require not only a divine man, but a book as large as the Book of God's Works. The men that are called philosophers among us are occupied with physical science only. What Bacon endeavored to re-organize, and constitute anew, as methods and instruments for obtaining a broader and surer "foundation" for a higher metaphysical philosophy, they appear to have mistaken for the whole of science and the sum total of all certain knowledge, excepting only a fantastical kind of traditional supernatural knowledge, for the most part, completely ignoring metaphysics; and, as a matter of course, they have given us as little conception of a philosophy of the universe, and, with all their physical science, have had as little to give, as a Humboldt's *Cosmos*, or that prodigious Frenchman, M. Auguste Comte.

Besides a physical science we have had only a theology, taking old Hebrew and some later Greek literature for all divine revelation; the Mosaic cosmogony for the constitution of the universe; Usher's chronology for an account of all time on this earth; Adamic genealogy for an ethnology of the human race; Jesus of Nazareth for the creator of the whole world and sole saviour of mankind; and some five or six fantastic miracles for all the boundless and eternal wonders of the creation. These old ones are nearly worn out, and are fast becoming obsolete: indeed, they are already well-nigh extinct. It is high time they were laid

up on a shelf, and labelled to be studied hereafter as fossils of the theological kingdom ; and preachers, opening their eyes, should cast about for a new set, at least, out of all the universe of miracles that surround them, and henceforth found thier preaching on them. There would then be much less trouble about faith, and infidelity to myths and superstitions might become fidelity to God and his truth.

And so, having no philosophy, and no conception of the possibility of any, and nothing to give the name to, our English mind has appropriated the word as a superfluous synonym for physical science, and scarcely allowed free scope to that ; and among us, the Newtons, Franklins, Faradays, Brewsters, and Darwins, are called philosophers, as Hegel said. These men are certainly to be ranked among the master minds of the world as original inventors and discoverers in physics, as philosophical observers and excellent writers on physical science, with the addition, in some instances, of a considerable sprinkling of orthodox theology, and in some others, as in Newton, the younger Herschel, Agassiz, Peirce, with the addition of not a few remarkable deep-soundings into the fundamental depths of things and the hidden mysteries of creation ; as it were, some prophetic flashes of the most exalted intellect across the darkness of their own age and time in dim anticipation of a coming century ; as when Newton says, " Only whatever light be, I would suppose it consists of successive rays differing from one another in contingent circumstances, as bigness, force, or vigor, like as the sands of the shore, the waves of the sea, the faces of men, and all other natural things of the same kind differ, it being almost impossible for any sort of things to be formed without some contingent variety." And again, " Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, co-existent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man,

or his thinking principle ; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially* ; for virtue cannot subsist without substance.”<sup>1</sup> This is Berkeley’s philosophy of a thinking substance, existing as reality, and not at all as any ideal vision of a mystical dreamer. Auguste Comte, ignoring theology and metaphysics together, calls his huge book of physical science a “Positive Philosophy” : it is indeed positive enough, and in the total upshot as unphilosophical as positive ; — as if a universe could be constituted and carried on by mere physics and phrenologico-biology on a basis of dead substratum, or could be conceived to go of itself as a blind perpetual-motion machine ! But how shall any one, not having eyes to see, be able to see, that it goes only as the power of thought could make it go, and not otherwise ? If the light within you be dark, how great is that darkness.

Among the theologians, we have had a class of writers, who have been sometimes called metaphysicians, but who were, in truth, merely metaphysical theologians, swimming, like Jean Paul’s fish, in a box, and the box tied to the shore of church or state with a given length of rope ; or materialistic anti-theologians, and in either case, no more metaphysicians than philosophers. Of the one sort were Locke, Reid, Brown, Stewart, and Hamilton ; and of the other, Hobbes, Halley, Hume, Mill, Lewes, and Harriet Martineau. Not one of either sort appears ever to have been able to cross the threshold of that Higher Philosophy, which Bacon, following the dim light of Plato, but mainly by the help of his own Boanergic genius, endeavored to erect and constitute as the one universal science, and in which he was followed, in their own way, by Berkeley and

<sup>1</sup> *Principia*, (ed. Chittenden, N. Y. 1848,) p. 505.

Swedenborg. After these, Kant seems to have been the next to make a clear breach over that threshold, when prying off into the palpable obscure of the previous darkness, as a Vulcanian miner drifts into the bowels of the earth after unknown ores, or as a Columbus launches upon an unexplored ocean, believing with such as Bacon and all high philosophic genius, that beyond the pillars of Hercules there may be lands yet undiscovered, he began to make that darkness visible to some few, through the Transcendental Æsthetic of Time and Space. It has been easier, since, even for lesser lights, to follow and enlarge and clear the drift, thus roughly cut into solid darkness by the life-labor of all powerful thought; and hence that modern school of philosophy, which has done something toward a critical exegesis of the fundamental and eternal laws of thought, the true nature of substance or matter, a true knowledge of cause and "the mode of that thing which is uncaused," a sound and rational psychology, and some more scientific, intelligible, and satisfactory account of the constitution of this universe, and of the order of divine providence and the destiny of man in it: — in fine, a Universal Philosophy.

German scholars of this modern school, whether special students of this philosophy, or debtors to its results for their ideas and methods, have been filled with admiration of the super-eminent genius of Shakespeare. "The poetry of Shakespeare," says Frederick Schlegel, "has much accord with the German mind." Goethe, despairing to excel him, ranks him first among modern poets, and honors Hamlet with a place in the *Wilhelm Meister*; and Richter, no less, discovering at once the amazing depth of his philosophy, makes him rule sovereign in the heart of his Albano, — "not through the breathing of living characters, but by lifting him up out of the loud kingdom of earth into the silent realm of infinity."<sup>1</sup> How wonderful, indeed, is

<sup>1</sup> *Titan*, by Brooks, I. 154.

all this! Is it, then, that we have here a born genius, to whose all-seeing vision schools and libraries, sciences and philosophies, were unnecessary, — were an idle waste of time, forsooth? — whose marvellous intuition grasped all the past and saw through all the present? whose prophetic insight spans the future ages as they roll up, measures the highest wave of the modern learning and philosophy, and follows backward the tide of civilization, arts, and letters, to the very borders of the barbaric lands? — before whose almost superhuman power, time and place seem to vanish and disappear, as if it had become with him “an everlasting Now and Here”? or, as if it had pleased the Divine Majesty to send another Messiah upon our earth, knowing all past, all present, and all future, to be leader, guide, and second Saviour of mankind? What greater miracle need be!

Being translated into German, Shakespeare became “the father of German literature,” says Emerson. But it so happens, that the parts of him, which have been more especially quoted as the basis of this German appreciation, are precisely those, which have been least noticed at home, or if seen, appreciated on quite other grounds. Those transparent characters, which, said Goethe, are “like watches with crystalline plates and cases,” where the whole frame and order of discovery are placed, as it were *sub oculos*, under the very eye, and those most pregnant passages, which are written, like the Faust, or the Meister, with a double aspect, whether because it was then dangerous to write otherwise, or because the highest art made such writing necessary and proper, being the highest wisdom as well as that true poetry which requires the science of sciences and “the purest of all study for knowing it,” making these plays magic mirrors like “the universal world” itself, in which any looker may see as much as he is able to see and no more, have passed in the general mind for little more than ingenious poetical conceptions,

powerful strokes of stage eloquence, or merely fanciful turns of expression ; or if, sometimes, anything deeper may have been half discovered in them, some suspected smack of infidelity may have thrown the trammelled reader, all of a sudden, into a grim silence — a sort of moody astonishment, — very much as if he had accidentally laid his hand upon an electric eel ; — as if a true man should fear to be infidel to anything but God and the eternal truth of things, or as if more credence were due to a traditional mythology of the Egyptianized, or the Grecianized, Hebrews than to the best teachings of the wisest living men and the most enlightened philosophy. It has been said, that the “Hamlet” was not discovered to be anything wonderful till within the Nineteenth Century. In truth, these new wonders of Shakespeare are precisely the parts, qualities, and characteristics of him, wherein the higher philosophy of Bacon is displayed, and which are to be understood and comprehended in their full meaning and drift by those only, who stand upon the same high cliff and platform whereon he stood alone of all his contemporaries, that topmost height and narrow strait, “where one but goes abreast” in an age, and almost without an English rival down to our time. German scholars, as well as some later English, by the help of this same higher philosophy, in the new Kantian instauration of it, have been enabled to ascend to this elevated platform ; and being there, they discover the transcendent genius of Shakespeare in the philosophy, culture, science, and true art, which belonged only to Bacon. And therein and thereby is it further proven, that this “our Shakespeare” was no other than Francis Bacon himself ; and William Shakespeare ceases to be that “unparalleled mortal” he has been taken for, that title being justly transferred to the man to whom it more properly pertains. So, for the most part, in all times, has the philosopher been robbed of his glory. We worship in Jesus what belongs to Plato ; in Shakespeare, what belongs to

Bacon ; and in many others, what belongs to the real philosopher, the actual teacher, the true saviour, and to Philosophy Herself.

All that gives peculiarity and preëminence to these plays is to be found in Bacon ; vast comprehension, the profoundest philosophic depth, the subtle discrimination of differences and resemblances, matured wisdom, vigor and splendor of imagination, accurate observation of nature, extensive knowledge of men and manners, the mighty genius and the boundless wit, the brevity of expression and pregnant weight of matter, a fine æsthetic appreciation of the beautiful, the classical scholarship, familiarity with law, courts, and legal proceedings, with the metaphysic of jurisprudence, with statesmen and princes, ladies and courtiers, and that proper sense (which belonged to the age) of the dignity, sovereign duties, power and honor of the throne and king, the sovereign power in the State ;— all this, and more than can be named, belongs to both writings, and therefore to one author. Here was a man that could be a Shakespeare. Coleridge, Schlegel, Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Carlyle, Emerson, Delia Bacon, Gervinus, and, doubtless, many more, clearly saw that the real Shakespeare must have been such a man, in spite of all the biographies. "Ask your own hearts," says Coleridge, "ask your own common sense, to conceive the possibility of this man being . . . the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism ! What ! are we to have miracles in sport ? Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divinè truths to man ?"<sup>1</sup> And yet, even Coleridge failed to discover, that "the morning star, the guide, the pioneer of true philosophy," was not William Shakespeare, but Francis Bacon.

The last and most conclusive proof of all is that general, inwrought, and all-pervading identity, which is to be found in these writings, when carefully studied, and which, when

<sup>1</sup> *Notes on Shakespeare, Works, IV. 56.*

it is looked for and seen, is appreciated and convinces, like the character of a handwriting, by an indescribable genuineness and an irresistible force of evidence. In the words of A. W. Schlegel, speaking of Shakespeare, "On all the stamp of his mighty spirit is impressed."<sup>1</sup> The distinguishing qualities of Bacon's prose style are precisely those which belong to the poet, namely, breadth of thought, depth of insight, weight of matter, brevity, force, and beauty of expression, brilliant metaphor, using all nature as a symbol of thought, and that supreme power of imagination that is necessary to make him an artistic creator, adding man to the universe; qualities, which mark that mind only which God hath framed "as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." His speeches display these qualities. The oratorical style of that day seems to have been more close and weighty than in our times: it was full of strength and earnestness. Lord Coke spoke in thunderbolts, huge, Cyclopean, tremendous: he went to the very pith and heart of the matter, at once, and his speech was always "*multum in parvo*." But in him, it was vigor without grace, power without splendor, or beauty, and ability unilluminated by the divine light of genius. When we know that Bacon had been such a poet, it ceases to be a wonder that he was such an orator as he was. The mind that had been conceiving dramatic speeches, at this rate, during a period of thirty years or more, could never address a court, a parliament, or a king, otherwise than in the language, style, and imagery of poetry. In short, Bacon's prose is Shakespearean poetry, and Shakespeare's poetry is Baconian prose. Nor did these qualities altogether escape the recognition of one, who had an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a soul to comprehend: says Ben Jonson, "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on Dram. Lit.*, 302.



spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." And again he says, "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his works one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages." Howell, another contemporary, says of him, likewise, that "he was the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

What manner of man, then, have we here for our Shakespeare? A child well born, a highly educated youth, a precocious manhood, and an all-comprehending intelligence; a retired and most diligent student, who felt that he was "fitter by nature to hold a book than play a part," and whose studies, like Plato's, or Cicero's, ended only with life; an original thinker always; a curious explorer into every branch, and a master in nearly all parts, of human learning and knowledge; a brilliant essayist, an ingenious critic, a scientific inventor, a subtle, bold, and all-grasping philosopher; an accurate and profound legal writer; a leading orator and statesman, a counsellor of sovereigns and princes, a director in the affairs of nations, and, in spite of all faults, whether his own, or of his time, or of servants whose rise was his fall, "the justest Chancellor that had been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time," and though frail, not having "the fountain of a corrupt heart," but being one to whose known virtue "no accident could do harm, but rather help to make it manifest"; a prodigious wit, a poetic imaginator, an artistic creator, an institutor of the

art of arts and the science of sciences ; a seer into the Immortal Providence, and the veritable author of the Shakespeare Drama : in truth, not (as Howell supposed) a rare exception to the fortune of an orator, a lawyer, and a philosopher, as he was, but true still to "the fortune of all poets commonly to die beggars," dying as a philosopher and a poet, "poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune as also out of an excess of generosity" ; — his life, on the whole, and to the last, a sacrifice for the benefit of all science, all future ages, and all mankind. Surely, we may exclaim with Coleridge, not without amazement still : "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven ! What a man was this Shakespeare ! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."



**AN APPENDIX**  
**OF**  
**ADDITIONAL MATTERS:**

**INCLUDING A NOTICE OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED NORTH-  
UMBERLAND MSS.**

**WITH AN INTRODUCTION.**



## INTRODUCTION.

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I PRESENT in this appendix the more important additional matters which have come to my knowledge since the publication of this work. They may not be considered as adding much strength to the argument, but I have deemed them to be of sufficient interest and value to find a place in a new edition. As further evidence, it is rather cumulative than different in kind. The most notable recent discovery, bearing upon the question of Bacon's title to this authorship, is that of the Northumberland MSS., which receives a particular notice. The volumes of Mr. Spedding's "*Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*"<sup>1</sup> (recently completed), which have appeared since 1866, have been examined with care. They throw much light on the personal history and character of Lord Bacon, but have furnished no very important revelations touching the matter in hand here, beyond what I have noticed heretofore.

For the history of the question, I am now able to say further that the article in Chambers's "*Edinburgh Journal*"<sup>2</sup> of the date of August 7, 1852 (first, in modern times, that I am aware of) distinctly put the question, "*Who wrote Shakespeare?*" The anonymous writer pointedly urged a variety of reasons why William Shakespeare could not have been the author of the plays, and in support of the probability (to his own "extreme dissatisfaction" as he confesses) "that Shakespeare kept a poet." He did not name the per-

<sup>1</sup> *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon, and all his Occasional Works, etc.*, by James Spedding, London, 1861-1874.

<sup>2</sup> *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, conducted by William and Robert Chambers, No. 449. New Series, August 7, 1852, p. 87.

son, but gave a hint that he might be one "who had written the *Wars of the Roses*," and rather significantly asked the question: "But if Southampton really knew him [Shakespeare] to be the author of the dramas, how comes it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon — all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet* — have all ignored his acquaintance?" The anonymous article in "Putnam's Magazine" for January, 1856 (written by Miss Delia Bacon, of New Haven), in like manner, disputed the claim of William Shakespeare, and darkly hinted at Bacon (as well as Raleigh) without naming him, as one who might have had a hand in the work; and this was followed by the publication of her book,<sup>1</sup> in 1857, in which she attributed the plays to a club of Elizabethan wits, among whom Raleigh took some part, and Bacon the larger share. But, in September, 1856, had appeared the "Letter to Lord Ellesmere,"<sup>2</sup> in which William Henry Smith, Esq., of London, without any knowledge of her labors, or opinions, distinctly put the question "*Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays?*" and in condensed form gave specific reasons for believing, not only that Shakespeare did not, but that Francis Bacon did, write the whole of the genuine canon of the plays; adding that it was not his intention then "to adduce proof, but merely to initiate inquiry;" and his views and proofs were presented more at large in his "*Bacon and Shakespeare*,"<sup>3</sup> in 1857. In the preface, it appears that Mr. Smith had been of that opinion "for twenty years." Mr. Thomas Prewen, of Brickwale, Staplehurst, England, writes to James Spedding, Esq., in 1867, that he had been of the same opinion "for years" before he saw Mr. Smith's book. How long

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded*, by Delia Bacon, London, 1857.

<sup>2</sup> *Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays? A Letter to Lord Ellesmere*, by William Henry Smith, London, 1856.

<sup>3</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare: An Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers, in the Days of Elizabeth*, by William Henry Smith, Esq. London, 1857.

Miss Bacon had entertained the same belief, I have no means of knowing, but it appears from her book that she had been engaged upon the subject for several years, and without knowledge of the investigations of others.

My attention was drawn to the subject by Miss Bacon's anonymous article, in January, 1856 (as stated in my preface), and my conclusion had been mainly arrived at before the publication of her book ; and I have only to regret that I had not seen the publications of Mr. Smith, before my volume was printed, that I might have availed myself of some important particulars, which had escaped my search as well as hers, and which have to find a place in this appendix.

Thus it would seem that these several opinions were formed, almost entirely, upon independent researches. It is said that Mr. Smith's book made a convert of Lord Palmerston, and that he died in the same faith. It is very probable that other persons had entertained similar views. And there are, doubtless, now, many persons who believe the same thing, as well as a great many more who do not.

An opinion may be no proof of the fact: its weight must depend upon the amount of thought, examination, and study that have been given to the subject, as well as upon the critical judgment and insight of the student. Simple, plain, and direct proofs are not to be found. The evidences we have are various, intricate, nice, and sometimes abstruse. Not many can go into original research upon such a matter ; nor, if they did, could it be expected that all minds would agree much better upon this than upon so many other great questions in literature, philosophy, or religion. In this matter of judgment, much depends upon our preconceptions of the nature of the question. One primary consideration undoubtedly is, what sort of a man William Shakespeare really was ? This cannot be answered from the plays, since the very question is, who wrote them ? The answer given by his external history is quite unsatisfactory ; the rest is mere



conjecture. Another is, what is the value and the character of the Shakespeare poetry? This is open to study, and the proof is clear and certain. One who finds nothing in the plays that is above the capacity or acquirements of such a man as he finds William Shakespeare to have been, will have no difficulty with the problem. But one who finds with the best modern critics, that the contents of the plays are of the highest order in point of thought, learning, mastery of art, and language, and moral and civil wisdom, and in particular knowledge of law, medicine, the science of his time, and the ancient classics, — or say, with Emerson, that “the greatest mind values Shakespeare most,” — and, at the same time, can make no more of William Shakespeare than an uneducated adventurer and man of ordinary business, not certainly known to have written anything else but six several signatures, which may have been simply a chirograph by way of *his mark*, if he will not accept the theory of Dogberry that “reading and writing come by nature,” must necessarily imagine some unknown and merely conjectural way of coming at knowledge, culture, and skill in art and literature, while depreciating the merit of the Shakespeare poetry down to some standard of criticism that would bring this feat within the bounds of possibility even for such an erratic genius as this man is supposed to have been; or he must even go further and imagine a born poet endowed with a power of intuition and grasp of knowledge, both general and special, that was not merely extraordinary for any man of his time, however learned, but for such a man as we really know for William Shakespeare, of a quite supernatural kind; since there is nothing like it that we know of in the normal order of development of merely human genius. No one now supposes that he must either believe in this kind of special inspiration, or concede that God has grown old. The ancient world, indeed, was full of it. The very gods came down on earth in human shape. Achilles and Minerva, Ulysses and Calypso, no less

than Jesus and Mary, partook of both natural human and supernatural divine powers and faculties. The Oriental, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman minds had no difficulty in believing in such marvellous gifts to favored mortals. But since our era, that canon seems to have been closed. We do sometimes hear of poetical inspiration, but nothing more seems to be understood by it, now, than a certain quality or degree of genius as we see it in merely human examples. Many, however, will still insist upon it, for this one man Shakespeare, that "he, somehow or other, without knowing it, was able to do what none of the rest of them, though knowing it all, too, perfectly well, could begin to do."<sup>1</sup> But is this really true? or if true of anybody, is it true of this man Shakespeare? This is our question here. Doubtless Shakespeare might write to the extent of his ability or his art. But could he tell more than he knew? or make revelations without knowing it? Was it ever known that revelations, inspirations, or much human wisdom, were communicated to mankind, extensively, through babes, or idiots, or rustics, or ignoramuses, or even through born geniuses, without more? Nobody believes this. Hence the necessity (so long as William Shakespeare is taken to have been the author) of imagining him to have somehow found means of acquiring as much knowledge and culture and skill in art as he needed for this work. Doubtless, the real author had all this; nor is it to be doubted that Francis Bacon was gifted with all the genius which these works display. It may be true enough that nobody else, though knowing as much, could begin to do what he did, any more than some other than Milton, or Scott, could have done what they did; but it is certainly remarkable that the moment we turn from the man Shakespeare to the plays, he seems to have become somebody else, or almost anybody but himself. An illusory mistake as to the man breeds a kind of necessity of attributing too much to the genius, and too little to knowl-

<sup>1</sup> *Among My Books*, by J. R. Lowell, A. M., Boston, 1874, p. 201.

edge, culture, and arts acquired : it tends to blind the eyes to the real character and true merits of the plays themselves, and to inculcate a false philosophy of the human mind.

What then is this inborn genius? It must be a hard thing to define, there are so many opinions about it. Buffon defined it as "the aptitude for patience." Dr. Abbot of Exeter said it was "application." Thomas Carlyle thinks it "a certain transcendent faculty of taking pains." This does not help much, since there are all degrees of the faculty, from the wonderful man Carlyle himself down to the Papua, where it is extremely small. It is easy to say this man has it, and that man has it not, but not so easy to say how much, or of what sort, or what it is. When a Mozart is born with a hereditary musical brain and temperament and muscular adaptation, that take to music at six years of age as a bird to song, and he is trained from infancy up in all the arts of instrumental manipulation, and his studies are carried over the whole field of musical composition, and with a certain enthusiastic exuberance of life and soul, we are prepared not to be so greatly surprised that a rich endowment of genius, with such efforts and such aids and reinforcements of power, at length carries the art and science of music, and the beauties of melody and harmony, a long stride beyond all before him, and even half an age beyond all his contemporaries. Peculiar aptitudes and degrees of power there are, no doubt, which, with a life of drill and infinite pains, in persons possessing intellect, or some peculiar qualities, physical and mental, may carry the individual to the highest mark in any given direction ; as Raphael in painting, Mozart or Beethoven in music, Vanderbilt in money-making, Signor Blitz in legerdemain, Hegel in metaphysics, Coke in law, and if not Bacon, why then Milton or Goethe in poetry ; — men that we know were thoroughly trained from youth upward in all the skill and practice pertaining to their arts, or were life-long stu-

dents of all knowledge, and accomplished in all the learning of their times. It is of the nature of men to pursue what they like best, and they are apt to like best what they are most successful in doing. A friend of mine once observed that if a man found he could climb a greased pole higher than anybody else, he would be always climbing greased poles; and in the most comprehensive definition I am not sure he would not be entitled to be called a man of genius. We may admit that William Shakespeare might have been born with as much genius as Francis Bacon, but the question is, *was he so born?* And if he were, how, in this instance, could that solve the difficulty here, or much help the matter? We have the means of knowing with what genius Francis Bacon was born, and how he raised his gifts to the highest power, and made them equal to the writing of a whole Shakespeare drama; and upon all the knowledge we possess of William Shakespeare, it would seem to be clear that he never raised his much above the faculty of a prosperous manager.

We see in Homer what he thought and knew about this universe and human affairs in it, as well as the compass of his art; and so of Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe, and except Homer (veiled as he is in the mists of antiquity), we know something of what kind of men these were, and what lives they led. And in Marston, Heywood, Ben Jonson, Burns, Tom Taylor, or whatsoever other, we see what they knew and thought of the same, and how they expressed it. So of the author of Shakespeare. But the difference between any two of these is quite considerable, and between Burns (Tom Taylor I omit, lest I should do him injustice, not knowing anything about him), or even Ben Jonson, and the author of Shakespeare, it is certainly immense and immeasurable, or as the world's volume to the Westminster catechism, or "our Britain to a swan's nest." But it is chiefly by his range in the world of thought and knowledge, his command of language as the symbol of thought, and his

skill in art, that we may identify and distinguish the particular writer. The greatest range (as I observe) is not reached by intuition, or genius, or inspiration, alone, natural or supernatural, but by the superaddition to these of disciplines, virtues, studies, efforts, and labors, which it would be quite impossible to specify.

I have not yet discovered any one authentic fact which would necessitate the inference that William Shakespeare was the author of this poetry. The further facts of a historical kind, now presented, while strongly pointing to Francis Bacon as the author, are not at all conclusive. Indeed, the extrinsic circumstances all together, though powerfully suggestive and convincing, cannot be said to be absolutely conclusive of the matter. The strongest evidence lies in the comparison of the writings, and the demonstration (as I conceive) must rest, at last, and chiefly, upon the essential identity, individuality, and oneness of the writer of this poetry and of Bacon's works, as exhibited in a thorough critical comparison of the writings themselves. But of course where this evidence fails to convince, or carries no weight at all, or even seems to prove a difference rather than an identity, there is an end of the argument. Nevertheless, it is my belief that any one who will take the trouble to make that comparison, in an adequate manner, will not fail to be convinced of that identity, and that in truth Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

There is so much point in the following letters, and the matter is of such value, that I venture to introduce them here, though, perhaps, not intended for publication. I have reason to believe the writers will not complain, and I flatter myself that the reader will not.

[MR. SPEDDING to MR. HOLMES.]

DEAR SIR : I have read your book on the Authorship of Shakespeare faithfully to the end; but if my report of the result is to be equally faithful, I must declare myself not only unconvinced, but undisturbed. To ask me to believe that the man who was accepted by all the people of his own time, to many

of whom he was personally known as the undoubted author of the best plays then going, was *not* the author of them, is like asking me to believe that Charles Dickens was not the author of "Pickwick." To ask me to believe that a man who was famous for a variety of other accomplishments, whose life was divided between public business, the practice of a laborious profession, and private study of the art of investigating the material laws of nature, — a man of large acquaintance, of note from early manhood, and one of the busiest men of his time, but who was never suspected of wasting time in writing poetry, and is not known to have written a single blank verse in all his life,<sup>1</sup> — that this man was the author of those plays, that is to say, of fourteen comedies, ten historical dramas, and eleven tragedies, exhibiting the greatest (and the greatest variety of) excellence that has been attained in that kind of composition, — is like asking me to believe that Lord Brougham was the author, not only of Dickens's works, but of Thackeray's, and of Tennyson's besides. That the author of "Pickwick" was Charles Dickens, I know upon no better authority than that on which I know that the author of "Hamlet" was a man called William Shakespeare. And in what respect is the one more difficult to believe than the other? A boy born and bred like Charles Dickens was as unlikely *a priori* to become famous over Europe and America for a never-ending-series of original stories, as a boy born and bred like William Shakespeare to become the author of the most wonderful series of dramas in the world. It is true that Shakespeare's gifts were higher and rarer; but the wonder in that is that *any* man should have possessed them; not that the man to whose lot they fell was the

<sup>1</sup> Here, I would remind the reader of that fragment of a Masque (written about 1594-95), which is mentioned in my book (p. 228), and of which an account is given in Mr. Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon* (Vol. I., p. 386-391), where Bacon's prose breaks into fourteen lines of good Shakespearian blank verse; for although the Masque has been usually attributed to Essex, and is not, perhaps, absolutely *known* to be Bacon's work, yet it is pretty clear from what Mr. Spedding writes concerning it that he believed that Bacon wrote it for Essex (and of this I have not the least doubt), for he says, "If it be quite certain that it was the Earl's own composition, his style in things of this kind must have been so like Bacon's that I for my part should despair of distinguishing their several work by examination of the workmanship." And he clearly shows elsewhere that Bacon was in the habit of drafting such papers for Essex, and admits that it is proved that Essex's *Device of Self-Love* was written by Bacon — N. H.

son of a poor man called John Shakespeare and that he was christened William. That he was not a man otherwise known to the world is not at all strange. Nature's great lottery being open to all men alike, the chances that the supreme prize will be drawn by an unknown man, are as the numbers of the unknown to the numbers of the known, — millions to hundreds. It is not the famous man that becomes the great inventor: the great inventor becomes a famous man. Faraday was a book-binder's apprentice, who in binding a copy of Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry" was attracted to the study, got employed as assistant to Sir Humphrey Davy — an assistant in so humble a capacity that wishing to go with him to Geneva for the purpose of making the acquaintance of some men of science there, he actually went as his servant, — and by his own genius, virtue, and industry, made himself the most famous man (probably) now living in England. Burns was a ploughman, Keats a surgeon's apprentice, Robert Stephenson a lad in a colliery, Newton did not become Newton because he was sent to Cambridge: he was sent to Cambridge because he *was* Newton, — because he had been endowed by nature with the singular gifts which made him Newton. But for the genius which nature gave them, without any consideration of positive advantages, what would have been known of any one of these?

If Shakespeare had no learning as a scholar or man of science, neither do the works attributed to him show traces of trained scholarship or scientific education. Given the *faculties* (which nature bestows on the poor as freely as on the rich), you will find that all the acquired knowledge, art, and dexterity which the Shakespearian plays imply, was easily attainable by a man who was laboring in his vocation, and had nothing else to do. Or, if you find it difficult to believe this of such a man as you assume Shakespeare to have been, try Bacon. Suppose Francis Bacon, instead of being trained as a scholar or statesman and a lawyer, and seeking his fortune from the patronage of the great, had been turned loose into the world without means or friends, and joined a company of players as the readiest resource for a livelihood: do you doubt that he would soon have tried his hand at writing a play — that he would have found out how to write better plays than were then the fashion; that he would have cultivated an art which he found profitable and prosperous, — and

sought afresh for such knowledge as would help him in it ; diligently reading his Plutarch, his Seneca, his Holinshed, and all the novels and plays that came in his way ; studying life and conversation by all the opportunities which his position opened to him, and generally seeking to enrich his thought with observation ? Do not you think that Francis Bacon would have been capable of learning in this way everything which there is reason to think that the writer of the Shakespearian plays knew ? And if Francis Bacon could, why could not William Shakespeare ?

If, therefore, your theory involved no difficulties of its own — if of two names equally likely in themselves you merely proposed to substitute one for the other, — I should still have asked why I should reject the received story ? Where is the difficulty which makes it hard to believe ? I see none. That which is extraordinary in the case — and whatever is extraordinary is in some degree improbable *a priori* ; it is something that you would not have expected, — is that *any* man should have possessed such a combination of faculties as must have met in the author of those plays. But that is a difficulty which cannot be avoided. There must have been somebody in whom the requisite combination of faculties did meet, for there the plays are. And by supposing that this somebody was a man who at the same time possessed a combination of other faculties, themselves sufficient to make him an extraordinary man, too, instead of diminishing the wonder you increase it. Aristotle was an extraordinary man. Plato was an extraordinary man. That two men, each severally so extraordinary, should have been living at the same time in the same country, was an extraordinary thing. But does it diminish the wonder to suppose the two to be one ? So I say of Bacon and Shakespeare. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Shakespeare should exist, is extraordinary. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Bacon should exist, is extraordinary. That two such human beings should have been living in London, at the same time, was more extraordinary still. But that one man should have existed possessing the faculties necessary to make *both*, would have been the most extraordinary thing of all. You will not deny that tradition goes for *something* ; that in the absence of any reason for doubting it the concurrent and undisputed



testimony to a fact of all who had the best means of knowing it is a reason for believing it, or at least for thinking it more probable than any other given fact which is irreconcilable with it, and which is not so supported. On this ground alone, without inquiring further, I believe that the author of the plays published in 1623 was a man called William Shakespeare. It was believed by those who had the best means of knowing, and I know nothing which should lead me to doubt it. Those reasons for doubting it which you suggest, seem all to rest on a latent assumption that William Shakespeare could not have possessed any remarkable faculties, a fact which would no doubt be conclusive if it were established. But what should make me think so? It was not the opinion of anybody who was acquainted with him, so far as we know; and why was a man of that name less likely than another to possess remarkable faculties?

With one who finds no difficulty in accepting the simple story as it has come down to us, you will hardly expect that the other considerations which you urge should have much weight. Between writers nourished in a common literature, addressing popular audiences in a common language, and surrounded by a common atmosphere of knowledge and opinion, resemblances both in thought and expression are inevitable. But to me, I confess, the resemblances between Shakespeare and Bacon are much less striking than the differences. Strange as it seems that two such minds, both so vocal, should have existed within each other's hearing without mutually affecting each other, I find so few traces of any influence exercised by Shakespeare on Bacon, that I have great doubts whether Bacon knew any more about him than Gladstone (probably) knows about Tom Taylor (in his dramatic capacity). Shakespeare may have derived a good deal from Bacon: he had no doubt read the "Advancement of Learning" and the first edition of the "Essays"; and most likely had frequently heard him speak in the courts and the Star Chamber. But among all the parallelisms which you have collected with so much industry to prove the identity of the writers, I have not observed one in which I should not myself have inferred from the difference of style a difference of hand. Great writers, especially being contemporary, have many features in common; but if they are really great writers, they write naturally, and nature is always individual. I doubt whether

there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with the several styles and practised in such observation. I was myself well read in Shakespeare before I began with Bacon, and I have been forced to cultivate to a high degree what skill I have in distinguishing Bacon's style; because in sifting the genuine from the spurious I had commonly nothing but the style to guide me; and to me if it were proved that any one of the plays attributed to Shakespeare was really written by Bacon, not the least extraordinary thing about it would be the power which it showed in him of laying aside his individual peculiarities and assuming those of a different man.

But you will ask me what I say of "Richard II.," of which you contend that Bacon has by implication avowed himself the real author. I say simply that your inference is founded upon a misconstruction of a relative pronoun. "About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, *which* though it grew from me went after about in others' names." I say that "*which*" relates not to the "matter" but to the "answer." You make it appear to relate to the "matter" (p. 251, l. 8), only by inserting "*and,*" which is not in the original. If so, there is an end of your whole superstructure. When the Queen asked Bacon whether there was not treason in Dr. Hayward's "History of the First Year of Henry IV.," he parried the question by an evasive answer, which was quoted afterwards and ascribed in conversation to other people, but was really his own. If it were possible to believe that the "matter" in question was the play of "Richard II.," the only inference that could be drawn as to the authorship would be that the ostensible author was a doctor. But for my part I can see nothing in it but a reference to Dr. Hayward's historical tract.

For these reasons I am obliged to decline all acquiescence in your supposition. I do not see that a *prima facie* case for questioning Shakespeare's title to the plays which have always been attributed to him is made out; and if you had fixed upon anybody else rather than Bacon as the true author, anybody of whom I knew nothing, I should have been scarcely less incredulous. But if there were any reason for supposing that the real author *was* somebody else, I think I am in a condition to say that

whoever it was, it was not Francis Bacon. The difficulties which such a supposition would involve would be almost innumerable and altogether insurmountable. But if what I have already said does not excuse me from saying more, I fear that whatever I might say more would have no better fate, but be equally ineffectual.

I ought perhaps to apologize for speaking with such confidence on the question of style, in a matter where my judgment is opposed to yours. But you must remember that style is like handwriting, not easy to recognize at first, but unmistakable when you are familiar enough with it. When some twenty-five years ago I began the task of collating the printed copies with the manuscripts, and plunged into a volume of miscellaneous letters written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, I could scarcely distinguish one hand from another, and it was some time before I discovered which was Bacon's own. But after a little of the close and continuous attention which collation and copying involve, I began to feel as if I could know it with certainty through all its varieties, from the stateliest Italian to the most careless and sprawling black-letter, and almost down to a semicolon; and I am convinced that I could produce examples in which the most expert palæographers and fac-similists would at the first view pronounce two hands different, and yet find on examination that they were the same. And so it is with a man's manner of expressing himself. The unconscious gestures of the style, scarcely discoverable at first, are scarcely mistakable after. The time may have been, I do not know, when I could have believed the style of "Hamlet" and the "Advancement of Learning" to be the style of the same man; and the time may yet come when you will yourself wonder that you did not perceive the difference.

Again thanking you for your book, in which though I am so far from assenting to your conclusion, I cannot sufficiently admire the diligence and ingenuity with which you have collected and brought together your evidence.

80 WESTBOURNE TERRACE, LONDON, Feb. 15, 1867.

[MR. HOLMES to MR. SPEDDING.]

ST. LOUIS, March 13, 1867.

DEAR SIR, — I have to acknowledge, with much satisfaction, the receipt of your very interesting letter of the 15th ult., reporting the result of your reading of my book on the "Authorship of Shakespeare." I do not allow myself to feel at all disappointed that you have to declare yourself not only "unconvinced, but undisturbed." I was pretty well aware that the question could not have escaped your consideration, and had inferred that your judgment was probably adverse to the theory, and I could hardly expect my argument would be likely to prevail with you. But I am exceedingly gratified that you have had the patience to give it a hearing, and have taken the pains to give your views and suggestions (which are stated with great force), and the more especially as you have pointed out one misconstruction (which I readily admit to be an error), — that of making the relative pronoun *which* refer to the "matter" instead of the "answer." The other construction had not occurred to me (and I scarcely know how I overlooked it); but, upon reëxamination, I am satisfied you are right. I see that the anecdote related below (in which the answer consisted) is the leading subject of the whole paragraph, and so, that the "answer" must be the leading subject of the sentence, and not the "matter" as I had supposed.

But I cannot accede to the whole consequence which you think follows, namely, that "there is an end of the whole superstructure." It certainly cuts away one strong point, one clinching nail (as it were) in that argument, and reduces it to the ground of an *implied* admission only. The implied admission is, I admit, somewhat far-fetched and subtle, but still has a ground, all things considered, of no insignificant weight to my mind; particularly in connection with the other expression, "*and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales,*" and with the *admonition* which he did not like. There is a covert allusion here to something which I take to have been that play. I have discovered nothing else to which it can refer. I can see that it is not impossible that these "*mine own tales*" may have been something else; and if the whole argument founded on this play of "Richard II.," or the whole question of Bacon's authorship of

the plays, rested on this alone, I should not venture to rely much upon it.

I may say in general that my conviction rests, not so much upon the historical part as upon the comparison of the two writings throughout, and on what I think I discover to be their identities in all material respects in view of the question. The historical facts only clear the way, and the way being so cleared, as it appears to me, and there being no "insurmountable" difficulties in the way that are known to me, the resemblances and identities which I find in this play and Bacon's writings (not omitting the allusion to Tacitus), I must say, are such to my mind that I find it impossible to doubt that Bacon was the author of both, especially when considered with all the rest.

I have written to the publishers to make a correction of that error if another edition of the work is to be issued. I find it can be done (so far as necessary to obviate the effect of that error) by changing a few words in a few lines.<sup>1</sup>

The other views which you present I have read with the utmost attention, as they are certainly deserving of profound consideration; but nearly all those topics have been the subject of study and reflection with me heretofore. In some of your observations I entirely concur, while upon others and upon the conclusions you would draw from them, our opinions are so widely different, that I should be wanting in a proper respect for your independent judgment, if I persisted in a re-argumentation upon them.

As you may be willing to hear, briefly, how they strike me, I will merely observe, that the remarks upon native genius, Dickens and "Pickwick," Brougham and Tennyson, are very good, but they do not strike me as exactly in point. As to what is to be found in the plays, it is plain to me that I find, or seem to find, a great deal more in them than you would allow. Your supposition of a substitution of the man Bacon is good, but would not change the nature of the problem with me. In what you say of extraordinary men I readily agree. My difficulty is not with the remarkable "faculties," but with the remarkable acquisitions and the peculiar identity of the faculties. With your views of the problem, I see that the parallelisms and resemblances would have much less weight, but still they are such to me, that, even on your basis, I could not get over them.

<sup>1</sup> It was corrected in the second edition.

On the difference of individual peculiarities (strange as it may seem), my opinion must still remain diametrically the opposite of yours, until I get some new point of view. On the practice required for the certain recognition of Bacon's handwriting and style in all papers, I willingly concede that your skill in that must exceed

— "The lists of all advice  
My strength can give you,"

or that of any person living, I believe. But all these considerations together, though carrying much weight, do not reach the foundations of my conviction.

I may say further for myself only, that in the course of my comparisons, I seemed to become so familiar with the habitual ideas, words, and singular peculiarities of the author, that I could not read a page of either, without thinking I saw his identity, and cannot now. I have taken an especial delight in tracing these peculiarities and identities. The outline of my essay was framed early in the study, and then filled up and expanded from year to year, as the work progressed, and not the least conclusively convincing and wonderful thing with me was, that every new fact, date, or parallelism, dropped right into its place and time as if made to fit, no jarring discrepancy turning up anywhere; and the dates and facts were such as to exclude all possibility of borrowing in the particular instances, and the whole array such as seemed to me to defy explanation on the score of contemporary usage, such mutual influence as might be possible, and the common stock of knowledge and ideas of the time.

When I got your "Letters and Life of Bacon," and read that fragment of a *Masque*, having the dates of all the plays in my mind, I felt quite sure at once in which I should find that same matter, if it appeared anywhere (as I expected it would), and went, first, straight to the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," and there came upon it, in the second act, so palpably and unmistakably to my mind, that I think nothing less than a miracle could shake my belief in it, — there and nowhere else; and so in many other instances of like kind.

Reading the other day in Mr. David Masson's "*Recent British Philosophy*" (p. 234), about spirit in nature, and turning to the "*Hamlet*" (Act I., sc. 5), which he cites, I noticed (what

had escaped me before) the words underscored in these lines :—

“ There are more things in *heaven and earth*, Horatio,  
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.”

Instantly I remembered what was printed on p. 498 of my book, where you will see how Bacon uses these same words in a peculiar sense in a similar connection in two places. And I believe the same man put them into the “ Hamlet,” where I find the same philosophy blazing out, and the ghost so unceremoniously *including himself in the phenomena of Nature*. I am quite incredulous of ghosts ; but nothing short of Bacon’s ghost, rising up to say *No!* could make me doubt it, I think. So, too, in these lines :—

“ *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my Lord,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,”

which, if I had specially noted before, I should have cited on p. 498 of my book, for that this is that same *cliff*, again, I have not the least doubt.

I will trouble you with but one more, and that is (on p. 491 of my book, where I have given your very elegant translation of the two lines of Latin poetry quoted by Bacon) <sup>1</sup> that I think we have Bacon’s own translation of them in the “ Hamlet ” (Act I., sc. 1), thus :—

“ *Ham.* Now, pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o’ertop old Pelion, and the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.  
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart.”

A few things of this kind might possibly be got over in the way you suggest, but when I find them everywhere and almost innumerable, amounting to absolute identity of authorship, if there ever was any individual identity and character in different writings of the same author, the conclusion, I confess, is to me irresistible.

<sup>1</sup> “ Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,  
Scilicet atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympus.”

“ Mountain on mountain thrice they strove to heap,  
Olympus, Ossa, piled on Pelion’s steep.”

Some of our American critics have dwelt on the differences, too. That objection had not occurred to me as likely to be made, but I had not wondered at the criticism. The difference of style, in the sense of the outward form or structure, in Bacon's several works, must be better known to you than to almost anybody else; but it appears to me to be exceedingly various, very much as in Milton's prose works; and in this respect, merely, I can hardly suppose you would deny that a still wider difference should be looked for in so different a kind of composition as a comedy or tragedy in high poetic vein and in blank verse. I find the identities underneath this outward husk, — in the thought, diction, and distinguishing peculiarities of the writer's mind and habit, rather than in what is commonly called *style*. As in Milton, so in Bacon, in the most long-winded, swift-rolling, gushing, surging, meandering, tumbling periods, warped into something of the cramped and twisted inter-dependence of a whole page of blank verse, strung on one logical string, no less than in other works, in short periods and pithy, weighty sentences, trimmed to the nicety of a syllable, I think I am able to recognize the same mind and master, the same out-flashing pearls and glittering diamonds and individual earmarks, and the same elephantine sweep of intellect that can wrench an oak or pick up a pin; and I must say that to me the author of "*Paradise Lost*" is not more distinctly visible in Milton's prose works than is the author of these plays in the writings of Bacon.

But I am vexing you with more reiteration, or as the lawyers say, "arguing the case after it is decided."

Though not near so incredulous as you appear to be, I assure you I have learned not to be quite certain of anything in this world, unless it were something like the necessary and fundamental laws of nature and reason; and I will not say that mistake is impossible with me here; but until I get some new light (which I never expect to see, but may), — until some long buried Hermione, for instance, the fixture of whose eye

— "has motion in't

As we are mock'd with art,"

shall step down alive out of some old picture frame to say *No*! you may say of me as did Camillo of King Leontes in the "*Winter's Tale*": —

"You may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon.



As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,  
 The fabric of his folly; whose foundation  
 Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
 The standing of his body."

. . . . .

[MR. SPEDDING to MR. SMITH.]

MY DEAR SIR, — When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, I said that if you made any converts I should like to know their names. Oddly enough it was only ten days before the date of your note that I received news of one myself, but not knowing what had become of you, I was unable to forward the intelligence. Mr. Thomas Prewen (whose greatgrandfather, Thomas Prewen of Brickwale, M. P., and nephew of Archbishop Prewen of York, married for a third wife Jane Cook, whose mother was relict of George Herbert the poet, and her father Sir Roger Cook of Highram Court, son of Sir William Cook of Highram Court, was first cousin of Bacon) — Mr. Thomas Prewen, writing to me on the 5th of April last, about a picture of Bacon which he has, ends with these words: "If you by accident have not seen a small two-shilling volume by W. H. Smith, entitled 'Bacon and Shakespeare,' you should get it. I confess myself an entire convert to his opinion, that Bacon and not Shakespeare wrote those wonderful plays. I was delighted to see that Lord Palmerston was equally a convert to that opinion. I have held it for years."

I cannot deny that Judge Holmes is an important ally if only for his industry and his perseverance, and as you may like to know more about him I enclose the correspondence which has passed between us on the subject. You will see that he had anticipated you in sending his book to me (though not I think in anything that is very material to the argument), and my answer will do for both. When you have done with the letters, I shall be glad if you will return them to me as I have no other copies, and if converts accumulate at this rate and address themselves to me, I may want them for other similar occasions.

You will see that I am incorrigible; but I am not the less grateful for your present, which is certainly a very curious piece of work. Could you not make out (by the way) that Bacon wrote Ben Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays as well? I will be bound they contain as many parallelisms, — and the date of

Bacon's death need not interfere, — for they may have kept his manuscripts and brought them out as they were wanted, as long after his death as you please. Works that were written before he was born must be left to the reputed authors, but I am afraid a diligent prosecution for parallel passages would strip him of a good many feathers ; for in that case every parallelism must be an appropriation of something not his own.

Yours truly, etc.

LONDON, *April 20, 1867.*

[MR. SMITH to MR. SPEDDING.]

HIGHGATE N., *April 22, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your enclosure of letters. I do it thus promptly that you may know where they are, should you desire to fulminate them against any fresh “perverts” to this American heresy. I have now only two observations to make. In your letter to Judge Holmes, you say, “The reasons for doubting which you suggest seem all to rest on a latent assumption that William Shakespeare could not have possessed any remarkable faculties, — a fact which would no doubt settle the question if it could be established. But what should make me think so?” If the question were addressed to me, I should answer, “My belief that William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon could neither read nor write.” The only writings of his extant are six several signatures, clearly the signatures of a man who had simply learnt to write his name. “I can set to my name,” quoth Sancho, “for when I was constable of our town I learnt to make certain letters such as are set to mark trusses of stuff which they said spelt my name.” There is not the slightest pretense for presuming that Shakespeare was ever sent to school.

In your letter to me, you say, “Works that were written before he was born must be left to their reputed authors, but I am afraid a diligent prosecution of parallel passages would strip him of a good many feathers ; for in that case every parallelism must be an appropriation of something not his own.” Did you ever turn over the pages of Theobald's “Shakespeare”? He noted the passages (and their name is legion) where the ideas of ancient writers are reproduced, and in some cases their words literally translated. I confess these plagiarisms, or rather well-

ings up of literary lore, have tended to convince me that Shakespeare could not, and Bacon might, have been the author. Assuredly, we must make room by removing Shakespeare from his pedestal in Poet's Corner, before we shall get you to erect Bacon's effigy in his place.

I send you an original comment of mine on a trivial passage in the plays : —

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord ?

*Ham.* Excellent, excellent well ; you are a fishmonger."

A fishmonger, the very nickname Cicero bestowed on the Consular Senators, when railing at their indolence and luxury. The coincidence is curious.

I must be allowed to detain your letter for a short time that I may endeavor to answer it, but I will not trouble you with a lengthy reply, because as I am sure you will be "unconvinced," I wish you to remain "undisturbed." I think that I should be more successful in an appeal to the American Bench than to the Anglican Bar. Thanking you for the courtesy of your communication, I remain, etc.

[MR. SMITH to MR. SPEDDING.]

HIGHGATE, May 1, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR, — I return your enclosure of letters with many thanks. I have made a copy of your letter, which I thought I might do as you intimated that you intended to use it as a circular. My little book which Mr. Prewen perused at a cost of thirty pence, I provided at a cost of thirty pounds. Having been in the front of the fight for a decade of years, now that the American contingent has taken the field I think I may creditably retire to the rear. Your letter is such a model of precision, perspicuity, and power of expression, that I wish to have it by me at the time I prepare "an answer of mine" to the "matter," which matter to my mind is not so precise and powerful as the "style." As "there is nothing more certain in nature than that it is impossible for anybody to be utterly annihilated, but as it was the work of the Omnipotency to make somewhat of nothing, so it requireth the like Omnipotency to make somewhat into nothing." Shakespeare's inability to read or write — my "swashing blow," — it is useless to remember against you, for

if I could "utterly annihilate" him, I should still doubt my "Omnipotency" to create a Bacon in your mind instead. Yet the erasure of the word *seale* and substitution of the word *hand* in his will seems to me strong evidence that the person who prepared the will believed, at that time, that he would not be able to sign his name. I know that you will ingeniously observe, that that might have been his belief, but the fact would better have been proved, if "hand" had been erased and "seale" inserted, and no signature added; or that it was usual to attest a will by a seal; but Shakespeare, being proud of his writing (which Jonson praised), and as this would probably be his last opportunity, insisted upon exhibiting his hand; but does the sequel sustain that supposition? Bacon somewhere writes that the kingdom of knowledge, like the kingdom of heaven, must be ordered as a little child. Certainly, you are very far from the kingdom of the knowledge that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays; but if I could believe that you had enough of "teachableness" to take my recommendation and look into Theobald, I should have some little hope of you. He (apparently) was a much riper scholar than Pope, whatever their relative reputations were, and I think he is worthy of your acquaintance. His is the only Shakespeare I read for the thirty years previous to my purchase of Booth's reprint of the Folio of 1623. Judge Holmes writes that Rowe, Colman, Pope, Farmer, Malone, Stevens, and Knight and White found traces that the writer of the plays was a classical scholar, but he does not seem to be aware that such a person as Theobald ever existed. The object of this letter is, to try and induce you to believe that Shakespeare was an illiterate man, and the author of the Shakespeare plays, etc., one whom reading had made "a full man."

I should be glad if you would allow me to make a further communication, at a future time, when I will be as concise as possible, which is the "style" I strive to cultivate.

I take pleasure in being permitted to add the following letter from the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness of Philadelphia, whom (though personally a stranger to me) I have been accustomed to regard as one of the first scholars and thinkers in America:—

N. HOLMES, Esq., — Although a stranger, sir, I beg the privilege of expressing to you my very hearty thanks for the "Authorship of Shakespeare," which I am reading with all the interest you could desire.

I am one of the many who have never been able to bring the life of William Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare within a planetary space of each other. Are there any two things in the world more incongruous? Had the plays come down to us anonymously, had the labor of discovering the author been imposed upon after generations, I think we could have found no one of that day but F. Bacon, to whom to assign the crown. In this case it would have been resting now on his head by almost common consent. If it could be proved that William Shakespeare wrote the plays, it would be worth while to search and ascertain whether he did not write "Bacon's Works" also.

The popular reluctance to entertain Miss Delia Bacon's opinion and yours appears to have no better cause than the fear of losing a great miracle of genius. But the miracle is far grander, besides being a rational miracle, when we make Shakespeare and Bacon *one*. If Shakespeare were so vast a genius, what could have kept Shakespeare and Bacon from a most intimate and conspicuous friendship, and would not Bacon have directed mankind to study Shakespeare?

I do not well see how there could be a more faithful and interesting book on the subject than yours. Miss Bacon's theory was disabled by the idea of a number of authors, Raleigh, etc. I tried hard to read her volume, but it seemed to me that the sweet bells were already beginning to jangle. Is it so? Have the Germans caught the idea yet? But there are no Goethes and Richters now. Pray pardon the freedom with which I write, and ascribe it all to your book.

W. H. FURNESS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1866.

I conclude by saying that I have set forth these additional matters for the edification of those who may take an interest in the subject, without ambition of fame or profit in the adventure, but deeming them of sufficient value and importance to find a record in print.

N. HOLMES.

St. Louis, Jan. 25, 1875.

## APPENDIX.

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As the matters of this Appendix are simply additional to topics which have been considered at large in the body of the work, they are given here under the several heads to which they relate, with a reference to the page of the volume where these topics have been discussed. And in the cited passages, I take the liberty to italicize the words that are more particularly referred to.

### Page 12. *His learning in the law.*

In my work, I did not deem it necessary to go at large into this part of the subject, and for the reason (as stated) that other writers had already given it a critical consideration, and demonstrated clearly enough that the author of the plays was learned in the law, and in fact must have been a lawyer. But this alone settled nothing as to the man. That lawyer might be William Shakespeare, or somebody else. Mr. Collier at once jumped to the conclusion that Shakespeare was a lawyer. Lord Campbell evidently had no doubt that the author of the plays was a lawyer, but he did not venture to conclude that William Shakespeare was. Nor did he venture to declare that he was not. The same thing may be said of Mr. Rushton, whose work<sup>1</sup> exhibits the proofs of the same fact, with accurate knowledge and critical acumen. I need not repeat them here; but I cite the following instances, with some

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare a Lawyer*, by William L. Rushton, London and Liverpool, 1858.

additional circumstances, as going to show, not only that the author of Shakespeare was a lawyer, but that that lawyer was Francis Bacon.

Mr. Rushton cites the Statute 16 Rich. II., which was leveled against the Pope's usurpations of sovereignty in England, and enacted, that "If any do bring any translation, process, sentence of excommunication, bulls, instruments, etc., *within the Realm, or receive them, they shall be put out of the King's protection, and their lands, tenements, goods and chattels, forfeited to the King,*" and compares it with the speech of Suffolk in the play of "Henry VIII." thus :—

*"Suff. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is, —  
Because all those things you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a præmunire, —  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you :  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the King's protection. — This is my charge."*

*Act III. Sc. 2.*

It is manifest here, as Mr. Rushton thinks that the author of the play was exactly acquainted with the very language of this old statute. But was that author William Shakespeare? There is no extrinsic evidence that Shakespeare ever studied law: what we know of him effectually excludes that supposition. We may, indeed, conceive it possible that for his purpose he had hunted up the statute, or had heard the lawyers chaffering about it; but the probability of this is rather small. The whole intrinsic evidence on this head must be deemed conclusive, that the writer of the plays was an accomplished lawyer. This conclusion only tends to show that William Shakespeare was not the author of them: the question still remains, who was the lawyer that did write them?

I have heretofore noticed several instances in which Shakespeare might possibly have read Holinshed, North's "Plutarch," and other contemporary authors, in a particular

case, while the other circumstances were such as to indicate, or even prove, that the transposition from these authors into the plays actually took place through the mind of Francis Bacon. It was shown, for instance, that a part of the circumstances mentioned in the "Timon of Athens" were taken directly from the untranslated Greek of Lucian, and not from North's "Plutarch," which the author had no doubt also consulted. The story of Timon's tree is told in Plutarch's "Life of Antony": it is also alluded to in Bacon's "Essay of Goodness." Lucian makes no mention of Timon's tree; but this same tree comes into the play thus:—

*"Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I sell it. Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whose please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself."—Act IV. Sc. 1.*

In this passage, it is very plain that the writer followed Plutarch's "Antony," which reads thus in North's translation:—

*"Ye men of Athens, in a court-yard belonging to my house grows a large fig-tree; on which many an honest citizen has been pleased to hang himself: now, as I have thoughts of building upon that spot, I could not omit giving you this public notice, to the end that if any more among you have a mind to make the same use of my tree, they may do it speedily before it is destroyed."*<sup>1</sup>

It may be observed that the play takes just so many of the circumstances as are suitable to the idea and present purpose and no more; namely, the portraying of the character and disposition of Timon, the malignant misanthrope, which cannot be better exemplified than by citing the whole passage from the Essay:—

*"Neither is there only a habit of goodness, directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it; as on the other side there is a natural malignity. For there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity*

<sup>1</sup> See Theobald's *Shakespeare*, V. 208.



turneth but to a crossness, or forwardness, or aptness to oppose, or diffidence, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief. Such men in other men's calamities are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores; but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; *misanthropi*, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature; and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politiques of; like to knee timber, that is good for ships, that are ordained to be tossed; but not for building houses, that shall stand firm."<sup>1</sup>

In like manner in this instance of Mr. Rushton, and particularly in reference to the line —

“Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, —”

and the following lines which pursue the words of the statute, there are some circumstances which point to Francis Bacon as the actual writer; for while the first three lines of Suffolk's speech follow the language of Holinshed closely enough, the last six lines do not; indeed, there is nothing in Holinshed to correspond with them. This shows, conclusively, that if the writer did follow Holinshed so far, he was obliged for the rest to draw upon his own knowledge (gained elsewhere) of the law and the statutes.

The “Henry VIII.” is usually assigned to the year 1612–13. About this time, the great controversy with the royal prerogative touching *commendams*, *rege inconsulto*, and *præmunire* against the Lord Chancellor, had arisen, and continued until 1616.<sup>2</sup> Chief Justice Coke attempted to turn this old statute of Richard II. against Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Bacon, attorney general since 1613, was the King's chief adviser in the matter, and drew most of the legal papers and among them the King's final decree in the Star Chamber. Bacon, of course, had made himself familiar with the statute, and in one of these documents used the phrase, “*within the compass of the judges' oath*.” This use of the

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on Goodness*, Works (Boston), XII. 119.

<sup>2</sup> See Spedding's *Letters and Life*, V. 356.

word *compass* is quite frequent in Bacon's writings and in the plays. It appears in the "Richard II.," thus:—

"Why should we in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?" — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

It is highly probable that Bacon's mind was full of these matters of the power legatine and the statutes of *præmunire*, at the date when the play of "Henry VIII." was written, and more than probable that he was acquainted with the history of Cardinal Wolsey; and if we may suppose that he had so recently introduced them into the play, along with this expression, it would be easy to believe it had readily fallen from his pen, again, when treating of *præmunire* against the Lord Chancellor.

Theobald states in his note<sup>1</sup> that the author of the play followed Holinshed, and that Holinshed "gives this very description of the *præmunire*." But he could not have meant to say that Holinshed gives this language of the statute of Richard II., for it will be seen, on examination, that he does not, nor even mentions the statute. He simply alludes to the *præmunire* in these words: "In the meantime, the king, being informed that all these things that the Cardinal had done by his power legatine, within this realm, were in the case of *præmunire* and provision, caused his attorney Christopher Hales to sue out a writ of *præmunire* against him"; and again, "the learned counsel said plainly that they were all in the *præmunire*";<sup>2</sup> but it is nowhere said "*within the compass of a præmunire*." It is clear, then, that the writer of the play, in following the precise words of the statute of Richard II., and in using this expression, did not follow Holinshed. The phrase might not be uncommon among lawyers. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a barrister of the Middle Temple, relates that Lord Chief Justice Coke had been put out of his place, "upon his attempting to bring

<sup>1</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, V. 68.

<sup>2</sup> Holinshed's *Chronicles*, III. 740, 765. London, 1808.

the old Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, *within the compass of a premunire*.”<sup>1</sup> And again he writes, “It is a dangerous thing to *fall within the compass of a guilty conscience*.”<sup>2</sup> And it is very probable it might be found that other writers of the time had used the same expression. As proof, therefore, that Bacon wrote the play, this single circumstance alone would amount to nothing; but, putting all the circumstances together, they may be allowed to carry some weight of probability. We seem to have another reminiscence of like kind in Bacon’s letter to the King, in 1615, on this same business, in which he writes: “I did think these greater causes would have comen to period or pause sooner, but now *they are in the height*; . . . and it is no part of a skilful mariner to *sail or row against a tide, when the tide is at strongest* ;” imagery, which may have been unconsciously repeated from the “Julius Cæsar” : —

“*Bru. We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.*” — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And in another letter of this same year: “But my Lord Coke floweth according to his own tides, and not according to the tides of business ;”<sup>3</sup> and again he says, “Particular conspiracies have their periods, and if they be not taken in their time, they take vent and vanish.” Here is identity with a difference: the reader may take his choice.

Again, Bacon’s memorial for the King’s speech in the Star Chamber, just preceding his final decree, contains this account of the Court of Chancery : —

“It is called the dispenser of the King’s conscience, following always *the intention of law and justice* ; not altering

<sup>1</sup> *Autobiography and Correspondence*, by J. O. Halliwell, I. 213.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, II. 390.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, V. 225.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 165.

*the law, not making that black which other courts make white, nor e converso ; but in this it exceeds the other courts, mixing mercy with justice, where other courts proceed only according to the strict rules of law ; and where the rigor of the law in many cases will undo a subject, then the Chancery tempers the law with equity, and so mixeth mercy with justice as it preserves men from destruction. And thus (as before I told you) is the King's throne established by mercy and justice."*<sup>1</sup>

Here, in like manner, we have repetitions of the doctrines and metaphors of the "Merchant of Venice" (of 1597) ; for he could never treat of any subject, however dry and formal, without clothing it in the same poetic language and broad conceptions with which his powerful imagination had illuminated these dramas. The merciless Shylock "craved the law" —

"The penalty and forfeit of my bond," —

to the utter destruction of the hapless merchant, Antonio. When Shylock came before the Duke, and stood for judgment upon the law, the Duke, like King James, exercised his *royal prerogative to put off the cause*, thus : —

"Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day."

But Doctor Bellario, happening to be sick, sent Portia to act the Chancellor in his stead, "dressed like a Doctor of Laws," having been "made acquainted with the cause in controversy," and "furnished with his opinion," which would be "bettered with his own learning," as they had "turned o'er many books together"; and clearly this learned Doctor understood something of equity and the mixing of mercy with justice, if we consider this part of her decree : —

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, V. 383.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
*'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes*  
*The throned monarch better than his crown :*  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
*But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;*  
*It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,*  
It is an attribute to God himself,  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
*When mercy seasons justice.* Therefore, Jew,  
*Though justice be thy plea,* consider this, —  
*That in the course of justice none of us*  
*Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,*  
*And that same prayer doth teach us all to render*  
*The deeds of mercy.* I have spoke thus much  
*To mitigate the justice of thy plea,*  
*Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice*  
*Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there."*

So, when Bassanio tendered "twice the sum" to save the forfeit of the pound of flesh, Chancellor Portia still admitted the strict rules of law, "*not altering the law*" : —

*"Por.* It must not be. There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :

*'Twill be recorded for a precedent,*  
*And many an error, by the same example,*  
*Will rush into the State.*

*"Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ; yea a Daniel ! "

Nevertheless, continuing with Bacon's draft of the King's decree, "*forasmuch as mercy and justice be the true supporters of our royal throne,* and that it properly belongeth to us in our princely office to take care and provide that our subjects have equal and indifferent justice ministered to them ; and that where their case deserveth to be relieved *in course of equity* by suit in our Court of Chancery, they should not be abandoned and exposed *to perish under the rigour and extremity of our laws,*" so the learned Portia

proceeded to give sentence that the plaintiff should have  
 "merely justice and his bond," thus : —

*"Por. This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
 The words expressly are a pound of flesh ;  
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
 Are by the laws of Venice confiscate  
 Unto the State of Venice."*

And then it was Gratiano, on the other side, that exclaimed, —

*"A Daniel, still say I : a second Daniel !"*

And when the decree still further pronounced that by the laws of Venice, —

*"If it be prov'd against an alien  
 That by direct or indirect attempts  
 He seek the life of any citizen,"*

he shall forfeit to the State both his life and his goods, the merciless Jew had no resource left but to "*beg the mercy of the Duke*" for pardon.

It is plain throughout that the writer of this play (as well as Portia) knew the exact difference between law and equity, and that while the courts of equity never override or contradict the positive law, still the sovereign power in the State, through the courts of equity acting on general principles of justice and mercy, will interfere to prevent the strict law from being made an instrument of fraud and injustice, contrary to the real intention of the law itself.

Indeed, it is clear that Dr. Portia's knowledge extended even to Chancery Practice, and continued to the end of the piece : —

*"Por. . . . Let us go in ;  
 And charge us there upon int'rogatories,  
 And we will answer all things faithfully."*

For the *charges, interrogatories, and answer* had to come in, though the syllables should prove somewhat refractory for musical verse.

Another instance may be noticed here. It has been mentioned that, in 1597-98, Bacon and Coke were rivals for the hand of the rich and beautiful Lady Hatton, and that Coke's great wealth and powerful influence won her against the eleven objections,—ten children and himself. The lady positively refused a public ceremony, and they were married at a private house, without bans or other compliances with the rules of the Church, and at the risk of the "greater excommunication" to be thundered from Lambeth. And when the archbishop caused suit to be instituted against all parties concerned, Coke put in the excuse that they were "ignorant of the ecclesiastical law," and made an humble submission; whereupon the archiepiscopal mercy was extended to him.<sup>1</sup> The "Othello" appeared somewhat later (1604-1611). Whether or not the writer of it remembered the archbishop's libel against Coke as well as the arts and practices which had won the lady, and was not ignorant of the statutes of the realm, certain it is that there was an old statute of 3 Hen. VIII.; 5 Eliz. c. 5, in force in those days, with which Francis Bacon would be likely to be familiar, and which enacted, that "*It shall be felony to practise, or cause to be practised, conjurations, witchcraft, enchantment, or sorcery to get money; or to consume any person in his body, members, or goods, or to provoke unlawful love,*" etc.

Now Brabantio in the play did not rely upon the ecclesiastical law of which he too might have been ignorant, but evidently grounded his indictment upon this old statute:—

"Brab. Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
That waken motion.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;—  
Lay hold upon him.

<sup>1</sup> Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, I. 220.

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted,  
*By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks;*  
 For nature so preposterously to err  
 (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense),  
*Sans witchcraft could not."*

"I therefore vouch again,  
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
 He wrought upon her."

Othello, confronted thus with "the bloody book of law" (as the Duke calls it), and compelled "to read in the bitter letter," meets the charge with an intelligent comprehension of the point in issue, thus:—

*"Oth. I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic  
 (For with such proceeding I am charg'd withal),  
 I won his daughter with." — Act I. Sc. 3.*

Of course, in a community where such statutes were still in force, and were perhaps sometimes put in execution, any writer for the stage might have been sufficiently familiar with their provisions and terms to account for all that this passage contains; and I should not undertake to say that William Shakespeare could not have known as much. Nor, in this instance, can I put my finger upon any special particular that would cleave to Francis Bacon rather than to any other lawyer of the time; and yet there is such a semblable coherence between his life, experiences, and humor, and this supposition, as would seem to render it not improbable. Certainly, no other lawyer of that age can be named whom the coat would fit as well.

In all these passages, as elsewhere, besides those common legal phrases which might be known to any writer, there is a nice selection and fit use of words having a peculiar legal propriety and definite sense, not likely to be noticed by others than professional lawyers, such as "*the words expressly are,*" "*the strict court of Venice,*" *vouch, proceeding, charge, recorded for a precedent, and answer to interrogato-*



ries; or if any scholar might use these particular words, still a novice in "the freemasonry" of the law (as Lord Campbell calls it), in a series of works like these, would be pretty sure to blunder somewhere and often, if he ventured to try it at all. And when jurists like Lord Campbell and Mr. Rushton certify to the wonderful accuracy of the legal ideas and expressions of this author (so numerous as they are), it is superfluous to add more, and next to impossible (I should think) for any lawyer to doubt that he was not William Shakespeare, but some accomplished jurist, if not Francis Bacon.

Page 25. *His learning in medicine.*

In the "History of Henry VII.," giving an account of a pestilent fever, Bacon writes: "*It seemeth not seated in the veins or humours, . . . only a malign vapour flew to the heart, and seized the vital spirits; which stirred nature to strive to send it forth by an extreme sweat. . . .* For if the patient were kept in an equal temper, both for clothes, fire, and drink moderately warm, with temperate cordials, whereby nature's work were neither irritated by heat nor turned back by cold, he commonly recovered."<sup>1</sup> I had not noticed this passage when the following lines from the "Romeo and Juliet" were cited:—

"—through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize  
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat."—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Here, the idea of a flowing of the blood to and fro—inward to the heart and outward to the extremes,—and of its being sent forth by heat and turned back by cold, is in exact accordance with that which Dr. Bucknill inferred from the plays. In the play, "*a cold and drowsy humour*" ran through all the veins, and "*seized each vital spirit*," causing the pulse to surcease to beat: here in the prose, "*a malign vapour*

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XI. 55.

*flew to the heart*," and "*seized the vital spirits*"; but nature strove to send it forth by "*an extreme sweat*," and commonly succeeded in saving the patient, if her work were "*neither irritated by heat nor turned back by cold*," which as before would cause the pulse to surcease to beat.

In 1604, Bacon uses the like imagery in a business paper:—

"That the commerce between both nations be set open and free, so as the commodities and provisions of either may pass *and flow to and fro without any stops or obstructions into the veins of the whole body*, for the better sustentation and comfort of all the parts; with caution nevertheless, that *the vital nourishment* be not so drawn into one part, as it may endanger a consumption and withering of the other."<sup>1</sup>

The same physiological science seems to pervade these lines from the "*Coriolanus*":—

"*Men. . . . Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well, he had not din'd. —  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.*" — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

In a note upon this passage, Theobald observes, that "Lord Bacon somewhere in his *Essays* makes this very remark concerning the seasons of solicitation."<sup>2</sup> And in a note upon the following passage from the same play:—

"*Auf. . . . — he'll be to Rome  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of Nature,*" —

he remarks: "*Shakespeare, 'tis well known, has a poem—*

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, III. 243.

<sup>2</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VI. 108. London, 1733.

liarity of thinking; and, wherever he is acquainted with Nature, is sure to allude to her most uncommon effects and operations."<sup>1</sup>

Some think that the plays exhibit no more trained scholarship, or natural science, than William Shakespeare may have picked up for his occasions. Whoever takes it for granted, or is induced to believe, that he wrote them, must necessarily think so; but here as everywhere, whether in law, medicine, science, the classics, or indeed anything else, he seems to have exactly the science, the knowledge, the habit of mind, and the training of Francis Bacon, neither more nor less.

Page 57. *Classical attainments.*

In the body of this work, I have barely noticed this topic, citing some of the critics and merely referring to a few instances. It was taken for granted that it had been sufficiently demonstrated by others that the writer of the plays was familiar with the classic authors. A few instances were mentioned to show that it was a matter of indifference with him whether those authors were translated, or untranslated. I was not then aware that Theobald had pointed out so many of the sources of this classical knowledge, by citing the passages in his notes. It is no wonder that these notes should have led Mr. W. H. Smith to doubt whether Shakespeare could have been the author of the plays; the wonder is, that the learned editors and critics had not doubted it long ago. They seem to have been driven to the necessity of magnifying the conjectural gropings of William Shakespeare among translations and other English books, or even of underestimating this feature of the plays. A late writer, in an elegant essay on Shakespeare, cites a number of these classicisms which I have not seen noticed elsewhere; but he seems to regard them as trifles, commonplaces, or chance resemblances, though curious, and imagines that Shake-

<sup>1</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeares*, VI. 100.

speare "may have laid hold of an edition of the Greek tragedians, *Græcè et Latine*, and then with such poor wits as he was master of, contrived to worry some considerable meaning out of them." He observes that the *Electra* of Sophocles "is almost identical in its leading motive with *Hamlet*," and that "the Chorus consoles *Electra* for the supposed death of *Orestes* in the same commonplace way which *Hamlet's* uncle tries with him,"<sup>1</sup> and cites the passages, thus:—

"Θνητὸν πόνους πατρός, Ἠλέκτρα, φέρει·  
Θνητὸς δ' Ὀρέστης ὥστε μὴ λίσσιν ὄνει,  
Πᾶσι γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῦτ' ἐφαίλεται παθεῖν."

"Your father lost a father;  
That father lost, lost his . . .  
But to persevere  
In obstinate condolence is a cause  
Of impious stubbornness . . .  
'Tis common; all that live must die."

I will add the following lines from the "*Julius Cæsar*," which would seem to be an echo of the same passage:—

"*Bru.* Why farewell, *Portia*. — We must die, *Messala*:  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

This passage may be compared with the speech on Fortitude, in the newly discovered *Masque* of 1592,<sup>2</sup> written by *Bacon*. By the light of this speech, the Greek lines may admit of this version:—

*Electra*, think:  
Thyself wast of a mortal father born,  
And mortal was *Orestes*: grieve not then  
Exceedingly: all must all things endure.

Indeed, the like resemblances, not only with the classic authors, but with *Bacon's* writings, also, are so numerous throughout the plays, that they would seem to indicate that the writer had no need to worry his classical lore out of an

<sup>1</sup> *Among My Books*, by James Russell Lowell, A. M., Boston, 1874, pp. 190, 191.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, p. 672.

edition *Græcæ et Latinæ* (a very necessary supposition for William Shakespeare), but that his classical inspirations flowed abundantly out of the depths of a full strong memory.

Page 100. *The plays cease to appear.*

The plays ceased to appear in 1613, when Bacon became Attorney General, and not long afterward (on the 5th of January, 1613-14), John Chamberlain, who appears to have been a collector of court news, more especially of a political character, but who seems to have paid no attention to Shakespeare or his plays, though he mentions Lord Bacon and Sir Tobie Matthew, writes from London to Dudley Carlton: —

"I never knew any Christmas bring forth less variety of occurrences. The world is in motion round about us, and yet we have no news. Here at home, we pass on with a slow pace, and nothing fallen out worth the remembrance. They have plays at least every night, both holidays and working days, wherein they show great —, being for the most part such poor stuff, that instead of delight, they send the auditory away with discontent. Indeed, our poets' brains and inventions are grown very dry, insomuch that of five new plays not one pleases, and therefore they are driven to furbish over their old, which stand them in best stead, and bring them most profit. To-morrow night there is a masque at court, but the common voice and preparations promise so little, that it breeds no great expectation." <sup>1</sup>

This is mere gossip, and does not come near enough to our subject to be of much value; but it is not without some interest as affording a glimpse of the state of London news, at that day, and some confirmation of Ben Jonson's invocation: —

"Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light."

Page 127. *Ifs and Ands.*

The very case of Buckingham's treason in an *if* is thus mentioned by Bacon: "And I put the Duke of Bucking-

<sup>1</sup> *Court and Times of James I.*, I. 290. London, 1848.

ham's case, who said, *that if the King caused him to be arrested of treason he would stab him*, and the case of the impostress Elizabeth Barton, *that if the King Henry VIII took not his wife again Catherine dowager, he should be no longer King.*"<sup>1</sup>

Sir Thomas More's "Life of Richard III." reads as follows: "Do you answer me with *ifs* and *ands*, as if I charged them falsely? I tell you they have done it, and thou hast joined with them in this villainy." Upon this passage, Mr. Hayward observes that the lines of Shakespeare, in the council scene, "are little more than a metrical version of the text of More."<sup>2</sup> It is to be noted, however, that, in the first passage cited from Lord Bacon,<sup>3</sup> he speaks of *ifs* and *ands* (as in More's "Life"), but of *ifs* only, in the other. In the lines of the play, the writer had occasion only for the *ifs*: neither the sense nor the verse required *ands* also. Bacon was doubtless familiar with More's "Life of Richard," and also with the law and history of treason. The circumstance had certainly made an impression on his mind. It is possible, also, that Shakespeare may have read the "Life of Richard III."

Page 129. *Pictures.*

The expression, "*as statues and pictures are dumb histories, so histories are speaking pictures*," is certainly a little peculiar, but need not surprise us, falling from his pen here when speaking of Queen Elizabeth, in 1605, if we may consider that, but a year or two before, he had made use of the same metaphor when speaking of Ophelia in the "Hamlet" thus:—

"King. Poor Ophelia,  
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, V. 119. *Hen. VIII.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Biographical and Critical Essays*, by A. Hayward, Q. C., II. 116. London, 1873.

<sup>3</sup> *Ante*, p. 127.

Page 130. *Queen Elizabeth and King James.*

I have shown how the author of the "Henry VIII." sought to please King James by complimenting Elizabeth, and cited the passage containing these lines :—

"All princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
*Shall still be doubled on her : . . .*  
And those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
*And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."*

In his letter to the King (in 1621), Bacon addresses his Majesty directly in very similar terms : "I have therefore chosen to write the reign of King Henry the VIIth, who was in a sort your forerunner, and whose spirit, as well as his blood, is doubled upon your Majesty." <sup>1</sup>

Page 144. *John Davies and concealed poets.*

In a volume of poems by Sir John Davies (1621), is the following anagram to Bacon :—

"To the Right Honorable Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, Lord High Chancellor of England.

Anagr<sup>m</sup>. { Bacone.  
              { Beacon.

Thy vertuous Name and Office joyne with Fate,  
To make thee the bright Beacon of the State." <sup>2</sup>

And in the conclusion of the "Orchestra" (1596), Davies makes allusion to some half a dozen unnamed poets, whose names are conjectured by Mr. Grosart, besides one other (whose name he does not venture even to guess, and which I leave to be guessed), in these lines :

"Yet, Astrophel might one for all suffice,  
Whose supple Muse chameleon-like doth change  
Into all forms of excellent devise." <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, VII. 303.

<sup>2</sup> *The Fuller Worthies Library*: Poems by Sir John Davies. By Alex. B. Grosart, VI. 23. London, 1889.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 230.

The dark allusion to "concealed poets," in Bacon's letter to Davies, is noticed also by Mr. Grosart, who makes this remark upon it: "We have noble contemporary poetry unhappily anonymous; and I should not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it. May I live to have my expectation verified."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Spedding, in his note upon this letter of Davies, observes: "Mr. Davis was no doubt John Davies, the poet, author of *"Nosce Teipsum,"* and afterwards Attorney General for Ireland. The allusion to "concealed poets," I cannot explain. But as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices, which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davis may have been in the secret."<sup>2</sup> This is certainly a very plausible supposition, but a rather lame explanation; but it may do for those who cannot see any evidence that Bacon was a concealed poet. That Davies was in the secret, would seem to be as certain as that Ben Jonson and Tobie Matthew also were.

Page 167. *Ben Jonson.*

It is certainly a remarkable fact that Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," characterizes Bacon in the same words which he had applied to Shakespeare in his Eulogy, prefixed to the Folio of 1623. This circumstance was first brought to my notice by Mr. William Henry Smith's "Bacon and Shakespeare,"<sup>3</sup> after the publication of my book. Mr. Smith's commentary upon Ben Jonson's testimony must be admitted to have much force. He notices that the "Discoveries" were first published in 1640, three years after Jonson's death, and suggests that they have the appearance of "detached thoughts and reflections," entered in a

<sup>1</sup> *The Fuller Worthies Library*, I. 31, London, 1870.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters and Life*, III. 65, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare: An Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers in the days of Elizabeth.* By William Henry Smith, Esq. To which is appended an abstract of a MSS. respecting Tobie Matthew. London, 1857.



commonplace book, at different times, and that the passage in which he speaks of Shakespeare and the actors may have been written before his Eulogy for the Folio of 1623, and possibly before his nearer intimacy with Lord Bacon had begun; and he points out that the lines of the Eulogy have a double aspect, "and throughout exhibit a mysterious vagueness quite at variance with the general character of Ben Jonson's laudatory verses."<sup>1</sup> And it is evident from the context that the passage in the "Discoveries," in which he speaks of Lord Bacon, was written after the death of Bacon in 1626. Now, on the theory that Francis Bacon was in fact the author of the plays, and that when Ben Jonson wrote this Eulogy (if he did not also write the dedication and preface to the Folio, as Malone believed), he had become aware of that fact, this mysterious ambiguity would be accounted for, since the secret was still to be kept, and the plays printed in the Folio as what they were already known for to the public, namely, as "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." There would be a kind of necessity that he should dwell upon the "Volume's light," and avoid the man. There is certainly more in this Eulogy that is directly and fitly applicable to Francis Bacon and the volume than can well be understood of William Shakespeare, if we are to take his picture from his external biography. His characterization of the poet seems to have no congruity with this man. And when he applies to the poet here the same language and the same lofty comparison that are afterwards appropriated to Bacon by name in express terms, it must impress the mind as something more than an accidental coincidence of expressions, and may be taken as some positive evidence that he was all the while thinking of one and the same person. He might venture to say in this Eulogy:—

"To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:

<sup>1</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare*, pp. 25-30.

While I confesse thy writings to be such,  
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much."

Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,  
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,  
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke  
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*,  
*Euripides*, and *Sophocles* to us,  
*Pacuvius*, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,  
To life again, to heare thy *Buskin* tread,  
And shake a stage: Or, when thy *Sockes* were on,  
Leave thee alone, for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent *Greece* or haughtie *Rome*  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come." <sup>1</sup>

But when, long afterwards, he is deliberately setting down in plain prose his critical judgment upon all the great wits and learned men of his time, he not only selects the Lord Chancellor Bacon for this same comparison, with a significant reference to something which he had performed "in our tongue," and which "had filled up all numbers," but omits to make any mention at all of William Shakespeare. He is speaking of wit and eloquence. The whole passage, which has a special reference to the Lord Verulam, may be cited thus:—

"Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his discretion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was, lest he should make an end.

"Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner,

<sup>1</sup> Eulogy: White's *Shakespeare*, Vol. II.: Preliminary Matter of the Folio of 1623. Boston, 1859.

were for their times admirable; and the more because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nic. Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The earl of Essex, noble and high, and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or stile. Sir Henry Savile, grave and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. *But his learned and able (but unfortunate) successor is he, that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.* In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honor a language, or help study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and *acme* of our language." <sup>1</sup>

It is observable that the discourse runs more upon orators than poets, and it is not impossible that the writer may have forgotten what he had said so long before of the poet Shakespeare. But even this would fall short of explaining the whole matter. Certainly these plays (by whomsoever written) might come into this consideration of our language, if not of wit and eloquence, and would as well justify that comparison and preference over the ancients as anything else done by Bacon in our tongue, though he were to be "named, and stand as the mark and *acme* of our language."

The Rev. Dr. A. C. Kendrick, in a recent philological discourse, very aptly remarked that "in a country possessing the English language, and in which two such writers as Bacon and Milton were possible, a Shakespeare was not impossible."<sup>2</sup> And I will venture to add my belief (in accordance with this statement of Ben Jonson), that a Shakespeare was possible, then, precisely because Francis Bacon then lived, and, alone of all the English wits known to Jonson, had reached this mark and acme of our language, and had written Shakespeare.

The article in Chambers' "Edinburgh Journal"<sup>3</sup> (from which I have quoted already) continues: —

<sup>1</sup> *Works of Ben Jonson*, VII. pp. 98-100. London, 1756.

<sup>2</sup> Address before the Amer. Philological Society, at Providence, in 1872.

<sup>3</sup> No. 449, August 7, 1852, p. 87.

"But if Southampton really knew him [Shakespeare] to be the author of the dramas, how came it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon — all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet* — have all ignored his acquaintance? Raleigh and Bacon seem not to have known of his existence; while Spenser, if he alludes to the works, takes care to avoid the name. In short, Heywood, Suckling, Hales, and all the others who are recorded to have spoken of Shakespeare, with great admiration, confine themselves to the works, and seem personally to avoid the man, always excepting "Rare Ben Jonson;" and we confess, if Ben is to be entirely believed, Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. But Ben, if unsupported, is somewhat disqualified from being what the Scotch would call a 'famous witness.' . . . . .

"We repeat, there is nothing recorded in his every-day life that connects the two [Shakespeare and *Hamlet*], except the single fact of his selling the poems and realizing the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached: and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret."

If there be anything in our view of the ambiguity of "Rare Ben's" Eulogy (besides all this other impeachment of his testimony), this writer might have forbore to make an exception even of him; for he would seem to have been almost as careful as the rest to avoid any mention of the man himself. On any other theory, how should he forget and omit William Shakespeare altogether, in this enumeration of the wits of his time, especially when he had once previously, and in the same terms, set him at the topmost height of all? On the whole, it would seem that this authentic fact, when considered in connection with the intimate relations that are known to have existed between Ben Jonson and Bacon, his certain familiarity with Bacon's writings, and his connection with that Folio of 1623, might go far toward removing the last doubt from the critical mind, that Ben Jonson knew the secret and meant to keep it. That there was a secret to be kept, with regard to this authorship, is another and distinct fact, which must rest mainly upon other evidence, namely, all that goes to prove that William Shakespeare was not, and that Francis Bacon was, the real poet and author.

Page 170. *Traditions.*

Mr. William Henry Smith also notices<sup>1</sup> an excellent observation of Mr. Hallam (in 1842) upon the later researches into biographical facts, or rather vague traditions, relating to Shakespeare, as follows : —

“ I laud the labors of Mr. Collier, Mr. Hunter, and other collectors of such crumbs, though I am not sure that we should not venerate Shakespeare as much if they left him undisturbed in his obscurity. To be told that he played a trick to a brother player in a licentious amour, or that he died of a drunken frolic, as a stupid vicar of Stratford recounts (long after the time) in his diary, does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote *Lear*. If there was a Shakespeare of earth (as I suspect), there was also one of heaven; and it is of him we desire to know something.”

The drift here is clear and sharp in reference to the new discoveries relating to Shakespeare, but is quite ambiguous in reference to our question, which is not exactly what sort of a man William Shakespeare was (though that is important), or whether his earthly or his heavenly part were the better worth knowing. Coleridge, A. W. Schlegel, and some others, were as certain as no doubt Mr. Hallam was, that (taking it for granted that he wrote the plays) there must have been a heavenly nature in him, though we have no history but of his earthly existence. But not taking that for granted, this criticism loses none of its force as pointing to the necessity of still searching for more exact information of the man who wrote *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and all the rest.

Page 176. *Sir Tobie Matthew.*

Another important fact which had escaped my search (but which Mr. Smith did not fail to notice)<sup>2</sup>, is Sir Tobie Matthew's description of the character and qualities of Bacon's mind, taken from his “ Address to the Reader,” which was prefixed to his printed “ Collection of Letters.”<sup>3</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare*, London, 1857, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 97.

<sup>3</sup> *A Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Matthew, Kt., with a Character of the most excellent Lady Lucy, Countess of Carlisle*: To which are

intimate relations and literary correspondence of the two men make it quite certain that Mr. Matthew was a competent judge of this matter. Bacon often made him his 'inquisitor' and critic. As an additional testimony to this intimacy, I may cite a passage from John Chamberlain's Letter of the 9th of August, 1617.<sup>1</sup> Lord Chancellor Bacon had retired to his country seat at Gorhambury for the summer vacation, and Mr. Tobie Matthew (having shortly before obtained the King's leave to return to England) was staying with him at Gorhambury. Chamberlain writes: "I have not seen Mr. Matthew but once since I wrote last, when we dealt as confidently one with another as need be, and so I will do whensoever he shall give me occasion. He hath been ever since at Gorhambury, being so exceedingly proved and respected by that lord, that it is thought *aliquid nimium* that a man of his place should give such countenance to one so affected; and some stick not to say that former private familiarity should give place to public respect." Considering that Bacon was in the habit of sending him, now and then, a "little work of his recreation," the expression in one of Mr. Matthew's letters in reply, "*I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but Measure for Measure,*"<sup>2</sup> may have some significance, and help to explain that notable Postscript to another letter of Mr. Matthew to his lordship.<sup>3</sup> At any rate, this description will show what Mr. Matthew understood by "the most prodigious wit" of all England, at that day. As it did not come within the plan of Mr. Spedding's "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon" to include letters addressed to Bacon, it could not be expected, perhaps, that he should take any notice of these

added many Letters of his own to Several Persons of Honour, who were contemporary with him. London, 1660.

<sup>1</sup> *Court and Times of James I.*, London, 1848, II. 25-27; Spedding's *Letters and Life*, VI. 216.

<sup>2</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare*, by Wm. Henry Smith, Esq., p. 96; from Tobie Matthew's *Collection*.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 175.

mysterious allusions in Sir Tobie Matthew's replies. The Address to the Reader runs thus : —

"We have also rare compositions of minds amongst us, which look so many fair ways at once that I doubt it will go near to pose any other nation of Europe to muster out in any age four men, who, in so many respects, should excel four such as we are able to show — Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Bacon; for they were all a kind of monsters in their several ways. . . .

"The fourth was a creature of incomparable abilities of mind, of a sharp and catching apprehension, large and faithful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment for as much as might concern the understanding part: — a man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world.

"I know this may seem a great hyperbole and strange kind of riotous excess of speech; but the best means of putting me to shame will be for you to place any man of yours by this of mine. And, in the meantime, even this little makes a shift to shew that the Genius of England is still not only eminent, but predominant, for the assembling great variety of those rare parts, in some single man, which used to be incompatible anywhere else."

On what study I have been able to give to the plays of Shakespeare, I should say it would not be possible for any man to give a more just, accurate, and complete account of the genius of Shakespeare, in the same space, if he grounded his judgment alone upon what the plays contain. I have put the question how Ben Jonson came to omit William Shakespeare in his list of the great wits of his time; and I cannot do better here than to repeat the question of Mr. Smith: "How was it the name of William Shakespeare — a man equal if not superior to Bacon in the points enumerated — did not occur to Sir Tobie Matthew?"<sup>1</sup>

Now I will venture to place by the side of this contemporary judgment of Bacon's genius the conclusion of a very learned and profound modern critic as to that of Shakespeare, in which (if he would allow me to take the two for all one) I should most heartily concur: —

"But out of the circle of religious books, I set Shakespeare as the one

<sup>1</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare*, p. 98.

unparalleled mind. No nation has produced anything like his equal. There is no quality in the human mind, there is no class of topics, there is no region of thought, in which he has not soared or descended; and none in which he has not said the commanding word. All men are impressed, in proportion to their own advancement in thought, by the genius of Shakespeare. The greatest mind values Shakespeare most. It is wonderful that it has taken ages to esteem him. We find with wonder that he was not appreciated in his own time; that you can hardly find any contemporary who did him any justice. Still his fame and the influence of his genius have risen with the progress of time. As there has been opportunity to compare him with other poets and writers, his superiority has been felt, and never so much as at this day. In reading Shakespeare, you will find yourself armed for the law, for divinity, and for commerce with men."<sup>1</sup>

Judging from what Mr. Emerson has said of Bacon, one would imagine he would find no difficulty in believing him capable of reaching those "summits of Shakespeare" from which Milton, as by a "stair or high table-land, let down the English genius."<sup>2</sup> Coleridge calls Plato the Athenian Verulam and Bacon the British Plato. There is perhaps no question of Bacon's ability to soar to the heights or descend to the depths of all philosophy; but it may not be superfluous here to cite another extract from Mr. Smith's book,<sup>3</sup> taken from Osborne (a contemporary who speaks from personal observation), touching those characteristics which are apt to lie nearer the surface and more open to the casual observer, and which are more akin to the stage. He fully confirms the opinions of Matthew and Ben Jonson:—

"And my memory neither doth (nor I believe possibly ever can) direct me to an example more splendid in this kind than the Lord Bacon, Earl of St. Albans, who in all companies did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. So as I dare maintain, without the least affectation of flattery or hyperbole, that his most casual talk deserveth to be written, as I have been told his first or foulest copies required no great labour to render them competent for the nicest judgments: high perfection attainable only by use and treating with every man in his respective profession, and which he was most versed in.

<sup>1</sup> Address of R. W. Emerson, at Washington, D. C., in January, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> *English Traits*, p. 244.

<sup>3</sup> *Bacon and Shakespeare*, p. 102.



"So as I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time outcant a London chirurgeon. Thus he did not only learn himself, but gratify such as taught him, who looked upon their calling as honoured by his notice. Nor did an easy falling into arguments (not unjustly taken for a blemish in the most) appear less than an ornament in him; the ears of his hearers receiving more gratification than trouble; and no less sorry when he came to conclude, than displeased with any that did interrupt him. Now, the general knowledge he had in all things, husbanded by his wit and dignified with so majestic a carriage he was known to own, struck such an awful reverence in those he questioned, that they durst not conceal the most intrinsic part of their mysteries from him, for fear of appearing ignorant or saucy. All which rendered him no less necessary than admirable at the council-table, when in reference to impositions, monopolies, etc., the meanest manufactures were an usual argument; and, as I have heard, he did in this baffle the Earl of Middlesex, who was born and bred a citizen, etc. Yet without any great (if at all) interrupting his abler studies, as is not hard to be imagined of a quick apprehension, in which he was admirable."

If all this in addition to all the rest is not sufficient to demonstrate the capability of Bacon to perform this poetical and dramatic work, it would be useless to dwell further on this topic. True, the capacity for it does not prove the doing of it; but as preliminary to the main argument to be founded on a thorough critical comparison of the two writings, it may clear the way, and open the eye and ear to the more direct evidence of the identity of the writer of both.

Page 230. *Amare et Sapere.*

Theobald cites the classical sources of this expression in his note to this same passage in the "Troilus and Cressida," as follows: Terence's "Eunuch," Act I. sc. 1; Horace's "Serm." Lib. II. 3; Pliny the Younger, Bk. IV. Epist. 27; and Menander's "Greek Epigram."<sup>1</sup> I had quoted the phrase from the "Essay on Love," and we have it again, in the recently discovered manuscript copy of the *Masque* of 1592, of which one of the speeches is on Love, thus: "I thought you deserved a patent that hath been granted but seldom, and that is *Amare et Sapere*."<sup>2</sup> This may be taken

<sup>1</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VII. 63.

<sup>2</sup> Spedding's edition of the *Masque*, in *A Conference of Pleasure*, etc., London, 1870.

as a fair specimen, perhaps, of the classical phrases that were in common use among scholars at that day, and entirely within the reach of any writer for the stage. Nevertheless, these instances show that Francis Bacon was in the habit of using it, whenever he had occasion.

Pages 286-290. *The Northumberland MSS. and the "Julius Cæsar" and "Love's Labor's Lost."*

There was discovered, in 1867, in the library of Northumberland House in London, a remarkable MSS., containing copies of several papers which were the work of Francis Bacon. One of these pieces (being a Masque) has been carefully edited by Mr. Spedding under the title of "A Conference of Pleasure, etc., by Francis Bacon," with an introduction giving an account of the MSS. and its discovery, together with a fac-simile of the title-page of the whole document.<sup>1</sup> Without undertaking to repeat the entire account (which is well worth an attentive perusal), I must notice here the leading facts that seem to bear upon the question of the authorship of these Shakespeare plays, — a question which Mr. Spedding seems not to have regarded as any part of his function to examine or consider. It appears that this MSS. was found in a box of old papers, which had apparently remained unopened for about a century past; but how or when it came into the library, is not certainly ascertained, though some circumstances rendered it probable that it had been purchased at some auction sale. The whole document appears to have been the work of one or more copyists: no trace of the handwriting of Bacon is recognized in it. The title-page contains, first, a list of the titles of the pieces (apparently) that had been copied. These titles answer very nearly to the pieces that remain, so far as they go; but a portion of the original volume (perhaps one whole quire of sheets together with some

<sup>1</sup> *A Conference of Pleasure*, composed for some festive occasion about the year 1592, by Francis Bacon. Edited, from a MSS. belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, by James Spedding. London, 1870.

sheets out of the middle of the other quire) would seem to have been detached and lost; so that the MSS. now contains no pieces answering to the following titles:—

*"Orations at Graie's Inns revells.  
 . . . . Queen's Ma<sup>ty</sup> . . . .*

*By Mr. Frauncis Bacon.*

*Essaies by the same author.*

*Richard the Second.*

*Richard the Third.*

*Asmund and Cornelia.*

*Isle of Dogs frmt.*

*By Thomas Nashe, inferior places."*

The portion that remains comprises, first, the Masque (that of 1592), entitled "*Mr. Frauncis Bacon Of Tribute or giving what is dew.*" It consists of four speeches in character with as many distinct titles, namely:

*"The praise of the worthiest vertue" (of which the subject is Fortitude).*

*"The praise of the worthiest affection" (Love).*

*"The praise of the worthiest power" (Knowledge).*

*"The praise of the worthiest person" (the Queen).*

The first two were unknown before: the two last were known from another MSS. and were edited by Mr. Spedding in the first volume of his "*Letters and Life of Lord Bacon.*" And then, secondly, there are three or four first draughts or fragments of well-known tracts, or letters, of Bacon (one of which is not mentioned in the list of titles) and certain speeches for masques or tilts, a letter or two, and a portion of "*Leycester's Commonwealth* (incerto auctore)," which are named in the list. And then, the blank space at the side and between the titles is scribbled all over with various words, letters, phrases, and scraps of verse in English and Latin, as if the copyist were merely trying his pen, and writing down whatever first came into his head. Among these scribbblings, besides the name of Francis Bacon several times, the name of William Shakespeare is written eight or nine times over. A line from the "*Rape of Lucrece*" is written thus: "*Revealing day through every cranie peeps and,*" the writer taking *peeps* from the next

couplet instead of *spies*. Three others (not noticed in Mr. Spedding's Introduction) are *Anthony comfrl. and consorte* and *honorificabilitudino* and *plaies*. I must accept Mr. Spedding's opinion, that the handwriting of Bacon does not appear in the MSS. "I think I am in a condition to assert," he says, "that there is no trace of Bacon's penmanship in any part of the volume; and the name of Shakespeare is spelt in every case as it was always printed in those days, and not as he himself in any known case ever wrote it."<sup>1</sup> He states, however, that he discovers nothing in the chirography that would lead him to assign the MSS. to any period later than the reign of Elizabeth. This is an important fact: it brings the date of these curious scribblings as well as the volume certainly within the lifetime of Bacon and within the period in which the plays were written. The date 1596 (mentioned in one of the titles) gives a limit on that side: it could not have been completed before that date. The compositions are all productions of that reign.

The most obvious interpretation of the words *Anthony comfort and consorte* would seem to be, that the scribbler had in mind the brother Anthony Bacon associated with the idea of his being an intimate companion also; and it is well known that the intimacy between them was extremely close even for brothers. We know that Anthony Bacon had lodgings in Gray's Inn in 1592-93; that, in 1594, his house was near the Bull Inn Theatre, and that both he and Francis and the young lords and courtiers, their associates, were much given to theatres and plays; and that he died in 1604. It is a fair inference that this scribbling was done before the death of Anthony, and while his presence about his brother's lodgings in Gray's Inn must have been quite frequent, and when it would be highly probable that an amanuensis or copyist in the employ of Francis would have the brother Anthony in mind also, while casually trying his pen. It is, indeed, possible that this might have

<sup>1</sup> Introduction, p. xxv.

been some other Anthony; but the probability would seem to be all the other way.

The "Richard II." and "Richard III." had been printed in 1597, and the "Love's Labor's Lost," in 1598, and this copyist (whoever he was) may have read them after these dates, or heard them at the theatre before; and he may very well have known of them as reputed plays of Shakespeare. It is not likely he would copy a printed play, nor that he would be able to get a copy of a play from the theatres, since they kept their copies very close; nor is it easy to imagine how he could get a copy from William Shakespeare. The word *honorificabilitudino* is not found in any dictionary that I know of; but in the "Love's Labor's Lost" (Act V. sc. 1), Costard, the clown, bandying Latin with the tall schoolmaster and curate (who had "been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps"), exclaims:—

"O! they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinatus*."

It is pretty evident that these words were coined in the same mint, or at least that one was derived from the other; but whether this same amanuensis had copied the "Love's Labor's Lost" also, or had read it in the quarto of 1598, or had heard it at the theatre, or whether the word may not have been merely a common slang term of the time, must be left to conjecture. But since it is quite certain that he had copied the "Richard II." and the "Richard III.," there would seem to be no improbability in the supposition that he had, at some time, copied the other play as well. Mr. Spedding seems to have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that this copyist (whoever he was) had copied the two Shakespeare plays named in the list of titles into this manuscript volume as it was originally; but he grounds his inference on the fact that the name William Shakespeare is "most prominent" among the scribblings, "being written

eight or nine times over for no other reason that can be discerned." But having started out with the wholly gratuitous assumption that this volume was made by some stranger to Bacon's workshop, or elsewhere than in his study, — by some "London *quidnunc*," or fancy collector of circulating manuscripts, — and that the idle penman was his copyist and some young man whose head was running on theatres and actors, he takes it only as "one of the earliest evidences of the growth of Shakespeare's *personal* fame as a dramatic author; the beginning of which cannot be dated much earlier than 1598." It is indeed very probable that Shakespeare had, at that time, acquired a general reputation of which this scribbler had heard, and it is, perhaps, barely possible, but scarcely credible, that this collection was made by some such London *quidnunc*; but this mere hypothesis is not enough to explain the whole matter. It is quite as easily and perhaps better explained by considering that if this scribbler were Bacon's amanuensis, and that he had been employed in copying plays from Bacon's own originals, he would know very well who was the real author of them, and, at the same time, would know (what Sir Tobie Matthew knew perfectly well) that the most prodigious wit of all England was of the name of Bacon, though he were known by another; and this singular fact might very readily pop into the head of a wicked amanuensis (even some years later than the completion of the volume), and draw the name of William Shakespeare from his idle pen.

There are other grounds for the inference that these were the Shakespeare plays of those names. One is, that the names appear in a list of titles, the majority of which designated compositions of a dramatic character: a prose history, or an essay, would hardly be denominated in that style. Another is, that no other plays of that age are known that bore anything like these titles; and the circumstance may be worthy of mention that the words (as I read them) *Bacon ends of the Asmund and Cornelia* and *plaies* distinctly

appear in the fac-simile of these scribblings. I think it may safely be inferred that these titles did in fact mean the Shakespeare plays. It is possible, too, that they were first sketches, or merely some materials intended for them.

Mr. Spedding further suggests "that the list of contents being now complete, the writer (or more probably another into whose possession the volume passed) has amused himself with writing down promiscuously the names and phrases that most run in his head." This statement would be consistent enough with the idea that this volume passed from the hands of one amanuensis into those of a subsequent one in Bacon's chambers; but the conception of the writer evidently was, that the volume probably passed from the hands of the first London collector of circulating manuscripts into the hands of another owner, at some date within the period to which the chirography is assignable. His idea certainly was, that Bacon never had anything to do with it. It is not necessary to suppose, on either hypothesis, that the scribblings were jotted down while the volume was in the process of making up; the copyist would then hardly venture to use the title-page in that manner; but it is not improbable that, during a period of twenty years, or say the lifetime of Bacon (from 1598 to 1626), this manuscript volume may have fallen into disuse, and been laying about the tables where a careless amanuensis might be hastily trying his pen. Nor is it necessary to suppose that the pieces contained were all copied at or about the same time. Mr. Spedding observes that the ink of the beginning of the list of titles is of the same color as that of the first portion of the volume; and he distinctly intimates that the latter part of the list of titles is in a different handwriting from that of the first part; but, of course, the latter part of the volume being gone, he could not speak of that. But it is enough for the purpose here that the handwriting belongs to the age of Elizabeth.

This view of the origin of the manuscript may receive some confirmation from Mr. Spedding's account of another manuscript, or "fragment of a paper book," which would seem to have been very similar in character, and to have had a like fortune, and which the learned editor does not presume to have been made anywhere else than in Bacon's own study. This account was given (prior to this new discovery) in the first volume of the "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon." It was a "paper-book" that contained other copies of the two speeches in praise of Knowledge and in praise of the Queen only, and which were there connected with the supposed masque or device prepared by Bacon, at the instance of Essex, for the triumphs exhibited before the Queen, on the 17th of November, 1592. This manuscript (he informs us) was found among the papers submitted to Stephens by Lord Oxford (printed by Locker in 1734), and somehow found its way into the British Museum, where it is still to be seen. He then wrote concerning it thus: —

"They [the two speeches] are both contained in a fragment of a paper-book, into which some of Bacon's early writings have been copied;— among others the *Colours of Good and Evil*, with the dedicatory letter to Lord Mountjoy, of which one leaf remains, and the *Essays* as printed in 1597; the two last of which (*Of Faction* and *Of Negotiating*) are copied on the other side of the leaf on which the Discourse in praise of the Queen begins. What else the book originally contained one cannot guess, this portion having evidently been preserved only for the sake of these two pieces. They are written in a fair close Saxon hand; probably contemporary, though there is nothing to fix the date; and I think the hand of a mere transcriber; who wrote straight on without thinking of the meaning. . . . The copy does not appear to have been revised by anybody, and has certainly not been corrected by Bacon." <sup>1</sup>

It is certainly significant that this paper-book also contained several pieces or fragments that were evidently not intended for publication, or for circulation in manuscript; that a part of it was gone; that the part remaining had "evidently been preserved only for the sake of these two

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 121.



pieces;" and that the writing was a fair close Saxon hand, probably contemporary, and that of a mere transcriber. It would seem to have been just such another paper-book as this now in question.

Now comes the inquiry, how and for what purpose came these two Shakespeare plays to be copied into that collection of Bacon's compositions, at that period? Ten of the thirteen titles are evidently masques or plays. Two only are certainly not his work; one of these ("Leycester's Commonwealth") is marked *incerto authore*, and the other (the "Isle of Dogs") is said to be "by Thomas Nashe." The other piece (not named in the list) is a first draught or fragment of a well-known tract of Bacon. Some three or four of the pieces are manifestly first copies, mere rudiments, or unfinished papers. These, certainly, were not such compositions as would be likely to be circulated abroad in manuscript copies.

Let us consider this more particularly. The piece next to the Masque of 1592, is *Of Magnanimitie or Heroicall Vertue*, a fragment or first draught of a passage which appears "in better form" (says Mr. Spedding), in the "Advancement of Learning." The next piece is a mere "rudiment" of the succeeding paper, which is a complete copy of the *Advertisement Touching the Controversies of the Church of England*, a well-known tract of Bacon, first printed in 1640. The next is a *Letter to a French Gentleman, touching proceedings in England in Ecclesiastical Causes, translated out of the French into English by W. W.*, which is a copy so far as it goes (ending at the missing sheets) of a letter of Sir Francis Walsingham to M. Critoy, Secretary of France, which Mr. Spedding believes to have been drafted by Bacon; and this will explain why Bacon should have in his paper-book a translation by W. W. from the French copy. It is perhaps possible also that some London *quidnunc* might have obtained a copy. The next piece is the *Essex Masque* of 1595, written by Bacon, and

of which he would be likely to preserve a copy in this manner. The next is the Speech for the Earl of Sussex's tilt, in 1596, addressed to the Queen, and apologizing for the absence of Essex. This, too, he might well preserve. The next is a Letter, without heading or signature, but is a very good copy of Bacon's letter to Elizabeth, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou. This (probably a first draught) would be more likely to be preserved by Bacon than to be circulating abroad in that unfinished state. And then follows the fragment that remains of Leycester's Commonwealth. The rest is all gone. The lost pieces (as indicated by the list of titles) were the *Orations at Graie's Inn reveals*, that is, most probably, the Masque of the Prince of Purpoole, which was performed at Gray's Inn in 1594, and of which an account is given in the *Gesta Grayorum*; the *Essaie's by the same author*, first printed in 1597, and of which copies had been preserved in this paper-book; and the *Richard the Second*, the *Richard the Third*, *Asmund and Cornelia* (evidently a play of which all we know is that in the scribblings appear the words *Bacon ende of the Asmund and Cornelia*, the scribbler associating it in his mind with Bacon in some way) and the *Isle of Dogs frmt, by Thomas Nashe, inferior places*, of which Mr. Spedding remarks that Thomas Nash wrote the Introduction and first act, and the players the rest; but of which no copy has been found. Here, it may be observed, that if Bacon were a writer of plays, it should not be at all surprising that he should have all sorts of scraps and "inferior places" in his collection of materials.

When the character of these writings is considered, it becomes highly improbable, or next to impossible, that such a collection of Bacon's papers in manuscript could have been brought together anywhere else than in his own study, or copied by any other than his own amanuensis, during that period. They are not such papers as could have been intended for publication; the volume has the

appearance of a collection of the author's private papers; and the copies would seem to have been made for preservation merely, and evidently for the use of the writer himself. We know that manuscript copies of sonnets, poems, essays, and other like finished compositions, did circulate from hand to hand, in those days, and even as late as John Chamberlain's Letters; but not, I imagine, such private, rudimentary, and unfinished manuscripts as some of these were. Copies of the masques and tilts may, indeed, have gone into the hands of the performers and others; and so of copies of finished tracts; but mere fragments, or rough draughts, would scarcely be allowed to get abroad in that way. And copies of plays, whether from Bacon's laboratory, or from Shakespeare's theatres, would certainly be withheld from general circulation. Nor is it easy to imagine what sufficient motive or object any collector of literary gems would have in making a collection of manuscript copies of such writings as these were. It is indeed conceivably possible; but to my mind not half so probable as that the collection was made by the author's direction and for his own use; and if it were once conceded, on all the other evidence, that Bacon was really the author of the plays, then this probability would rise almost to the rank of a certainty.

Mr. Spedding suggests the possibility that the detached portion of the manuscript volume might still somewhere turn up. Suppose, then, it should come to light. Still, on the theory that William Shakespeare was the author of the plays, the question would remain, how they came to be copied into this volume of Baconian tracts? or how they were ever obtained from the author? since Francis Bacon is nowhere recorded to have had any acquaintance with Shakespeare, nor Shakespeare with him; and the managers at the theatre were so careful of their copies that the printers (in several known instances) had to steal them from the mouths of the actors. Nor would there be less difficulty in conceiving how any London *quidnunc* could have

obtained them, either from Shakespeare, or from his theatres. And the supposition that William Shakespeare employed his amanuensis (if he ever had one) in copying these writings of Bacon for his use would be scarcely more credible. The spelling of his name in the scribblings would contradict that.

On all these facts, the more tenable theory would seem to be, that this unique manuscript came from Bacon's own study; and it is known that he took especial care to preserve all manuscripts that were deemed valuable, and, before his death, directed such of them as he intended to leave behind him to be locked up in boxes and cabinets, and committed them to the care of his friends and executors. On the supposition that this was one of them, there would certainly be scarcely a possibility that these scribblings could have been made elsewhere than in his chambers, during the reign of Elizabeth, or before his death in 1626; and it must have been a long time after that, before Bacon's manuscripts began to be distributed from those boxes and cabinets out of the hands of his executors and editors. And that this volume passed, in some way, whether by auction sales or otherwise, from their possession into the library of Northumberland House, would seem to be no very difficult hypothesis.

In view of all this, the assumed *quidnunc* theory of Mr. Spedding, with some theatre-loving "law-stationer's apprentice" added, however conceivably possible, cannot be admitted as "a quite sufficient" explanation of the matter; even with the negative circumstance that the learned editor failed to identify the handwriting of the copyist with that of any amanuensis known by him to have been employed by Bacon.

In short, it is just no explanation at all, or at least an altogether unsatisfactory one. On the contrary, the theory that would seem to be much better warranted, on all grounds of inference, may be stated thus: That, during

the period to which the chirography belongs, such a collection of such papers could not well have been made elsewhere than in Bacon's own study; that the "idle penman" was his amanuensis (if not one of those "several good pens" he is known to have employed); that this amanuensis must have known that Bacon himself was the author of the manuscript compositions which he was employed in copying, or of which he was the author, and of which not; that there is no probability that Bacon, or any third person, could have obtained copies of Shakespeare's plays, either from himself or his theatres, to be copied into a collection of Bacon's writings in that manner; that a knowledge of the secret of Bacon's authorship of the plays would be far more likely to cause the names of Shakespeare and Bacon to flow together from the pen of this idle copyist into those scribblings than any reputation which William Shakespeare had otherwise acquired,—more even than any interest the "idle penman" had acquired in plays and theatres; and that this volume would in all probability go into those boxes and cabinets, and remain there until long afterwards distributed by his executors and editors in various ways; but that Bacon, before his death, intending to suppress all evidence of his authorship of the plays (for such must have been his intention if he were in fact the author of them), had detached and destroyed these copies of the "Richard II." and the "Richard III." (and perhaps also some other of these dramatic pieces), overlooking, perhaps, the name of Shakespeare and these titles, concealed as they were from a hasty glance among those scribblings on the title-page. In this case, the missing portion should not be expected ever to turn up; nor, if it did, is it easy to see, that such mere copies could throw upon our question (the authorship of the originals) any more light than what we have already from this curious manuscript.

I have said that if Bacon were the author of the plays, it would seem that he must have taken some pains to sup-

press the manuscripts, since none remain. This fact is not a little perplexing. The reasons already suggested for concealment during the period in which the plays appeared, being the earlier part of his life, are not so difficult of appreciation ; but that he should not desire posterity to know the fact, seems almost inexplicable. We may imagine a variety of considerations : we cannot know the actual reasons. In the later days of his higher dignities and renown, so far as the mere lustre of his name was concerned, he may have regarded these plays (sufficiently preserved in the Folio) as trifles in comparison with his prose writings and his graver philosophical works (which he certainly deemed most important of all), and preferred that his reputation with the next ages should rest on them ; or, he may have designed from the beginning to throw the dramas upon the world's stage, and leave them to work their own way in the popular mind upon their inherent merits, regardless of the name and position of the writer ; or, again, when he had fallen from power, and the sentence of the House of Lords had cast a stain upon his reputation and character, that would inevitably be impressed upon the general mind, howsoever unmerited, and would diminish, if not utterly destroy, the influence and effectiveness which the plays were designed to have, when written, as a means of popular instruction in matters of civil wisdom, social virtues, the whole nature and state of man, morals, and even religion, he may have deemed it wiser to hand them down under the mask of the same name in which they were already known. And this very reason might be urged by some, and not without some plausibility, why they should be allowed so to remain. Nevertheless, since the more recent researches have thrown some new light upon his personal history and real character, and reduced that killing sentence, in the more charitable construction of this modern age, to the aspect of a political event — a sudden reform of a custom that had led to abuses, — or (as Ben

Jonson said) an accident that could do no harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest, not necessarily involving moral turpitude, or delinquency beyond the common frailty of human nature, it should no longer prevail, perhaps, against the more weighty reasons why mankind should correctly understand this miracle also.

In justice, it should be borne in mind that the main object of Mr. Spedding was, to edit the newly discovered *Masque* as an ascertained part of Bacon's Occasional Works. Starting with the prepossession that William Shakespeare was the unquestionable author of the plays, it was inevitable, perhaps, that he would find no more in this manuscript than some evidence of the growing reputation of Shakespeare as a dramatic author. "What other inferences," he adds, will be drawn from it "by those who start with the conviction, that Bacon, and not Shakespeare, was the real author of 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.,' I cannot say." It does not appear to have occurred to him to compare the *Masque* with the plays. Indeed, in his view of the proposition, such an undertaking must seem scarcely less than absurd, and according to his appreciation of that sort of evidence, utterly futile. Nevertheless, for others as well as myself, a critical comparison of the newly discovered speeches of the *Masque* with some of the plays may be the most important thing of all.

One of the new speeches is in praise of the worthiest virtue, *Fortitude*. The merits of this virtue are set forth with much skill, and with the author's usual depth of learning, and illustrated by examples drawn from the great characters of antiquity, Socrates, Vespasian, Severus, and especially Julius Cæsar and Marcus Brutus. The reader cannot fail to be reminded at once of the play of "*Julius Cæsar*," in which the same virtue of courage or fortitude in the greatest persons, under the severest trials, dangers, and afflictions, are exemplified in a very admirable manner. Passing by the general tenor of the moral instruction, doc-

trines, and ideas, in both the speech and the play, I proceed to notice certain distinct traces or earmarks of the author himself (italicizing for convenience the more particular expressions).

The speech begins thus: "My praise shall be dedicated to the noblest of the virtues. *Prudence to discern between good and evil. Justice to stand indifferent between self-love and society. Temperance to decide aright between desire and reason.* These be good innocent things. *But the virtue of action, the virtue of resolution, the virtue of effect, is fortitude.*

The play makes Brutus the great exemplar of these virtues: they are the very virtues which Antony did not have as appears in the "Antony and Cleopatra," where he is characterized as one

— "That would make his will  
Lord of his reason."

Indeed, the antithesis of this virtue of fortitude, namely, weakness in state and person, is the leading subject of that play, —

"You will find there a man, who is the abstract  
Of all faults all men follow."

In the "Julius Cæsar," Antony is made to speak thus over the body of Brutus: —

"*Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:*  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
*He, only, in a general honest thought*  
*And common good to all, made one of them.*  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

*Speech:* "Thus is fortitude the marshal of thoughts, the armour of the will, and the fort of reason. Let us turn our consideration, and behold justice, the sacred virtue, the virtue of refuge, the virtue of society. Doth not she also shroud herself under the protection of fortitude? Let a man be abstinent from wrong, exact in duty, grateful in obligation, and yet dismantled and open to fear or dolor, what



will ensue? Will not the menace of a tyrant make him condemn the innocent? *Will not the sense of torture make him appeal his dearest friends and that untruly?* But pain hath taught him *a new philosophy*. He beginneth to be persuaded that *it is justice to pay tribute to nature, to yield to the rigour of pain, to be merciful to himself. He would give others leave to do the like by him: he would forgive them if they did.* . . . . .

"And therefore now we have showed how fortitude maketh the mind bring the works and actions of virtue to the taste and fruition of pleasure, it is time to set forth what it can do against *those extreme things called evils. These evils, let them be mustered. Are they pain of body? grief of mind? slander of name? scarcity of means? solitude of friends? fear of death?* Why none of them are ill with fortitude, which can bear pain of body without violating the repose of our minds in themselves or omitting our care for others. . . . . Let no man quarrel *with the decrees of Providence.* . . . . So as that which doth draw from men lamentations, outcries, *excess of grief*, it is not the outward enemy but the inward traitor. *Nothing is to be feared but fear itself. Nothing grievous but to yield to grief.*"

Turn now to the Tent-scene (*Act IV. Sc. 3*) between Brutus and Cassius, and read the whole scene to see how Cassius appeals his dearest friend Brutus, under a sense of torture, and is forgiven; but certain particular expressions about *justice, philosophy, evils, fear of death, grief, Providence, and meditation on death*, may be noted also.

"*Bru.* Did not great Julius bleed *for justice's sake?*  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice?"

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alope on Cassius,  
For Cassius is *a-weary of the world:*

. . . . .  
O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes. . . . .  
I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death  
That tidings came.

*Bru.* Why farewell, Portia. — *We must die, Messala:*  
*With meditating that she must die once,*  
*I have the patience to endure it now.*

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure."<sup>1</sup>

*Speech:* "I do wonder at the Stoics that accounted themselves to hold the masculine virtues, esteeming other sects delicate, tender and effeminate, that they should so urge and advise men to the meditation of death. . . . More manfully thought the voluptuous sect that counted it as one of the ordinary works of nature."

So Cassius turns upon the voluptuous sect: —

"*Cas.* You know that I held Epicurus strong  
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.

*Bru.* Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,  
By which I did blame Cato, for the death  
Which he did give himself; I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life, — arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

*Speech:* "Therefore it is fortitude that must help or consummate or enable all virtues. . . . But this I may say, that fear is the mother of deformity, and that I never saw a man comely in fear. So it is fortitude that giveth a majesty, a beauty to all actions."

So Brutus meditates on the fear of death and is full of grief, yet bears himself majestically: —

"*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

<sup>1</sup> See ante, p. 643.

*Ch.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

The Essay is a plain, didactic statement of doctrines and principles: the play exhibits the same in action and operation before the eyes "as in a visible history or a speaking picture;" and of course the high poetic style is adopted in the drama, and, as style merely, seems to be quite different from the prose; but the sharp critic will easily discover the same ideas, doctrines, words, and expressions, cropping out all along in a like order and in connection with the same topics, exactly as might be expected when the same full mind is writing upon kindred subjects, even in forms so different as poetry and prose, and at different times, unconsciously, no doubt, and in spite of himself.

Next comes the reference to great examples.

*Speech:* "Julius Cæsar, the worthiest man that ever lived, the bravest soldier, a man of the greatest honour, and one that had the most real and effectual eloquence that ever man had; not a sounding and flowing eloquence for a continuant speech, but an eloquence of action, an eloquence of affairs, an eloquence that had suppressed a great mutiny with a single word (*Quirites*), an eloquence to imprint and work upon any man that which he spoke. See now whether he varied from himself at his death."

The same ideas, manner, and even words, may be seen in the play, as for instance these:—

*"Ant.* — nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
— the noblest man,

*That ever liv'd in the tide of times."* — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

*"That strack the foremost man of all this world."* — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

*"Ant.* O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

Moreover, this description of Cæsar's eloquence finds the most perfect exemplification in the speech of Antony over

the dead body of Cæsar, who had fallen early in the action, and whose wounds only could speak now in the play (borrowing the voice of Antony),—

“Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue.”

That this speech is a masterpiece of eloquence and a model for all time, no one will dispute. It is not “a sounding and flowing eloquence for a continue speech,” but “the most real and effectual eloquence that ever man had,” and “an eloquence to imprint and work upon any man,” that which is spoken. And here the general question might be put, Was it William Shakespeare, or Francis Bacon, that was, in historical fact in that age, this consummate master in the art of eloquence? Ben Jonson, Matthew, Osborne, Howell, all his contemporaries, and indeed Bacon’s known works, may furnish the answer. There is no other and extrinsic specimen of Shakespeare’s eloquence to rebut that answer.

*Speech*: “The first wound that was given him *on the neck by Casca*, that stood *behind his chair*, he turned about and caught hold of his arm: traitor Casca, what doest thou?”

The play continues (*Act IV. Sc. 1*), beginning with a stage direction, thus:—

“[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

“Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar.”

Observe now that this expression, *and last by Marcus Brutus*, is a distinct echo of the Speech, which proceeds thus: “At last when Marcus Brutus gave him a wound (*and thou my son*).” Having chosen the Latin for the play, these words, *and thou my son*, could not come in here; but the idea of his being Cæsar’s son did not fail to make its appearance further on, as thus:—

“Bru. That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.” — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

Again, in the stage direction, there is no mention of the fact that Casca stood behind Cæsar's chair; but the author had not forgotten that circumstance, which comes in more fitly in another place:—

"*Ant.* Whilst damned Casca, like a carr behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

Here, it is not *in* (as in the stage direction) but *on* the neck (as it is in the Speech).

*Speech*: "Should he have *implored help*? He would rather have lost a thousand lives. Should he have *cried out*? — that had been also an imploring of aid."

So in the play:—

"*Cas.* Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'—  
As a sick girl." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

*Speech*: "Well, they came about him unarmed, *and as a stag at bay*, yet he never ceased to put himself in defense imjoining of their weapons and all the means of an unarmed man. A form excellently well becoming a military man, though he knew *it would not help*."

This simple prosaic idea of his being attacked unarmed and as a stag at bay is, in the play, poetically enlarged into the following imaginative amplification and higher diction of poetry, thus:—

"*Ant.* — *Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart*;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.  
*O world, thou wast the forest to this hart*;  
*And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.* —  
*How like a deer, stricken by many princes,*  
*Dost thou here lie!*" — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

It is curious, also, that here is almost a pun on the word *hart*. Ben Jonson said of Bacon, that he could with difficulty "spare or pass by a jest." Something like this punning play upon words is particularly noticed by Theobald, and it is evident enough to all as a habit of this writer, whether in prose or verse. Observe, too, that plain *stag*

would do for prose, but for poetry the word must be *hart* or *deer*. *Bay* would answer for both; but the prose phrase *at bay* had to be changed into the one-syllabled verb, either by the exigencies of the verse, or perhaps to give strength to the expression. Now, from these differences, a severe critic might be disposed to infer a different hand altogether, especially if he did not stop to note the identities also. The idea, however, the metaphor, the symbolism, the imagery, is identical; and making due allowance for the proper difference of the poetical and the prose style, I must venture to pronounce the passages not merely parallel, but essentially identical,—the coinage of the same brain, an unconscious reminiscence of one and the same full mind. Such critic, too, might remark that the prose style of the *Masque* is singularly stiff, cramped, elliptical, and brief, as if the writer were paying little attention to rhetorical finish, or elegance, and perhaps truly enough; but it should be remembered, also, that while there are many parts of the plays that reach the highest elegance, beauty, and rhythm of musical verse, there are many other parts that are in nowise distinguished for such exquisite polish of words and musical flow as might be found in the nicest modern poets. Indeed, there is much reason for believing that this author was always more intent upon the substance than the form, the matter than the verse, and the elegance, depth, and beauty of the thought than the mere polish and jingle of words.

*Speech.* "This word [and thou my son] turned itself afterwards into the likeness of an *ill spirit that appeared unto him in his tent*. . . . Noble Cæsar, he had no weapon to wound Brutus again, but this word wounded, this word pierced him, *this word enchanted him*, this word made him ever *despair of a final good success of the war*, although the cause were just and his proceeding at the first prosperous."

This same *ill spirit* makes his appearance again as follows:—

*Act IV. Sc. 3. Brutus' Tent.*

*Enter the ghost of CÆSAR.*

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus. . . . .

*Bru.* Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. . . . .

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:  
*Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords*  
*In our own proper entrails." — Act V. Sc. 3.*

*"Bru.* . . . . . Why this, Volumnius.  
*The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me*  
*Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;*  
*And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.*  
*I know my hour is come." — Act V. Sc. 5.*

Brutus is enchanted and in despair.

Let this suffice for the "Julius Cæsar." Considering that the Masque was written in 1592, and the play about 1607 (having been first printed in the Folio of 1623), it would be a little remarkable that so many distinct traces of the same matter should appear in the play written so long afterwards, if there were not so many other instances of like kind; for numerous like reminiscences of the ideas and words of some previous play appear in prose compositions of a long subsequent date, as has been before shown. As a general thing, however, like matter and the most striking metaphors and similitudes are sure to appear in some prose writing of Bacon and in some play that were both written at about the same time, or within a period of three or four years. It might occur to a captious critic that William Shakespeare had seen the Masque (which is indeed possible); but all possibility of borrowing is so absolutely excluded in so many instances of equal or even greater force than this as to preclude this explanation altogether. This has been demonstrated in the body of this work. Another example of it may be seen in what follows concerning the "Love's Labor's Lost."

The second Speech of the Masque was in praise of the worthiest affection (i. e. Love). It is a general essay upon the nature of love as an affection of the mind. While the

doctrines and ideas accord well enough with what may be found in the plays in general upon this subject, there seem to be but few of those particular identities of diction, or imagery, or other peculiarities, that are sufficiently marked to bear citation here. The most striking resemblances, however, are to be found in the "Love's Labor's Lost." This play must have been written at about the same time as the Masque (or but little before), being assigned to the period between 1588 and 1593; so that, looking to the dates, there is scarcely a possibility that William Shakespeare could have seen the Masque before the play was written. Some traces of this Speech might be expected to be found in it, if anywhere in the plays; and it is precisely here that they are most distinct. The word *honorificabilitudinibus* has already been noticed in reference to the scribblings on the title-page of the Northumberland manuscript. Now, we are to compare the newly discovered speech itself with the play.

*Speech.* "My praise shall be dedicated to the happiest state of the mind; to the elevation of mind to the noblest affection. The virtues are moderators: they are the laws of the mind; they restrain it, they limit it, they govern it, they amplify it not. . . . *They be the affections which make the mind heroical, that give it power to exceed itself, and to fascinate and bind others.* . . . It is motion therefore that animateth all things: it is vain to think that any strength of nature can countervail a violent motion. *The affections are the motions of the mind: the virtues pray in aid of the affections.* . . . *Let no man fear the yoke of fortune that is in the yoke of love. What fortune can be such a Hercules as shall be able to overcome two?* . . . Lastly, to leave where love beginneth, who discerneth not *that the eye is the most affecting sense?* They be tales, the propositions to the contrary. . . . Now therefore love is a fountain of curiosity, a most sweet ground set with infinite changes, a journey of strangest and most various adventures."



Now compare Birone's speech in the play : —

"Bir. For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence  
Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
And study, too, the causer of your vow;  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?

But love, first learn'd in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain,  
But with the motion of all the elements  
Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.  
When the suspicious head of thrift<sup>1</sup> is stopp'd:  
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.  
For valour is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?" — Act IV. Sc. 2.

And again : —

"Arm. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear  
Cupld. Comfort me, boy, what great men have been in love?  
Moth. Hercules, master!" — Act I. Sc. 2.

And in the first act : —

"Bir. Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light, that it was blinded by."

The identities of thought, word, and simile, here, are so palpable and peculiar that no comment could make it

<sup>1</sup> So Thenbald's *Shakespeare*, II. 144; which I think is a better reading than "thrift."

plainer. It seems to set at defiance all attempt to explain it on the ground of accidental coincidence, or the common usage of contemporary writers, or mutual influence. I may conclude this comparison with a citation from the "*As You Like It*": —

"*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

And the following passage of the speech is, at least, suggestive of the melancholy of Jaques — "a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

*Speech.* "The humour of melancholy importuneth those that are overcome with it, *with the memory of the most affecting dislike.* Confer with one who is entering to be melancholy; shall you hear him complain of harsh sounds or odious savors represented to his imagination? *No, but always meditating of fearful and disliking forms.*"

So the melancholy Jaques meditated, and moralized into "a thousand similes" of disliking forms whatever came in his way, from the "*Seven Ages of Man*" to the "*motley Fool*" and "*poor sequestered stag*" that

"Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears. . . .  
Thus *most insectively* he pierceth through  
The body of the county, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we  
*Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,*  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

Now the mere fact that identities of this kind are found in this newly discovered writing of Bacon really adds but little to the force of the whole evidence as drawn from the writings hitherto well known, beyond the circumstance that every composition of his that turns up, especially of the period in which the plays were written, is sure to furnish

additional proof of his authorship of these plays. This is a kind of record evidence. It is not hearsay, nor mere matter of opinion. It is beyond any possibility of tampering. All idea of borrowing is absolutely excluded. All attempt to explain it on the notion of the common usage of writers is simply futile. The identity of thought, diction, imagery, and manner, is palpable enough everywhere. This evidence lies, too, in the sphere of philosophical criticism of mind, morals, character, and language, where mere guessing, ordinary coincidences, common usage, or the dreams of fancy, are utterly vain and idle. It is emphatically the peculiar mode of thinking and writing of one and the same mind. No such similarity can be shown to exist between the writings of any two different persons in all literary history. The chief difference is only that which should distinguish the poetical style from plain prose. The prose and poetry of Milton are not more like, nor less different.

It may very well be said that this new manuscript, unique and curious as it is, gives no additional result. At best, it must now be regarded as merely cumulative — more of the same sort. If the same issue had not already been sufficiently proved by an ample demonstration of evidence of like kind, then indeed it is possible that this new discovery will not much help the matter. The need really is, not so much of more evidence, as that what we have should be studied and duly weighed. The reader must be able to see with the mind's eye. If the physical eye could be brought to bear upon it, it might be so much the better, as when Newton wrote to Flamsteed to point his telescope at the moon, and see if she were actually there, where the theory of the heavens would place her.

Page 299. *The Philosopher and the Poet are one.*

In further justification of this conclusion, I will refer to a late masterly Essay<sup>1</sup> upon the art and method of Shakespeare, in which these topics and the magic symbolism of the plays are exemplified and demonstrated, with an unrivalled appreciation, in a particular examination of the "Twelfth Night," the "Hamlet," and the "Macbeth."

The writer compares the "Macbeth" with the philosophy of Bacon on the nature and state of man, in respect of both body and mind, as given in the "Advancement" and the Latin enlargement of it in the "De Augmentis," and points out the stubborn fact that the play follows the additions of the latter, which Shakespeare could never have seen. He suggests that the great poet and the great philosopher may have arrived at the same ideas and conclusions, and remarks:—

"If this be true, it presents one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the human mind. It makes necessary the conclusion, that two men, living contemporaneously in the same town, then a comparatively small city,—one a philosopher, endowed with a most brilliant imagination, the other a most imaginative poet, possessing the profoundest philosophical genius, and both reckoned among the greatest thinkers the world ever saw,—still, at the same time, and probably in the same year, and certainly at the same period of their lives, write, without any interchange of views or opinions, upon the same identical subject, follow the same train of thought, arrive at the same conclusions, and digest the same results of their study, reading, and meditation, into the same system or body of philosophy, the which one stated to the world in abstract scientific propositions, while the other embodied it in poetic forms and dramatic creation. No coincidence of mental action so remarkable as this can be found, it is believed, in any age of the world, however prolific of genius."<sup>2</sup>

Obvious and inevitable as the proper conclusion here is, the writer nowhere ventures to say, even if he thought, that this philosopher and this poet were in fact the same person, and that Francis Bacon. It might require some boldness to declare that the fact was so, and some courage even to confess a belief.

<sup>1</sup> *The Method of Shakespeare as an Artist, etc.*, by Henry I. Ruggles, New York, 1870.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 289.

Page 432. *Creation.*

Indeed the author of "Hamlet" would seem to have been aware that all creation is artist-mind work, whether human or divine:—

"*Ham.* My father, — methinks I see my father.

*Hor.* O, where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio."

Page 444. *Dreams.*

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on,<sup>1</sup> and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep."—*Tempest, Act IV. Sc. 1.*"

It may not be certain that this passage was borrowed, but it sounds like a reminiscence, from Sophocles. The philosophical conception as to the mode of creation as being a work of thought is essentially identical with that which is implied in these lines of the Greek poet:—

ὅρῳ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν  
αἰὼλ', ὥσπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κοῦφον σκιά. — *Ajax, 125-6.*

[I see we're nothing else, just as we are,  
But dreams: our life is but a fleeting shadow.]

Pindar has a similar expression:—

Ἐπήμεροι τι δὲ τις; τι δ' οὐ τις;

Χαῖς ὅναρ γ' ἀνθρώποι. — *Carm. II. 4 135.*

[What are we, what not, but ephemera!  
The shadow of a dream is man.]

A similar idea comes from the Talmud:—

"The life of man is like a passing shadow; not the shadow of a house, or a tree, but of the bird that flies: in a moment, both bird and shadow are gone."

The German philosopher, Schopenhauer, has noticed this resemblance of Shakespeare to Sophocles. He adds: "Life and dream are leaves of one and the same book: actual life is a reading in causal connection, but a dream is only here and there a leaf, without order or dependence;

<sup>1</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, i. 59.

and we have to admit, with the poets, that life is but a longer dream." <sup>1</sup>

Page 468. *The cliff.*

Hamlet was on this same high road that conducts the traveller "to places precipitous and impassable," and he was as ready as Gloster himself to take the fearful leap: —

*Ham.* It will not speak; then will I follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It warns me forth again: — I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason." — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

The next five lines —

"And draw you unto madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fadoms to the sea,

And hears it roar beneath, —"

were omitted in the Folio of 1623, and probably by the author himself, and for two reasons, perhaps: first, that they add little or nothing to the sense or force of what has been said already; and second, that as the critics find (on comparison with the previous quartos), several such passages, some of them containing wise maxims and important teachings, were weeded out in the Folio, and most probably, because they too much incumbered the onward progress of the dramatic action.

Again, Hamlet exclaims from the very summit of the cliff: —

*Ham.*

What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

<sup>1</sup> *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, i. 20, Leipzig, 1856.

Making night hideous and we fools of nature  
 So horribly to shake our disposition,  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls! — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

In a grave business paper, in 1604 (the same year in which the perfected "Hamlet" was first printed), we find Bacon speaking of "his royal Majesty's sovereign and high wisdom" as "*able to pierce and penetrate far beyond the reach of our capacities*;"<sup>1</sup> — so naturally do analogous ideas fall into like forms of expression, with the same author, even in compositions of the most diverse kinds.

Page 469. *The fingers of the powers above.*

In another place, Bacon uses the expression "*the providence and finger of God*."<sup>2</sup> It is also used by Sir Simonds D'Ewes,<sup>3</sup> in 1634 (speaking of John Winthrop and his Puritan colonists), thus: "*That the very finger of God hath hitherto gone with them*." And I notice this as one of the many instances in which the common use of the time might be sufficient to explain a parallelism of this nature. It was doubtless a common phrase of speech with which Shakespeare, as well as Bacon, or D'Ewes, might have been familiar. The citations prove, however, that Bacon was in fact in the habit of using it; but there is no evidence whatever that William Shakespeare did in fact use it in a single instance. If it stood alone it might go for nothing. But it does not stand alone, but is associated and inseparably connected with other expressions still more marked and peculiar, such as "*shaking off her flesh*" and "*shuffling off this mortal coil*;" so that we have, not the single resemblance only, but the assembled concatenation of resemblances in one and the same whole picture in both writings.

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon*, III. 245.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* IV. 120.

<sup>3</sup> *Autobiography*, etc., by J. O. Halliwell, II. 116, London, 1845.

Page 491. *The giants' three hills.*

"Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,  
 Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum:" —  
 (Mountain on mountain thrice they strove to heap,  
 Olympus, Ossa, piled on Pelion's steep ; ) —

When these lines (with the translation) were cited from Bacon's Works,<sup>1</sup> I had not noticed that we have in the "Hamlet," a substantial translation of this same Latin couplet by the author himself; and though that given above is very good, I think "Hamlet's" much better, thus : —

"*Ham.* Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
 To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head  
 Of blue Olympus."  
 "And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

In the passage cited from Bacon, the allusion was, doubtless, to the giants Otus and Ephialtes, sons of Neptune and Aloëis, who attempted to scale Heaven, in that manner, until transfixed by the darts of Apollo and Diana, according to Longinus,<sup>2</sup> — καὶ τὰ περὶ τοὺς Ἀλωαδάς τῷ ποιητῇ παρατερολημμένα,

Ὅσσαν ἐπ' Ὀλυμπῷ μεμασσανθήμεν αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὅσση  
 Πήλιον εἰσσιφύλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἀμβατὸς εἴη.

Longinus cites the lines from Homer ("Odyss." XI. v. 315), but Bacon takes them directly from Virgil : —

"Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres:  
 Ter sunt conati," etc. — *Virg., Georg., I. c. 280.*

Page 498. *Heaven and earth.*

Bearing in mind that Bacon's notion was that the soul was not a part of "heaven and earth" (i. e. the material

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), VIII. 507.

<sup>2</sup> *De Sublimitate*, Dublin, 1733, pp. 23-23.



world), but was "a spirit newly inclosed in a body of earth," and that spirits were breathed directly from God, "so that the ways of God with spirits are not included in Nature or the laws of *heaven and earth*" (using the word *heaven* in the ancient sense as synonymous with the sky, or the heavens, and not in our modern sense of a spiritual sphere beyond the skies), we shall be in a position to see the point of Hamlet's remark; for the poet, for his purposes, had actually brought the ghost upon the scene within the reach of mortal sight, as if he were a part of *heaven and earth*. Now Horatio, reflecting upon this wonderful appearance of the ghost (who had thus unceremoniously included himself in the actual phenomena of Nature), and awakened, perhaps, to some slight reminiscence of that ancient birth of Cupid from underneath the "brooding wing of Night," thus exclaims:—

"*Hor. O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!*

*Ham. And therefore as a stranger, give it welcome.*

There are more things in *heaven and earth*, Horatio,  
Than are dream'd of in our philosophy." — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

Evidently the idea had occurred to Hamlet that a ghost might become a visible part of *heaven and earth* (according to Bacon's use of the words), though such a thing had not been dreamed of in the received philosophy. But in the ordinary course of nature, a soul was to be regarded as "the simplest of substances," and as "a special and peculiar work of Providence," enjoying no rest, according to the axiom that "*the motion of things out of their place is rapid, and in their place calm*;" and hence, —

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in *his motion* like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:

Such harmony is in immortal souls." — *Mer. of Ven., V. Sc. 1.*

All this, too, is in full accordance with the theory of his metaphors in his learned argument on the *Postnati*;<sup>1</sup> "so we see, there be precedents or platforms of monarchies, both

<sup>1</sup> *Works* (Boston), XV. 198.

*in nature and above nature*; even from the monarch of *heaven and earth* to the king (if you will) in a hive of bees."

In a recent work on British Philosophy,<sup>1</sup> the writer, discussing this subject, quotes these lines from the "Hamlet," as being "a godsend to the Spiritualists," but concludes that the doctrine taught is nothing more after all than "a stronger form of the always philosophical notion that the phenomenal cosmos of our sentiency is not necessarily the phenomenal cosmos of all contemporary sentiency." The chief difference here between our philosopher and the poet would seem to be merely this, that while the philosopher was perfectly aware that spirits (immortal souls) might have a phenomenal sentiency and a visible appearance, "above nature," to one another, or to the "quivering angels and young-ey'd cherubins," the poet thought proper to bring that fact down into *heaven and earth*, to the tangible apprehension of the stage; but the "perturbed spirit" (thus in motion out of place) was forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house, since

— "this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood."

For the author doubtless knew that beings thus constituted must necessarily be invisible to mortal sight, otherwise than by the magic of Prospero, or in the way that Hamlet saw his father —

— "In my mind's eye, Horatio."

And perhaps the author had read, if he did not copy (as Theobald thought<sup>2</sup>), this passage from Lucretius: —

"Quod multa in Terris fieri, Cœloque tuentur,  
Quorum operum causas nulla ratione videre  
Possunt." — *Lib. I. v. 152.*

Somewhat similar notions are manifest in these lines: —

"*Hor.* In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

<sup>1</sup> *Recent British Philosophy*, by David Masson, New York, 1886, p. 224.

<sup>2</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VII. 257.

The graves stood tenantless; the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;  
 Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;  
 Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;  
 And even the like precurse of fierce events,  
 As harbingers proceeding still the Fates,  
 And prologue to the omen'd coming-on,  
 Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated  
 Unto our climatures and countrymen."<sup>1</sup> — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

These lines were omitted from the Folio of 1623. Whether it were one of those passages that had to be weeded out as superfluous, or were dropped out by mere accident in printing, must be matter of conjecture; but it would seem to be much in the vein and habit of thinking of this author.

The same words are used again, in the second part of the "Henry VI.," in a like sense, but in a somewhat different connection, thus: —

"*Chf.* O let the vile world end,  
 And the *promised* flames of the last day  
 Knit earth and heaven together!" — *Act V. Sc. 3.*

Upon this word *promised*, Theobald made the observation, that "Shakespeare is very peculiar in his *adjectives*; and it is much in his manner to use the words borrowed from the *Latin* closer to their original signification than they were vulgarly used in; so here he uses *promised* in the sense of the word from which it is derived, *præmissus*"<sup>2</sup> (i. e. sent before). This is the use of a writer whose mind is so thoroughly imbued with the Latin language that he unconsciously incorporates it into his English. Other critics have remarked this of these plays, and also of Bacon. It is a constant peculiarity of his writings, far beyond what was common with the writers of his time; and it is scarcely to be questioned that he enlarged the King's English out of the Latin.

<sup>1</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, IV. 295.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, VII. 229.

Page 513. *Providence and Fate.*

I have endeavored to show that an idealistic philosophy lies at the foundation of Bacon's physical science, however obscurely disseminated in scattered fragments, or vaguely inwrapped in his somewhat strange, half scientific, half poetical, but sublimely imaginative and grandly speculative manner. His depths are not easily fathomed, and his system has many phases. He is a sort of Plato, Aristotle, and Homer, all in one. He reiterates Parmenides, that, in the last analysis, being and knowing is all one. He figures the universe as an intellectual globe, with physical and metaphysical hemispheres. He anticipates, and in a measure foretells, the operations, organizations, instrumentalities, and developments of the modern sciences. He declares that heat is motion, that matter is a form or mode of motion, and that there is transition of species. He begins a reinstatement of all science, and predicts its completion. He would have a Natural History that should be, like another Scripture, exact and true upon the verity of an oath. He would have the Book of God's Works read from beginning to end. He would have a marriage of the Human Mind to the Universe, with the Divine Goodness for bridesmaid. The mind of man was capable of the image of the universal world, and he would have its conceptions copied there for instruction and use. He converts all the realms of nature into a symbolism of thought and a means of expression. All fantastic gods, spirits, and demons, he remits, without benefit of clergy, to the "limbo of Paracelsus and the darksome authors of magic." It was man's business to live in the world as it is found, make himself master of all the powers of nature, and learn to live wisely. He reconstructs from the foundations the scheme of morals and of the civil State. He makes an anatomy of the characters, natures, and dispositions of men and women. He paints the colors of good and evil. There

was a lesser Providence, and a greater as well. There was a Fate, too, which was also a kind of Providence, if conceived and known aright. The highest wisdom in the conduct of life he would place before the eyes of men in the most attractive form as in a model, where the higher moral, social, and civil laws, the interplay of Free Will, Fate, and Providence, the differences of good and evil, the contrasts of vice and virtue, of honor and baseness, of justice and injustice, of love and hate, of chastity and lewdness, of courage and weakness — all the antinomies of confounding contraries — through the entire scale of the passions, emotions, vanities, and nobilities of human nature, with inevitable and exact measure of justice and retributive divine vengeance, too, might be seen and heard and felt, if not wholly understood.

Such models we seem to have in these plays of Shakespeare. At any rate, we may discover, in the "Measure for Measure," the just Duke and the unjust Athenian substitute, the chaste Isabella and the Lucio of lewdness; in the "Henry IV.," the Hotspur of honor in extreme, and the Falstaff of baseness bedizened in wit, exhibited in full contrast of opposites and consequences; in the "As You Like It," the thoughtful melancholy of the seer in Jaques and the sprightly Rosalind of fortune's changes, instructed of a great magician; in the "Timon of Athens," the vicissitudes of wealth and patronage, the unbalanced misanthrope and the well-poised philosopher, who understands the secrets of nature and art, and sees the highest beauty in life and motion as the work of creative thought; in the "Tempest," the Prospero of universal knowledge and the Caliban of savage ignorance, half human, half brute; in the "Troilus and Cressida," the marriage of mind to the universe, thought and oblivion in the wisest men; in the "Macbeth," the victim of violated conscience and superstitious error, in contrast with the anticipations of true foreknowledge; and in the "Richard III.," the deformity of body and soul that

makes a devil quoting Scripture and a tyrant of will and power in one, riding rough-shod over all laws, divine and human, till the avenging Nemesis nicks the thread. In the Roman plays may be found the maxims of civil polity, the antitheses of democracy and imperialism, the individual person and the family or nation, fortitude (whereof Brutus is the great exemplar) and weakness in state and person (as in Antony and Cleopatra); and in other plays, also, the characters, natures, and dispositions of men and women, as if they had been a study from the life. In the "Wars of the Roses," may be seen the true sovereignty, falling by weakness and folly, and the false usurpation, bringing endless evils on the state and people. And finally (not to enumerate the whole), in the great play of "Lear," more particularly are exhibited the terrible workings of fate upon all mankind, and especially upon those who fail to heed the invisible and inexorable laws, and the chances and fatalities as well, — the old King grown unwise, who banishes his best counsellor, and cannot distinguish the good from the bad in "such different issues" as are governed by the stars, — the unaccommodated man, even in the honest Edgar, whom

"— the heavens' plagues  
Have humbled to all strokes," —

and the blind Gloster, too, —

"— that will not see,  
Because he does not feel," —

who has no way, and therefore wants no eyes, having stumbled when he saw.

There is nothing more remarkable in the plays, perhaps, than this sure unrolling of Parca's fatal web. Here, may be remembered the fate of Rosencranz and Guildenstern, who were sent with Hamlet to England, bearing secret dispatches to the King to put Hamlet to death on his arrival there. Hamlet managed to alter the dispatches, on board ship, and escaped back to Denmark. These willing instru-

ments of a nefarious transaction, on their arrival in England, were put to death in his stead ; and when the news of their death was announced to Hamlet in Denmark, he made this notable observation : —

*"Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow.  
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incenséd points  
Of mighty opposites."*

And in the final scene, the principal actors in this life-drama come inexorably between the pass of the poisoned cups and rapiers, and the intricate web of fate and retribution, which they have all been so industriously weaving for themselves, is suddenly unraveled in a very surprising and tragic manner. Hamlet dies, wishing only to be reported aright : —

*"Ham. Report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.  
The rest is silence."*

Indeed, in the moral aspect, the complications of Fate and Free Will that almost inevitably arise out of the limitations of nature and the contradictions of human weakness, folly, and depravity, to the physical, civil, and moral laws, and to the eternal principles of reason, justice, honor, love, and truth, — to the order of Providence in the Universe, — are displayed in a marvelous manner throughout the plays, in which the whole fabric and order of discovery, in the highest and noblest subjects, are (as Bacon expressed it) "placed under the very eyes, as in a representative visible history, or a speaking picture." In the "Hamlet," more especially, the wisest teachings are cunningly interspersed, or woven into the texture of the story. The whole portraiture is artistically shaded into light and darkness, — into all the colors of good and evil. The struggles of the greatest and purest soul with the dark problems of life and eternity, in a bewildering maze of fatalities

and powers that lie beyond their knowledge or control, are exhibited in the most tragic and awful grandeur. The imagery and the symbolism are like a work of magic. The piece is tempered with the finest feeling, and seasoned with religion as with salt. And the higher philosophy of the supernatural in the natural shines through it, illuminating from within both the structure and the surface, as if it were, like the universal world itself, all swimming in a sea of celestial fire.

Page 516. *Art and Nature.*

This doctrine of Bacon, that Art is subject to Nature, is translated into poetic diction, and aptly illustrated in Shylock's story of Jacob and Laban's sheep and the streaked and pied lambs, Laban's thrift with the peeled wands, and Antonio's reply, in the "*Merchant of Venice*": —

"*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

It appears again in the "*All's Well That Ends Well*": —

"*Lafew.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor — the very hand of Heaven.

*Par.* Aye, so say I.

*Laf.* In a most weak —

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence." —  
*Act II. Sc. 3.*

So, the allegory of Atalanta signified that Art was swifter than Nature, "and as we may say the better runner, and comes sooner to the goal;" and this piece of ancient wisdom, thus vividly impressed upon the writer's memory, might readily furnish him with another brilliant metaphor, thus: —

"*Jaques.* You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels."

Again, we have a similar expression in the "*Antony and Cleopatra*," thus: —

"O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy outwork Nature." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*



Theobald notes this passage "as alluding to that fine picture done by Apelles, the beauty and limbs of which he copied, 'tis said, from Campaspe, his beloved mistress," and cites Ovid : —

"Si Venerem Cons nunquam posuisset Apelles,  
Mersa sub aequoris Illa lateret aquia." <sup>1</sup>

Page 535. *The world-prison.*

It may be well to note that this idea of the world being a prison may have come from Longinus. It is related in his *Life*,<sup>2</sup> that his fame as a critic and philosopher drew him from Athens to the Court of Queen Zenobia, who finally made him her chief counsellor, and that he dictated the Queen's letter to the Emperor Aurelian (when besieged by him in Palmyra), which so offended him, that when they were both taken captives, Zenobia was pardoned, but Longinus ordered to be put to death; and that he died unmoved, like a philosopher, addressing his friends (who sought to console him) in these last words: "*Si terra non aliud quàm magnus quidem carcer existimari debeat, cum felicissimum esse, qui primus in libertatem vindicetur.*" (If the world is to be deemed nothing other than a great prison, then is he the most happy who is first to gain his liberty.)

<sup>1</sup> Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VI. 242.

<sup>2</sup> *Longinus De Sublimitate*, by Z. Pearce, A. M., Dublin, 1733, p. xxxi.











